



THE AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1862

Tatyana A. Kuzminskaya

TOLSTOY AS I KNEW HIM

MY LIFE AT HOME AND
AT YASNAYA POLYANA

TRANSLATED BY

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Foreword

THE RUSSIAN TRANSLATION PROJECT of the American Council of Learned Societies was organized in 1944 with the aid of a subsidy from the Humanities Division of the Rockefeller Foundation. The aim of the Project is the translation into English of significant Russian works in the fields of the humanities and the social sciences which provide an insight into Russian life and thought.

In the difficult problem of the selection of books for translation, the Administrative Committee has had the counsel and cooperation of Slavic scholars throughout the United States and Great Britain. It is thought that the books chosen will be useful to general readers interested in world affairs, and will also serve as collateral reading material for the large number of courses on Russia in our colleges and universities.

Since Russian history is a continuum, the volumes translated are of various dates and have been drawn from both the prerevolutionary and postrevolutionary periods, from writings published inside and outside of Russia, the choice depending solely on their value to the fundamental aims of the Project. Translations are presented in authentic and unabridged English versions of the original text. Only in this way, it is believed, can American readers be made aware of the traditions, concepts, and ideologies by which the thinking and attitudes of the people of Russia are molded.

It should, of course, be clearly understood that the views expressed in the works translated are not to be identified in any way with those of the Administrative Committee or of the Council.

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Introduction

"YOU SHALL COME to us with the swallows," Leo Tolstoy used to tell his charming sister-in-law, Tanya Bers, and, like the swallows, she appeared nearly every summer for many years at Yasnaya Polyana, and on such occasions she was always the life of a very large and lively household. He had known her since she was a little girl, when he used to come to court her older sister, Sonya. Affectionately nicknamed "Tatyanchik the Imp," she was the favorite and spoiled tyrant of the house. Her passionate, artistic nature continually bubbled over with excitement, and her warm heart was always filled with irrepressible love for everyone and everything around her. On his frequent visits to the Bers's house in those days, Tolstoy would often play the schoolmaster with Tatyanchik the Imp, set problems in arithmetic for her, and when success crowned her efforts, he triumphantly carried her around the room on his back. And, like the imp she was, she was hiding under the piano when he made his first professions of love to her sister.

The Imp grew to be a slim, supple, and graceful young lady, attractive in appearance with her dark, slightly wavy hair, refined face, large mouth, and delicately tinted complexion. And she sang like a nightingale. On her visits to Yasnaya Polyana, she was much with the newly married Tolstoy. They walked in the woods together, rode on the hunt, and in the evening she sang for hours to his accompaniment on the piano. He took Tanya to her first ball, and his young wife began to grow a bit jealous of her sister. Tanya said that Tolstoy thoroughly understood her, that when he looked at her with his penetrating eyes, she could keep nothing from him. She told him all—her loves, her joys, her sorrows. And as he talked to Tanya Bers, studied her volatile nature, quick sensibility, and passionateness, there gradually took shape in his imagination that most captivating of all heroines—Natasha Rostova. For Tolstoy had already begun to work on *War and Peace*.

Some sixty years later, Tatyana Andreyevna Kuzminskaya—such

was her name by marriage—began to publish her memoirs. Three parts appeared in print in Soviet Russia, carrying the story of her family and her life up to 1868. She was working on the fourth part when she died at the age of seventy-nine. These memoirs are now for the first time published in full in English as part of the extensive translating project of the American Council of Learned Societies. An edition of the memoirs was published in Berlin in 1928, but the edition utilized in this translation is the original Soviet one as edited by M. A. Tsyavlovsky and published by the firm of Sabashnikov Brothers in 1926.

Tolstoy As I Knew Him has a twofold value. Tanya Kuzminskaya knew Leo Tolstoy as few people were privileged to know him. And her memoirs cover one of the most interesting periods of his life—the years when he was courting her sister, his early married life at Yasnaya Polyana, and the writing of *War and Peace*. As a consequence, her account is a veritable treasure-trove of biographical material on Tolstoy. Many of his letters in her possession are published here for the first time in English. Further, the work has particular value for the information it provides on the genesis and development of *War and Peace*.

The extent of the autobiographical material in Tolstoy's great novels has not been generally appreciated, but in these memoirs we have vivid testimony of the amount of such material that went into *War and Peace*. A good deal of the history of the writing of the novel is revealed. Tanya herself acted at times as an amanuensis, taking dictation from Tolstoy. We perceive clearly from her own details of the Bers family that it served as a model for the lively Rostov family in the novel. Her account of Tolstoy's reading of several of the early chapters to members of the family and their intimate friends introduces us in an exciting manner into the creative laboratory of the famous artist, with its living models. For members of the audience were electrified to recognize themselves in the author's characters. When Natasha came upon the scene, a friend broadly winked at the blushing Tanya, and she herself was delighted to hear the description of her own doll Mimi and the true story of how she had asked Boris to kiss the doll and made him kiss her instead.

Another considerable value of the memoirs is the excellent detailed picture they provide of Russian life at this time. We are taken into the homes of typical families of the landed gentry in the city

and on their country estates. The charming descriptions of children's games, home parties, balls, theater performances, and country enjoyments are as delightful as they are informative. The social historian of the period will find a wealth of valuable material in these sections of the memoirs.

But quite apart from such particular assets, *Tolstoy As I Knew Him* can be read with pleasure as a literary performance in its own right. The author has obviously learned something from the narrative style of Tolstoy. And she herself emerges from the memoirs as a positive and altogether absorbing character. The whole has something of the charming flavor that we would expect if Natasha Rostova had told us, in her own words, the story of her life.

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

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P A R T I

I

Ancestors on My Father's Side

MY FATHER was a Lutheran. His grandfather was born in Germany.

In the reign of Yelizaveta Petrovna regiments were being formed, and instructors were needed to teach the new drill to the troops. At the request of the empress, the Austrian emperor ordered four officers from a regiment of cuirassiers to Petersburg. Among them was Captain Ivan Bers. He had served in Russia for several years, married a Russian girl, and was killed in the battle of Zorendorf. Little has been said about his wife in our family, and I know nothing about her.

Ivan left an only son, Yevstafy, who inherited a sizable fortune from his mother.

Yevstafy Ivanovich, my father's father, lived in Moscow and was married to Yelizaveta Ivanovna Wulfert, who was the youngest daughter in a large family. She was descended from ancient Westphalian nobility, the genealogical tree of which lies before me as I write these lines. I knew two of my grandmother's sisters: Yekaterina, who married a country squire Voit, and Marya, who remained a spinster. I also remember a Wulfert who for several three-year terms was marshal of nobility in the Lubensk district of Poltava Province. Another kinsman of my grandmother, a colonel of the guards, was personal adjutant to the Grand Duke Mikhail Nikolayevich.

By 1808 Yevstafy Ivanovich had two sons, the eldest of whom was Aleksandr and the youngest, Andrey (later to become my father). Like many wealthy families of that time, my grandfather's family lived a carefree existence in Moscow, in spite of the calamities which had been threatening since 1805. Many did not notice and did not want to notice the clouds which were slowly gathering over Russia.

In 1812 came the news that the French were approaching Mos-

cow In a panic Moscow inhabitants, who had not left the city up to that time, now abandoned their homes and property Obtaining horses and wagons with difficulty, they fled the city So it was with my grandfather's family Carried along in the general panic, grandmother Yelizaveta Ivanovna decided to leave Moscow in a carriage and set out for Vladimir Province to the estate of Prince Shakhovskoy How she was related to the Shakhovskoy, I do not know

Yevstafy Ivanovich, hoping to save at least part of his property, remained behind with his old valet, but soon even he had to take flight The French were already entering Moscow, and fires were breaking out in all corners of the city Both of his houses on the Pokrovka burned to the ground before his very eyes, to remain longer was impossible, and he decided to flee That night he left his home, disguised as a man of humble condition and carrying two pistols made in that famous old factory, Lazaro-Sazarin—all that was left of his property His old valet remained in the city

The streets were dark and deserted and the air was filled with the stench of burning Yevstafy Ivanovich got out of the city safely and set off at a brisk pace along the Vladimir highway On the road he met with horse carts carrying wounded In the villages where he stopped they told him stories about the French how the landowners had run away, how they had buried their gold, silver, and other valuables The peasants lamented their devastated fields, and the outrage and ruin At a distance he could see the fire spreading over the whole reddened sky, and the stench in the air spoke eloquently of a Moscow enveloped in flames Unwearied, he walked on into Vladimir Province, where his family had fled He was oppressed by the thought that he was now a pauper Anxiety as to whether his family had arrived safely gave him no rest, and thus he trudged on for several days During those days he lived through much, my father told me

Yevstafy Ivanovich's journey was not fated to end happily, for on the road he came upon a cordon of French soldiers, who arrested him They questioned his identity, and when they learned that he knew French and German, ordered him to go with them as interpreter They removed his last belongings and took the two pistols I do not know how long he was kept prisoner, whether he escaped or whether they let him go voluntarily, but I do know that he finally dragged himself to the Shakhovskoy estate, where he found his family

At the end of the campaign, my grandfather's family returned to Moscow and settled on the outskirts of the city in a mean little house that resembled a peasant's hut. In the winter the windows froze and they had to stuff the chinks in them with rags. The little house was smothered in snowdrifts. Their poverty was complete. They tell me that my grandmother embroidered reticules for sale. At length the government reimbursed my father for the losses he had suffered in the war, but the compensation amounted to only three thousand paper rubles. In spite of his efforts, he could not obtain a larger sum and was forced to reconcile himself to this compensation. Our government not only lacked the means to pay for losses in full, but could not pay even a tenth part of them, since Emperor Alexander I in Paris had paid a war indemnity to the French.

Having sold the land on which his burned houses had stood, and having added this money to the three thousand he received from the government, Grandfather entered government service again and was occupied with business. His situation improved gradually, but he was never able to return to his former circumstances.

As his boys grew older, they were sent to Shlotser's, the best boarding school in those times, and when they reached the age of fifteen or sixteen they entered the medical school of Moscow University. Both of them, tall, handsome, and capable, finished the University at nineteen or twenty. When my father completed his course, he went to Paris as physician with the Turgenev family. Ivan Sergeyevich was then four years old. There were no railroads, and they traveled to Paris in a carriage. My father always remembered this trip as a most pleasant, poetic experience.

My father spent two years in Paris, attending lectures and perfecting himself in his profession. In the evenings he would go to the Italian opera, and listen to the famous singer Malibran. Father was very musical, and best of all he loved Italian music. Often he himself took part in well known amateur performances, which in those days were organized in Moscow by Princess Volkonskaya.

Our family always maintained close relations with Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenev. I can remember even from childhood how Turgenev would visit us every time he came to Moscow. I also remember the endless conversations at dinner about hunting in Tula and Oryol provinces, and how I listened avidly to Turgenev's tales about the beautiful scenery, the setting of the sun, or a wise hunting dog.

. . . And I was drawn to this unknown world, to the young birch grove where he shot woodcocks in spring, and which he so eloquently and lovingly described to my father

Upon returning from Paris, my father entered the government service, in the senate. He was given crown quarters in the Kremlin Palace. In the reign of Nikolay Pavlovich my father was granted the rank of court physician. After that, he busied himself with the restoration of the family title and arms, for all papers and documents had been destroyed by fire in 1812. In their endeavor both brothers finally obtained satisfaction. My father took his parents to live with him. Yevstafy Ivanovich soon died, but his wife, Yelizaveta Ivanovna, lived with my father even after his marriage.

2

Count P. V. Zavadovsky, My Maternal Great-Grandfather

MY MOTHER belonged to a family of ancient nobility. She was the daughter of Aleksandr Mikhailovich Islenyev and Princess Kozlovskaya, who was born Countess Zavadovskaya.

My great-grandfather, Pyotr Vasilyevich Zavadovsky, was a well known statesman in the time of Catherine II and a favorite of the empress. I have read much about my great-grandfather, and have heard Grandfather Islenyev tell many things about him, and in the following account, I have borrowed much from the notes of Listovsky, who was married to Count Zavadovsky's granddaughter.

Zavadovsky was one of those brilliant men whose talents Catherine, with her keen insight, unerringly recognized. When he was still young he served under Count Rumyantsev, who was then administering the Ukraine. Zavadovsky owed his advancement to a trifling incident. At the order of Count Rumyantsev, Zavadovsky once drafted a report on a certain confidential matter. This report was to be submitted to the empress. Rumyantsev read and approved it.

"Make a fair copy," he ordered. Zavadovsky recopied the report, and it was sent to Catherine.

"Who wrote this?" asked the empress. "It is the first business report I have ever read with pleasure."

She was told that Zavadovsky had written it, and shortly after he was appointed head of Count Rumyantsev's secret chancellery

During the Turkish War of 1769, Zavadovsky took part in the battles at Larga and Kaluga, where our eighteen thousand troops routed one hundred and fifty thousand Turks. The treaty of Kuchuk-Kainardji was drafted jointly by Zavadovsky and Count Vorontsov. Count Rumyantsev and his assistants, Vorontsov, Bezborodko and Zavadovsky, were portrayed in a Monument of the Peace, which could be seen in one of the Moscow museums—the Rumyantsev, I think

The following tradition exists. When the war ended Rumyantsev declined the honor of a triumphal parade into Moscow. After he arrived in the capital, he went in a court coach to see the empress. Opposite him in the coach sat Zavadovsky, who by now had the rank of colonel. The empress was at that time living in the house of Prince Golitsyn, near the Prechistensky gates. Catherine met the returning conqueror, Rumyantsev, on the porch and kissed him. After a time, she noticed Zavadovsky, who was standing near by, dumbfounded at her stately simplicity. Rumyantsev introduced Zavadovsky as a man who had shared his work for ten years. The empress took note, not only of the handsome young colonel, but also of the Cross of St. George hanging on his breast, and she presented him, then and there, with a diamond ring, inscribed with her name.

Zavadovsky was quickly promoted to the rank of major-general, and subsequently he became general-adjutant to Her Majesty. He lived in the palace. This intimacy began in 1775. Two years went by. Many people envied Zavadovsky and were jealous of his position, and the intrigues of the court began to oppress him. In a letter to his friend, Semyon Romanovich Vorontsov, who was then living in Italy, Zavadovsky wrote: "I have learned the evil side of the court and the people in it, but nothing will change my nature for I am not tempted by any of it. In a position such as mine, one needs a donkey's patience."

"Gentleness and moderation do not serve at court," he wrote in another letter to the same friend. "He who treats everyone with consideration, soon is despised by all."

In 1777, on Vorontsov's advice, Zavadovsky went for a rest to the country, where he enjoyed himself reading, hunting, and managing his estate. He was allowed only a short vacation, however.

Catherine soon recalled him to the capital and he was again overburdened with work

Zavadovsky's activities in the government were extensive. He took an active part in all the reforms of the latter half of Catherine's reign. According to the historian Bogdanovich, Zavadovsky did more for the government in the course of eight years than was accomplished during the whole of the preceding century.

Zavadovsky was entrusted with the administration of the Corps of Pages (then not yet a military school) and of several other schools under court jurisdiction. He also had a part in the reorganization of procedures in the senate. Before the reforms, for example, the presentation of certain government business dragged on for five or six weeks, and it was obvious that the senators could not remember the contents of the reports, of which fact the chancellor's office cleverly took advantage.

In 1784 Zavadovsky was president of a commission which supervised the building of St Isaac's Cathedral. He was also the founder of the Medical-Surgical Academy, and among other things he arranged to send young medical students to London and Paris for training.

Of all his activities, Zavadovsky's favorite was in the field of public education. He established public schools in twenty-five provinces, a service which the empress valued most highly.

For his achievements, Catherine awarded Zavadovsky the title of count and a Ukraine estate with six thousand serfs. His new property was adjacent to his family estate. Zavadovsky named the place "Yekatermodar" (Catherine's Gift), but the Emperor Paul changed the name to "Lyalichy," which means "plaything" in Ukrainian.

Once Zavadovsky, in Catherine's presence, praised the skill of the architect Guarenghi, with the result that Catherine commissioned the architect to draw a plan for a palatial manor house and other buildings at Lyalichy, and instructed Guarenghi to begin work on them. Whereupon Zavadovsky observed "In such a mansion, little Mother, the crows will fly," hinting that, since he had no family, there would be no one to fill such a tremendous house.

"Still, this is my wish," the empress replied.

Both the mansion and the service buildings were eventually constructed, and this magnificent manor house became famous throughout the district.

Quite late in life, when he was forty-eight years old, Zavadovsky

decided to marry the beautiful young Countess Apraksina. He wrote his intention to the empress, and Catherine, who did not like the young countess, replied "I pity my good, honest Pyotr Vasilyevich, he takes a young lamb from a leprous flock." To which Zavadovsky answered:

I am taking a young lamb from a leprous flock, but I trust that through the strength of my spirit, I shall not fall ill of the disease. For she is like a piece of gold, which, when it is taken out of mud and cleansed, can soil no man's hands. I ask you most devotedly to give your august blessing to my new course. From you come all the blessings of my life. You are my refuge and my hope.

The empress sent Zavadovsky an image of the Saviour, and elevated his bride to the position of maid of honor at court.

Catherine was traveling at this time through South Russia. Zavadovsky was married April 30, 1787.

The celebrated artist, Lampi, painted a portrait of Countess Zavadovskaya and her little daughter, Tatyana. This beautiful portrait, according to what I have been told, was hanging at one time in the palace of Grand Duke Konstantin Nikolayevich. I am not sure where it is at the present time.

Zavadovsky, in his family life, suffered one misfortune after another. The older children died. Zavadovsky grieved particularly over the death at the age of four of the eldest daughter, Tatyana. He wrote to Vorontsov:

What a hapless father I am, no words can tell. Six of my children I have taken in my arms and laid in their graves, having heard only their first cries. All the well-being and happiness of a father went to the grave with my incomparable daughter. Although I am alive, I am as if thunderstruck, and I do not feel that I am living.

The press of affairs and incessant work kept his heart from breaking completely, but Zavadovsky soon grew weary and was again drawn to the country. But while he loved his Lyalichy dearly, his wife did not share his tastes. She did not like the country, and preferred the worldly life of the court, so that no amount of luxury in Lyalichy could reconcile her to rural existence.

Her husband was an enthusiastic hunter. The Surazh District, where his estate was situated, was thickly forested and renowned for its quantity of wild animals and game.

Zavadovsky was ill when the news of the death of his revered empress reached him, and now more than ever he craved solitude with all his heart

At the beginning of his reign Paul was very kindly disposed toward Zavadovsky, he sent a page to inquire about his health, and on the day of his coronation bestowed upon Zavadovsky the Order of St. Andrew. In February, 1799, the entire royal family attended a ball at Zavadovsky's house. Paul, who was accustomed to retire at ten o'clock, left the ball early, but his family remained for supper.

The Empress Mariya Fyodorovna had great confidence in Countess Zavadovskaya, and often sat alone with her to cry over things that grieved her.

Zavadovsky's state activities decreased, although he was still a member of the senate, the bank, and various commissions. Public education—his main interest—however was in other hands. Bored and melancholy, he wrote to Vorontsov: "I have no real duties nor office. My title is but an empty one, and a man, in the same way as a metal, grows rusty from disuse." Furthermore, Zavadovsky felt the burden of Paul's violent and suspicious temper. He longed to resign, and tried in every way to realize his dream. But the Empress Mariya Fyodorovna was opposed to his resignation, and Paul himself for a long time would not permit it.

Zavadovsky knew that all his correspondence with Vorontsov was being read and that his enemies kept a close watch on him.

He wrote to Vorontsov: "I am oppressed with sorrow and despondency, and have a strong desire to take my bones away from here, lest I be buried in Nevsky Monastery."

He finally succeeded in obtaining a dismissal. Zavadovsky was in disgrace, and Catherine's favorites grew more and more concerned about the emperor's throne.

The count was happy to return again to his Lyalichy, and he undertook the management of his estate with great delight. He loved gardening and busied himself with it, and he also completed the construction of his manor house and did much reading. But his wife again became bored in the country and sighed over her former Petersburg court life, so my grandfather has told me.

The following interesting incident should give an illustration of customs in those days.

Zavadovsky's ill-wishers lodged a complaint with Paul that the count lived more luxuriously than he, since the Mikhailovsky Pal-

ace stood lower than the count's manor house. Fortunately, Zavadovsky was warned in time and ordered the basement of the house and the terrace beside it to be filled in with earth. In this way the house was made to seem more than two feet lower, and remains so to this day.

Two years had passed since the departure of Zavadovsky from the capital, when Paul's death brought a great change in the life of the court. In March, 1801, Zavadovsky received, by state courier from Petersburg, a rescript from Alexander I, written in his own hand.

COUNT PYOTR VASILYEVICH

At the moment of my accession to the throne I recall both your faithful service and your abilities, which you have always turned to the best purpose. In this conviction, I desire you to come here with speed to accept my oral assurance that I remain your kindly and benevolent

ALEXANDER

Agitated and moved to tears of joy, Zavadovsky announced the news to his wife, and immediately sent a messenger galloping to the district police inspector in Surazh to arrange for post horses for the journey to the capital. The messenger found the district inspector playing cards. Let me add that the district inspector knew better than anyone of Zavadovsky's disgrace, and took advantage of his situation, abusing him whenever possible and hoping to profit at the expense of this former great lord.

The district inspector ordered the messenger to reply that he was busy and could not come.

"Take another horse," Zavadovsky commanded, "and tell him to come here in a hurry."

And again the courier galloped off to Surazh. Finally the district inspector appeared and explained sternly that he was a busy man, and that one must not send for him at night.

"I must have horses made ready for me on the road to Smolensk," said Zavadovsky, showing him the new emperor's rescript.

"Forgive me, I have been wrong," uttered the terrified district inspector, falling to his knees.

The peculating district inspector was exiled to Vyatka, but soon was pardoned, at the insistence of Zavadovsky.

Upon his arrival in Petersburg, Zavadovsky was received graciously by the emperor and was designated as the senator to preside

over the commission for codifying laws. He again took up his work with ardor. We get a glimpse of his progressive views from a letter he wrote to Count Vorontsov.

Heaps of books on theoretical legislation do not go well with Russian life. I have an immoderate longing to abolish the knout, which I have not seen either in nature or in action. A single mention of it causes all the anger in me to arise.

His dream was to be realized only fifty years after his death.

Zavadovsky again returned to his favorite activity. He was the first minister of public education in Russia. According to his diaries and correspondence at that time, however, he was tired of service and felt unwell. He was already seventy-two years old, and his health was rapidly declining. Again he dreamed of returning to the country, but this was impossible.

His children were growing up. He then had three daughters and two sons. Emperor Alexander I expressed his goodwill toward Zavadovsky and his family by appointing his young sons pages of the royal chamber, and by making the eldest daughter, Sofya, maid of honor to the empress. Zavadovsky's wife was honored with the Badge of St. Catherine. In 1805 Zavadovsky received the diamond ensign of the Order of St. Andrew.

Zavadovsky died in 1812 and is buried in the Aleksander Nevsky Monastery. The Zavadovsky name was not passed on to other generations. The eldest son died a bachelor. The second son was married and had one son, who died when he was sixteen years old. Lyalichy was sold first to Engelhardt, later it became the property of Baron Cherkasov, and subsequently the merchant Samykov owned the estate.

In the 1860's a poet who had visited Lyalichy on his travels wrote the following poem:

Here then the great Empress
Created a haven for her favorite;
She called forth Art to this abode
And transported to the silent wilderness
All that is a capital's pride
Bold Guarenghi drew the plans
And a palace sprang up, a temple was built
And a city of beautiful buildings

Appeared on all sides
Magnificent mansions,
A perspective of luxurious halls and rotundas
From the hangings on the walls, gods and beautiful women
Look down on the traveler
A spacious park spreads about
Broad vistas of meadow and tree shade,
There are pavilions and summerhouses,
And herds of deer roam
In dark and dense haunts
On a pedestal under a cupola
Stood a colossal statue of Rumyantsev,
Created by a master's hand
But the flow of time carries all with it,
A Jew has taken away Rumyantsev
The wide court is overgrown with weeds
And neglect reigns
In the palace and the park And yet
Sometimes at night a woman wanders there
Clad in black garments,
Under a black veil Who is she?
She passes through the empty halls
Her step is faintly audible,
And the rustle of her dress, her pale countenance
At times is caught in the dark of the mirrors
There comes another apparition
In the depth of night, a carriage
Drives about the park The dull noise of its wheels
Is heard far around What is it—
That carriage? Who rides in it?
The rumour among the people says
That it is the Empress herself
Driving in the park with her favorite.

3

My Maternal Grandfather and Grandmother

ZAVADOVSKY'S OLDER DAUGHTER, Sofya Petrovna, at seventeen married Prince Kozlovsky and bore him a son who died in his early years. She was very unhappy with her husband who was addicted to alcoholism.

A few years after her marriage she met Aleksandr Mikhailovich Islenyev in St. Petersburg society. They fell in love, and secretly married on his estate of Krasnoye in the Tula Province. This whole story created a great scandal both in society and at court, especially as Sofya Petrovna was a maid of honor. At the complaint of Prince Kozlovsky this marriage was declared illegal, at that time divorce was unknown.

Sofya Petrovna was very religious, and the ceremony of marriage was to her an indispensable stipulation. "Before God I am his wife," she said, and she really demonstrated this saying to her very death by her pure and secluded family life.

After the marriage the Islenyevs left for Lyalichy. The count, her father, was no longer living, but her mother forgave and received them.

My grandfather, Aleksandr Mikhailovich Islenyev, served in the army before his marriage and took part in the Campaign of 1812. In 1810 he had entered as a cadet in the Preobrazhensky Life-Guard Regiment, and then in 1811 he joined the newly formed Moscow Life-Guard Regiment. He participated in the battles of Smolensk, Vyazma, and Borodino. After the battle of Borodino he was made an officer. In 1813 he took part in the siege of Modlin (Ivangorod Fortress), and after the war he was in Kiev as aide-de-camp to General Mikhail Fyodorovich Orlov.

His second cousin, Nikolay Aleksandrovich Islenyev, about whom I heard from my grandfather, was commander of the Preobrazhensky Regiment at the time of Nikolay Pavlovich. He was well known for having been among the suppressors of the Decembrist Revolt on the Senate Square. He became a general-adjutant, and married the beautiful Countess Minikh.

In 1820, when my grandfather had abducted the Princess Kozlovskaya, he went into retirement with the rank of captain of the guard, and settled in Lyalichy

I do not know how long they lived in Lyalichy Grandfather was obliged to occupy himself with the affairs of his ancestral estates which were located in Tula Province, and he decided to move to the Krasnoye estate With great regret Sofya Petrovna forsook her native hearth where everything reminded her of her father whose memory she treasured above all else

As I have heard, Grandfather was a man of the old school—a good manager and a stern, sometimes even a cruel master to his serfs The distinctive feature of his character was his zest for living which he preserved to a ripe old age He was a passionate gambler, hunter, and lover of gypsies and gypsy singing His hounds had quite a reputation in the neighborhood

Grandfather was described in *Childhood* and *Boyhood* in the person of the father of Nikolenka Irtenev The chapter entitled "What Kind of a Man My Father Was," fully characterizes A M Islenyev I quote several lines from this chapter

Cards and women were his two chief passions During the course of his life he won several millions, and had affairs with a countless number of women of all classes Everybody liked him, and especially those whom he wanted to please His character was a subtle combination of chivalry, enterprise, kindness, and debauchery

Grandfather, as well as Grandmother, had wealth, but unfortunately one estate after another went in payment for his card debts Only Krasnoye, it seemed, was inviolable The aunt of Leo Nikolayevich, Tatyana Aleksandrovna Yergolskaya, told me that his passion for gambling was so strong that even his wife, who had a great influence on him, was unable to keep him from playing Every time he left for town Sofya Petrovna knew that he would play, and his losses, which gradually led to their ruin, brought anxiety and bitterness into their family life

Once Sofya Petrovna, waiting for her husband who had gone to town in the morning, heard through an open window, the trampling of a horse It was a rider from town with a letter from Grandfather. He wrote that he had gambled away Krasnoye, and that he was writing her this, not daring to announce the terrible news to her personally.

That night his unhappy wife lived through a great deal. But apparently Fate pitied her, and toward morning there was another messenger with the news that Krasnoye had been won back. A close friend of Grandfather, Sofya Ivanovna Pisareva, had given him four thousand rubles, and Grandfather had managed to win back Krasnoye.

And indeed, it frequently happened that in one evening Grandfather would lose a whole fortune and win it back again. He staked Grandmother's diamonds, serfs, beautiful girls, hounds, and blooded horses. His neighbor and friend, Pavel Aleksandrovich Ofrosimov, a big landowner in Tula, related that sometimes Grandfather's luck in playing was fabulous. "They would carry away gold and silver on blankets," he said.

Aleksandr Mikhailovich Islenyev, owing to his acquaintance with many Decembrists, was arrested and sent to Kholmogory. But he was soon released because there was no evidence of culpable connections with the revolutionists. Sofya Petrovna went to St. Petersburg to see about this matter.

She never left the countryside after that and maintained her former friendly relationship only with the Tolstoy family, as my grandfather was on very familiar terms with Nikolay Ilyich, the father of Leo Nikolayevich. Grandmother devoted her life entirely to the children of whom at that time there were five.

Tatyana Aleksandrovna Yergolskaya told me that Sofya Petrovna was very feminine, delicate, and pretty, but that a large mouth spoiled her beauty. She had good influence on her husband, and more than once restrained his habitual severity with the serfs. Like her father, she was indignant at all violence. I was told about one such case.

Once the whipper-in, Styopka, while in a drunken state did something wrong during the hunt, I don't remember what exactly, but I know that it happened at the baiting of a wolf. Grandfather violently flew at Styopka and his furious shouts resounded through the forest. He ordered the man bound to a tree and punished with a whip.

Sofya Petrovna, who was taking part in the hunt, found out about this. Jumping from the saddle she ran toward Grandfather who was standing at the forest edge. She saw his flushed, wrathful face, and a little distance away Styopka without a hat, with disheveled hair, and a drunken, pitiful expression on his face. Sofya

Petrovna interceded for Styopka with such energy that Grandfather had to give in and pardon him

I was told that this same Styopka more than once while hunting grumbled at Grandfather when he made some blunder or other

"Now you've done it!" shouted Styopka "Isn't that shame enough? Now they will come and say that the Akhrosmovs' hounds are swifter than ours!" grumbled Styopka almost weeping And Grandfather listened to him silently and understood why his whipper-in was so indignant

Their way of life in the country was that of all well-to-do land-owners of that time—easy, but without any luxuries There everything was in abundance horses, a houseful of servants, the workroom full of girls busy with needlework, the head steward, Russian nurses, and for the older children the Frenchwoman, Mimi, described in *Childhood* and *Boyhood*

The house was big, but old, with a large garden of lime trees In the living rooms—stiff, high mahogany furniture, in the nurseries—cradles made by the household carpenter Everything bore the stamp of old-fashioned, strict simplicity

Thus they lived fifteen years, when an unexpected tragedy befell my grandfather Sofya Petrovna fell ill and died, leaving to her husband three daughters and three sons Grandfather was desperate. It seemed to him that with her he had lost everything For hours he sat before the oil painting of her

Grandfather remained in the country and occupied himself strenuously with the education of his sons All his efforts to adopt his children legally failed The children bore the name Islavin which later placed them in an awkward situation I heard from Mother that Prince Kozlovsky offered to adopt the children under the condition that he should be paid a hundred thousand rubles for each child But this was not done

The older son, Vladimir, was a well known figure and a highly educated man. He was married to Yulia Mikhailovna Kirakova, a very sweet and beautiful girl He and his second brother, Mikhail Aleksandrovich, gained high rank and made positions for themselves

The life of the third son, Konstantin, was not successful, he served nowhere, had no fortune, was not married, and had no rank which might have helped him in his false position of illegitimacy Afterward my uncle, at the recommendation of Leo Nikolayevich,

worked for Katkov in the editorial offices of the *Moscow News* and the *Russian Herald*. He was no stranger in the Katkov family, and was much beloved there, as well as in the home of Count S. D. Sheremetyev. For several years preceding his death he worked in Sheremetyev's orphanage and poorhouse. Uncle was acquainted with all Moscow society and had many friends.

After the death of my uncle, Count Sheremetyev wrote an account of him. In it he expressed so much feeling and sympathy that I was not able to read it without tears. In his character sketch of my uncle the count said:

He was a remnant of the good old times, and until the end of his days remained faithful to old traditions and habits. Remarkable integrity, sensitivity, politeness, and a musical gift—these were the distinctive qualities of Islavin.

So he lived, and so he died, remaining true to the faith of his forefathers, and uniting a sympathy for the past with an interest in progress and enlightenment, he maintained an unusual personal independence which was free from all pride. This was one of the most attractive sides of the old man's bright and pure heart—a man eternally young and sympathetic to all.

4

Mother's Life Before Her Marriage

LITTLE BY LITTLE Grandfather forgot his grief, and after several years he married Sofya Aleksandrovna Zhdanova, the daughter of a Tula landowner.

Grandfather had three daughters, aged twelve to seventeen, by his first marriage. They did not welcome the appearance of a young stepmother in their home, and there were frequent family dissensions. Sofya Aleksandrovna, described by Tolstoy as "La Belle Flamande" in *Childhood* and *Boyhood*, bore children of her own, and naturally her interest centered on her own offspring, but she was a good woman and maintained the best relations with my mother to the end of her life. Old Mimi stayed in the home even after Sofya Aleksandrovna came.

The daughters were brought up at home according to the old

traditions. Attention was given mainly to French, music, and dancing. Mimi taught all of these. The girls lived in the country the year round and were quite content with the society afforded them by the local squires.

Grandfather's estate, Krasnoye, was thirty-five versts* from the Tolstoy estate, Yasnaya Polyana,† and mother used to tell me how they would travel from one to the other on holidays and stay for a week at a time. They would take their cooks, lackeys, and maids, and all these people would bunk in the corridors and closets and sleep on the floor on old felt rugs or coarse mattings, as was customary in their slovenly and simple existence.

Two years passed, and their manner of living changed when they moved to Tula for the winter. Since the girls were of a marriageable age, it was difficult to stay in the country. Besides, that very winter the local nobility was going to hold elections. In those days elections in the main town of a province had more than an official significance, the occasion of such a turnout was also used for marrying off eligible daughters. A few of the landowners went to Moscow for the winter, to the "marriage fair," but the majority either remained on their own estates or moved to the local center.

In the fall a large, one-story private residence was rented in Tula, on Kiev Street, and in November the whole family of Islenyevs moved there. They carried their furniture in twenty to thirty carts, along with their household utensils, food, and many servants. That winter there was to be a large meeting of the landowners, and balls and other entertainments were prepared.

The oldest daughter, Vera, was very beautiful—this I always heard from Leo Nikolayevich. Tall and shapely, with dark eyes, she reminded one very much of Grandmother Apraksina. The second daughter, Nadezhda, was not beautiful, but her simplicity and gaiety made her attractive. My mother was then still a girl in her teens.

Grandfather was a very hospitable person and took great pleasure in receiving guests in his house. Besides giving formal parties and balls, he liked his friends to drop in without ceremony. An exceedingly original manner of invitation was practiced in his circle.

* A verst is approximately two-thirds of a mile.—Ed. ("Ed." means American editor. All the undesignated footnotes in the text are from the original Russian edition.)

† Clear Glade.—Ed.

In the window overlooking the street were placed tall candlesticks with lighted candles. This was the accepted sign among friends to indicate that they were at home and waiting to receive those who wished to see them.

And this manner of invitation was so widely accepted that usually, when neither a ball nor a concert was anticipated (and this of course was well known beforehand) then, my mother told me, they would send the servant Petka to see who of their acquaintances had lighted candles. Petka, having put on the communal sheepskin coat and felt boots, would run to the houses of the Kazarnovs', Minins', and others and report those houses that had candles displayed. Petka was eagerly curious to see where the candles were lit and where the young ladies would call, because he knew where they most wanted to go.

When this was the desired house, he would triumphantly call out the name of the gentleman, of course, not the family name—he didn't know this—but the name of the estate.

"There's a light in Mikhailovsky's window," he would announce, keeping a sharp eye on the young ladies to see how they would react.

Petka often overheard their conversation because they did not restrain themselves in his presence. They would express their delight or regret at seeing somebody or other that evening in front of him, as if they didn't notice he was there. For Petka was hardly considered a real person in the house, he was just "Petka" and nothing more.

His household duties were of the widest variety. He was a "filler-in" for all the duties of the older servants, and if someone needed to be sent somewhere or something had to be fetched, a pipe to be filled or a cock or young squirrel to be caught for the children—it was always "Just call Petka."

Petka was well aware of all that went on in the house. He was good-naturedly simple-minded, with unkempt tufts of hair on his head. He was an awkward boy and often broke dishes, for which the older servants would give him a slap on the back of his neck. During dinner, dressed in a jacket with bright buttons, and holding a peacock's-tail fan, he would keep the flies away from his master's table. The old butler Nikita was given the task of teaching Petka his duties as a lackey. This task proceeded with difficulties on both sides. Petka, then just thirteen years old, had been taken straight

from a peasant's hut. He was a dirty, slovenly boy, in some ways almost like a little wild animal. He didn't know how to enter a room properly or how to answer questions, and at first he didn't even understand what was wanted of him. When Nikita sent him to find out whether the masters were up, Petka returned saying "They are asleep."

Nikita looked at him sternly, pulled his ear and admonished "Reposing, reposing, not sleeping."

Another time Petka said of the gentlemen "They've eaten."

Again the drilling began "They have dined, dined. The gentlemen do not eat, but dine. What a simpleton you are." Thus Nikita would teach him.

In those days many such types were to be found in the houses of the old nobles, and among them there occasionally turned up skillful people, devoted to their masters.

That winter, the year 1837, was a particularly lucky one for Grandfather. He was lucky at cards and two of his daughters got engaged. In Krasnoye lacemakers and seamstresses were already set to work on the young ladies' trousseaux. In the olden days it was common to begin the daughter's trousseau when the future bride was still a child. Thus by now many things had been prepared.

The servants were all excited with the news of the young ladies' betrothals and the sewing rooms were filled with animation. The old housemaid, Glafira, gave out cut pieces of fine batiste for embroidering. Each maid was given a task which she had to complete within the course of the day. Conversation was not encouraged during work, as this would divert their attention, but occasionally when Glafira went out of the room, there was heard a mournful song with the words

"My dear little mother
Begat me for sorrow,
Left me a lowly lot
A lowly lot to carry"

This would be caught up by a second, sometimes by quite good voices. And in this song there was life, a touch of happiness, and also sadness and love, often concealed and suppressed. Not hearing Glafira coming one of the maids suddenly struck up the happy chorus.

"In a meadow, in a mead,
Stand the maidens in a group.
Yonder, yonder on the side,
Stand young men bold and brave, oh!"

The merry young voices quickly picked up her song and all their faces shone with lively smiles

5

Mother's Marriage

GRANDFATHER'S ELDEST DAUGHTER, Vera, married a landowner from the Volhynia, Mikhail Petrovich Kuzminsky, who held a government position in Petersburg

The second, Nadezhda, married a district marshal of nobility from Tula—the landowner Karnovich

Vera Aleksandrovna had three children—two daughters and a son, Aleksander. After several years of happy married life, she became a widow. Her husband died of cholera, which in 1847 was raging in Voronezh where they lived.

She married again, this time a wealthy landowner from Voronezh, Vyacheslav Ivanovich Shidlovsky, and had many children.

At home there remained only the youngest daughter, Lyubov, and the children by the second marriage.

Grandfather's sons entered the University of Dorpat, and the family spent the following winter in the country. But like her late grandmother, Sofya Aleksandrovna was alarmed by her husband's frequent visits to the city. She therefore decided that they should spend the next winter in Tula, and so they did.

The youngest daughter, Lyubochka, was then fifteen years old. She was tall, like her sister, with big black eyes, thick braids, and an unusually delicate complexion, and promised to become a beautiful girl. She felt very lonely without her sister and spent all her evenings with her devoted Mimi. She was too young to be invited places, and nobody even thought of her getting married. She continued her lessons with Mimi, but for her Russian lessons she now had a real teacher, instead of the semiliterate seminary student who had been instructing her in the country.

That winter was a particularly memorable one for Lyubochka. At the beginning of it she fell seriously ill. She had a "burning fever," as they called it at that time, and her condition was so serious that her life was in danger. All the local doctors had been called to her sickbed, but she did not get better. Then Lyuba's father happened to find out that there was a Moscow doctor in Tula who had stopped there on his way to the Oryol district. Islenyev asked him to see his daughter. This doctor was Andrey Yevstafyevich Bers. He was traveling to Turgenev's estate in Oryol.

Lyubochka's illness chained him to her sickbed. At the sight of the young girl in the bloom of life and yet about to die, he applied all his knowledge and skill in an effort to save her.

It was a prolonged illness, and Andrey Yevstafyevich gave no further thought to his trip. He stayed in Tula until Lyubochka began to come back to life and was able to get up. By that time he had become familiar with the Islenyev household and was received there like a member of the family. When he finally left for the Oryol district, they made him promise to stay with them without fail on his way back. But even without their insistence, Andrey Yevstafyevich had already made up his mind to visit them, since he was by now seriously in love with his patient.

After his departure, Lyubochka felt a kind of emptiness in her heart. Without having realized it herself, she had become used to the kind, solicitous way in which she had been treated during her sickness. At home she had never been pampered like that, and now she missed his tender care after his departure.

The Christmas season arrived. Lyubochka was still weak after her illness and rarely left the house. In the evenings, as a distraction, she was allowed to tell fortunes with the young maids, which amused her very much.

A cock would be brought in, or they poured wax, or else the girls would put their rings into a covered cup and sing a wedding song in chorus as they picked a ring out of the cup at random. The song predicted marriage or sorrow, or a long journey for the owner of the ring, according to its words.

One of the divinations, however strange it may seem, played a significant part in the life of my future mother. I shall describe it as I heard it from her.

On New Year's Eve, the girls secretly put under the young lady's bed an earthenware basin, with water and a little board on top of

it, which represented a bridge. The idea of this superstition was that if she should dream of her future husband, he would have to lead her over the bridge. Lyubochka did not know of this particular fortune telling.

The next morning, the girls came into Lyubov Aleksandrovna's room and asked her what she had seen in her dream.

"I dreamed," said Lyubochka, "that there was a house, and that Andrey Yevstafyevich and I were looking at it. We went on, and then, instead of the house, there was some kind of a ruin, and a narrow board went across a heap of stones. I had to cross it, but somehow Andrey Yevstafyevich was already standing on the other end. I was afraid to go, but he persuaded me and gave me his hand, and I went over."

All the maids broke into laughter. "Congratulations, Miss, you'll marry Andrey Yevstafyevich this year. You'll see," they said.

From then on, strange as it may seem, my mother, so she told me later, began to think about Andrey Yevstafyevich in a different way. Her youthful imagination was unconsciously but powerfully dominated by the person who in her New Year's Eve dream had led her across the bridge.

Her young dreams were entirely centered on him, although at times she could hardly believe that she, not yet out of the school-room, could get married like her elder sisters. It seemed unlikely that love could have awakened so early in a girl who had been brought up in the solitude of the country. Of course these emotions were inspired by the interpretation of her dream.

When he returned from Turgenev's, Andrey Yevstafyevich often came to the Islenyev house. Lyubochka behaved a little differently toward him: she paid more attention to him and blushed whenever he appeared.

The family noticed this change with disapproval, but Andrey Yevstafyevich, who was in a hurry to get to Moscow, was captivated by Lyubochka, and decided to propose to her. The whole family was against this marriage, even her sisters and brothers did their best to dissuade Lyuba from accepting his proposal. At that time such a marriage was considered unsuitable because of the difference in situation, as well as in years. Andrey Yevstafyevich was then thirty-six years old.

The person who was particularly indignant when Lyubochka's father finally gave in to her entreaties and consented to the mar-

riage was his mother—Grandmother Darya Mikhailovna Islenyeva. She was born a Kamynin, of very good old family, related to the Sheremetyevs.

"You, Aleksandr, will give your daughters to musicians next," she angrily said to her son, using the word "musicians" with its old-fashioned connotation *

But Lyuba stood firm. Her sixteenth birthday came in February, and on August 23,† 1842, she married. After the wedding the young couple left for Moscow.

6

My Parents

MY MOTHER's family life during the first years of her marriage was not altogether happy.

The beautiful sixteen-year-old girl, who knew nothing about people or society, suddenly came into an environment which was unfamiliar and strange to her. City life and the city apartment seemed to her like a cage after the freedom of country life, her large, spacious house, and her own dear garden with its lime-tree avenues, where she had spent her childhood and where everything was so familiar and intimate.

Her usual companions were two old ladies and a husband, who was no longer a young man.

Lyubochka's mother-in-law lived in the house, as I have already said, and Marya Ivanovna Wulfert, the sister of Grandmother Yelizaveta Ivanovna, often stayed with them.

Yelizaveta Ivanovna was a lively, affectionate, and very kind old lady. She was of medium height, a little stout, quick and light-footed. She ruled the whole household, and Lyubov Aleksandrovna did not interfere in anything.

I will say a few words about Grandmother's sister. At first, she also lived at my father's house. Marya Ivanovna was an old maid,

* That is, derogatory sense: an itinerant musician.—Ed.

† This and all other dates cited in the book are reckoned according to the Julian Calendar, and, therefore, in the nineteenth century, twelve days earlier than those of the Gregorian Calendar.—Ed.

older than my grandmother. She was a dry, pedantic old woman, who spoke nothing but French, and who demanded absolute obedience and refined and modest manners. She wore a Turkish shawl, which was fastened at her breast with an ancient cameo brooch, and a ruched tulle cap.

Marya Ivanovna almost always accompanied my mother in her walks, so that during the first year of her marriage Lyubov Aleksandrovna never went out alone. On their walks Marya Ivanovna would give her edifying advice on how to behave in society, and tell her stories of olden times. Later we girls also had to listen to these admonitions. I remember Marya Ivanovna very well. She liked sister Sonya best of all and said "Sophie à la tête abonnée,"* meaning that she would marry soon and without fail.

And these two old ladies, so different in character, formed Lyubov Aleksandrovna's society for the most part.

My mother would often spend the evening with the old women, doing hand embroidery and diverting them with her youthful chatter.

In order to find occupation for his wife, Andrey Yevstafyevich advised her to continue with her studies, to which she willingly agreed.

Marya Apollonovna Volkova, a lady in waiting, offered to give Lyubochka lessons in Russian literature, and Marya Ivanovna to give her lessons in French.

Marya Apollonovna Volkova and Andrey Yevstafyevich had been great friends in their youth. Energetic, lively, with large gray eyes and graying curls which were pinned, after the fashion of the day, low on her forehead, she was no longer in the prime of youth.

I remember Marya Apollonovna. She had never been pretty, but she was famous for her straightforward and sagacious mind and her sharp tongue, which many people feared. She was well known in Moscow society and was treated by all with great respect.

When Leo† Nikolayevich was writing *War and Peace*, my father, at his request, obtained from Marya Apollonovna her correspondence with Countess Lanskaya. These letters served as ma-

* A play on words: *abonnée* and *à bonnet* —Ed.

† Actually "Lyov" in Russian. This is the sole exception to the rule adopted for this translation of writing all non-historic names and patronymics in their Russian form. The form "Leo" has been used because Tolstoy is known to the entire world outside Russia as Leo —Ed.

terial for the correspondence between Princess Marya and Yulia Kuragina

Marya Apollonovna was not only intelligent, she was also considered very cultivated.

The lessons with Lyubochka began, and they occupied the student and the teacher to an equal degree. How long these lessons continued, I do not know, but they had to be discontinued when children began to come year after year. The life of Lyubov Aleksandrovna changed completely.

Father's mother, Grandmother Yelizaveta Ivanovna, died in Petersburg in the cholera epidemic when I was still a child, and after her death Marya Ivanovna left our household. Afterward she often came to stay with us for weeks at a time.

Household cares and the great number of children absorbed Lyubov Aleksandrovna's whole life. There were altogether thirteen of us children, five of whom died in childhood. The eldest were my two sisters, my brother Aleksandr, and I. Then, after a few years' interval, came the younger ones. In this chapter I, the youngest of the four older children, will not touch upon our childhood, I am only concerned with the life of my parents.

We lived at the Kremlin in the "ordinance-house," a building which adjoined the palace, since my father was the court physician.

I remember my father as a gray-haired, handsome old man, tall and erect, with large blue eyes and a long gray beard.

My memories of him are fragmentary. The first years of his marriage are completely unknown to me. Since I was a child then, I remember little about him, he was a very busy man, and in our childhood it was Mother who was always with us.

Mother was of a serious, reserved, and even secretive character. Many people considered her haughty. She was very proud, but not haughty. All her young life was spent in her cares for us. I did not appreciate this nor, I think, did the other children. We took it for granted. In spite of her solicitude, Mother was, in her outward appearance, strict and cold with us. In our childhood she never caressed us as Father did, she did not admit any expressions of tenderness, and I often suffered from this, but at the age of fourteen or fifteen I succeeded in overcoming this pretended coldness and called forth in her sympathy, responsiveness to my love, and tenderness, and then I began to feel that for us children Mother was everything in the family.

She did not like society and hardly ever went out, she had difficulty in approaching people. Our house was always full of people; however, thanks to Father and to us children, who were already growing up and strongly manifesting our right to live.

Our house was always full of relatives, acquaintances, friends and young people. Some of them stayed for months. There was a patriarchal aspect about the house, which was lavishly hospitable. The servants alone consisted of ten or twelve persons. There were some old retainers who lived with us for a long time. The coachman Fyodor Afanasevich served us from the day Father was married up to his own death. Stepanida Trifonovna, the housekeeper, lived with us for twenty years, and after Father's death and my marriage she came to live with me. When Leo Nikolayevich visited us, he often talked with her, he even remembered her in his letters. She died at my house, after having lived there for another twenty years.

I also remember Vera Ivanovna, who had reared almost all the children in our family. Her family belonged to the clergy, and she had a daughter of our age, Klavdiya. She was endowed with great tact. Nurse always knew what was going on in the house, especially with the gentlemen. That was the spiritual barometer in the house. She was greatly respected by all of us at home.

There was no kind of luxury. At that time Moscow was patriarchal. Water was brought in casks, the streets were dirty and poorly lit. Domestic animals wandered around in the yards, sometimes even in the streets. The houses were lit with tallow candles. With that same tallow they cured colds and coughs. I remember the horrid feeling in my childhood when Grandmother ordered her maid Parasha to drop the tallow into blue sugar paper and to tie it to my chest for my cough.

The people of Moscow lived, for the most part, in private houses on their own piece of property, where they kept horses, cows, chickens, and so forth.

My father was a good master. He was straightforward, energetic, warmhearted, and very irascible. He had an uneven temper from which the household often suffered. Sometimes his impatient shouting in a fit of anger frightened us children, whereas we never heard Mother raise her voice, but in spite of these outbursts he was well loved in the house for his kindness and generosity.

Thanks to his sociability, many people from all strata of Moscow society knew us. Father knew how to approach people simply and

kindly, he associated with them easily and even became friendly with many people, so that Mother often teased him, saying "Papa has brought in a new friend from the street again"

And indeed, I remember one of these times very well

One day Father went for a walk in the Kremlin Garden, and while resting on a bench, he entered into conversation with a newly arrived American who was also sitting there

Mr Mortimer was a man in his fifties He made a good impression on Father because of his easy foreign ways and was then and there invited to our house for dinner It happened to be a Sunday when, as usual, our relatives and friends were gathered at our house for dinner

The arrival of the stranger did not surprise anybody We were all accustomed to see unexpected guests From then on Mortimer had a place at our table every Sunday We all got used to him and liked him He was a well-read man He spoke French with an English accent, talked politics with Father, and played chess with me He helped me and my sisters with our English lessons Usually he would sit in a corner of the sofa and quietly puff at his little pipe, telling us something about Americans or, smiling indulgently, he would listen to our chatter, much of which, by the way, he did not understand So it went on for about a year Then, one Sunday, Mortimer did not come On the next Sunday his place at the table again remained empty Father, at last, found out the sad news Mortimer had been arrested because he had been involved in some political matters and was suspected of espionage From then on we never heard anything about Mortimer.

Although all this was disagreeable for Father (after all, he had grown used to Mortimer and was fond of him), his confidence in people was not shaken by this experience This trait of character was a peculiarity of his Discrimination of classes or nationalities did not exist for Father he treated everyone with the same friendliness

Sometimes you would go into his room and you would find the peasant Vasily sitting there and drinking tea with him, in the company of Prince Sergey Mikhailovich Golitsyn, Father's childhood friend, Professor Anke, the Dean of Moscow University, A. M. Kupferschmidt, first violin at the Grand Theater, the actor Stepanov, and others The two last-named guests were father's hunting companions

Father was a passionate hunter and a great admirer of nature. This is obvious from his letter to Leo Nikolayevich, written in 1863, when my sister had already married.

He (brother Sasha) assured you that on the morning flight the woodcock does not cry. The woodcock flies almost the whole night through, but less frequently in the middle of the night than at twilight. At dawn they start out before it gets light and fly until sunrise—they cry just as they do in the evening, but they fly more calmly and evenly. They can be heard from far away, but they start their flight so early that you cannot always see them. I always used to stand facing the East, so that I could see them better, but it often happened that I killed a woodcock without seeing where it fell. Sometimes the dog would bring it, but most of the time I picked them up when the flight was over and I was already leaving my place. The morning flight is delightful and is often much better than the evening flight. In May we would return after the evening flight, we would drink tea, have some supper, lie down for a while, have a little chat sometimes or take a nap, and before we knew it it was already time to go. In May we would leave the cottage at half past one, not later than two o'clock, particularly if it were still the early part of the month.

Usually after their morning flight I went into the woods to attract wood-hens or to lure grouse by imitating their cry.

Happy and unforgettable times. Nothing has brought me more enjoyment in life than hunting, not hunting like a professional, but as an admirer of nature and an observer of its hidden wonders. After all this, imagine how happy I would be if I could have the benefit of this pleasure together with you, in your company.

I do not like this noise and fuss, the inevitable attributes of hunting with hounds. For me there is nothing more pleasant than the calm and leisure which inevitably belong to shooting. With a good dog and a gun on your shoulder—you are not bored even if you are alone.

Father's wish to go hunting with Leo Nikolayevich was fulfilled. In 1864, in the month of April, father went to Yasnaya Polyana and hunted woodcock with Leo Nikolayevich every day.

Father had the habit of getting up early. In the morning a great number of people of all kinds used to come to him. One of them asks to be freed from military service, another requests to lodge an old woman in an almshouse or an orphan in an orphanage, a third wants him to patch up a family quarrel. No one was refused.

Father, with his inexhaustible energy, would drive around all Moscow, but he would achieve what he wanted

Once it happened quite unexpectedly that he took the part of some students and did them a great service I often heard Father tell this story This is how it happened

One evening, a certain student had a little party of his friends at his house After supper they decided to make a punch It turned out that there was no champagne in the house One of the students volunteered to get some wine and went after it On the way back he was noticed by a policeman who was spying on a certain rogue Mistaking the student for the rogue, he started to follow him Shortly after the student, completely unsuspecting, had returned to his friends with the wine, the police started to knock at the door The students, who did not understand what the police could want from them, did not open the door and demanded that they should bring a representative of the university, as was the rule at that time The policeman went and reported this to the inspector. The inspector, being in an intoxicated condition, without investigating the matter cried "Beat them up"

The policeman took a few firemen and other policemen with him and went back to the students, who were already drunk

The police knocked at the door The students refused to open it The police broke in the door and rushed into the apartment

The students put out the light, and then a terrible fight began They hit each other with bottles, sabres, and anything that got into their hands The student host was badly beaten and had to be sent to the hospital

The matter was reported to the chief of police who wanted to settle the story peacefully and asked the subinspector of the university to give some money to the injured student But the student did not accept the money, and taking his last five rubles from beneath his pillow, threw them at the subinspector

This story caused great excitement in Moscow

The university authorities were deeply offended by the actions of the police Kovalevsky, a high-ranking university official, and the professors made a report against the police

Zakrevsky, the governor-general, who saw that the situation was bad, sent a telegram to the emperor, whom they were expecting in Moscow "The students are rebelling Kovalevsky and the professors are taking their side"

Emperor Alexander II was then in Warsaw and answered by telegram "I do not believe it Will come myself "

The emperor arrived in Moscow a few days later and stayed at the Great Kremlin Palace He was not feeling well, did not leave the palace and did not receive anybody—neither the curator nor the governor

Father was invited to the palace in his capacity of physician

The tsar always treated father with special kindness Once he gave Father a hunting setter, and a year after that, Father sent the emperor two charming pups I remember Father's snuffbox with brilliants, which had been a present from the tsar And every time the tsar arrived in Moscow, it was a holiday for Father But this time his arrival was more memorable and pleasant than usual

After his professional visit, Father took his leave and was about to go The emperor called him back

"Bers, can you tell me something about the skirmish between the students and the police?"

"Yes, I can, Your Imperial Majesty I am informed about this story in all its details by Dean Anke," Father answered

"Then sit down and tell me," said the tsar

Father told the tsar truthfully and in detail everything he had heard about this affair from trustworthy sources The result of this conversation was that the policeman and the inspector were demoted to the rank of privates, and the chief of police was severely reprimanded

The tsar sent for the curator Kovalevsky and told him that the students had behaved well, and thanked him and the professors for having interceded for the students.

Thus the sad story ended

It was described in one of the magazines by Andrey Andreyevich Auerbach, who knew my father and our whole family very well

I shall now pass on to our childhood.

7

Our Childhood

I REMEMBER my early childhood only vaguely, the events are intermingled, and I cannot place them by year I only remember the general quality of our family life when I was beginning to grow up

We three sisters and brother Aleksandr grew up together and were, as I already said, close to each other in age The four younger boys lived in separate rooms and had a separate nurse

My elder sister Liza had a serious and unsociable character I can see her, as if it were now, curled up on the divan, a book in her hand, with an expression of concentration on her face

"Liza, come play with us," I would tease her, wishing for some reason to distract her from her reading

"Wait, I want to finish," she would say

But she was long in reaching the end, and we began to play without her She was not interested in our childish life, she had her own world, her own ideas about everything, and they were different from our childish ideas Books were her friends, and she seemed to have read everything that was accessible at her age

"What's the use of sitting there and sticking to your 'Kosmos,'" I cried with annoyance.

"Leave her alone, we can do without her," said Sonya

Whether it was a difference in character or some other reason, there was a discord between my elder sisters which was constantly felt in their relations, and this discord lasted during the whole of their lives

We three were especially good friends Sonya, Brother Sasha and I But I was also very fond of Liza, she always treated me considerately and kindly I knew how to cheer her up and to make her laugh by some nonsense, and she used to laugh with me with all her heart

Sonya was a healthy girl with red cheeks, large dark-brown eyes, and dark braids She had a lively disposition with a slight touch of sentimentality which easily changed into sadness

Sonya never gave herself up to complete joy or happiness, so richly meted out in her young life and the first years of her marriage. It seemed as if she did not trust happiness, was not able to accept it and enjoy it wholly. She always felt as if something were going to interfere with it, or as if something else had to happen before her happiness could be complete.

This trait of her character remained throughout her life. She was aware of it herself and wrote me in one of her letters: "You have such a wonderful, enviable gift of finding joy in everything and everybody, and I, on the contrary, manage to find something 'sad' even in happiness and joy."

Father knew about this characteristic of hers and said: "Poor Sonya will never be completely happy."

8

Godmother's Present

I WILL RELATE one event of my childhood—it will seem fantastic in our times.

The 29th of October was my birthday, and I was ten years old. On the eve of my birthday, I tried to find out from Sonya what presents I would receive, but Sonya would not tell me. I was particularly curious about the present from my godmother, Tatyana Ivanovna Zakharina, a wealthy landowner from Yaroslavl. She always gave me something interesting. When I went to bed, I thought about the things I would like to receive.

"A little black poodle, but a real one, or a big doll," I decided, and Sonya agreed with me.

Next morning, I put on a light Sunday dress, said my prayers and feeling a kind of solemn emotion, went into the dining room. They all kissed me, congratulated me, and gave me presents. Among the gifts there was a big doll with a cardboard head and painted face, it was almost as tall as I was. That was a present from Grandfather Islenyev. I was very happy; one of my wishes had been fulfilled. I called her Mimi. Later on, she was described in the novel *War and Peace*.

Now I only had to wait for the arrival of my godmother.

I will say a few words about Tatyana Ivanovna Zakharina

She was a woman in her fifties, thin, frank, and good-natured. Her husband, Vasily Borisovich, was a very hospitable person. They had a protégée, Dunyasha, the daughter of their coachman. She was sixteen years old and had grown up in their house, partly as a maid and partly as a young lady. Usually, when there were no guests, Dunyasha would sit in the drawing room, but on a little stool at the feet of her "benefactress," as they called Tatyana Ivanovna. Dunyasha ran errands for her mistress, slept in her room, and part of her duties was to comb the two white lap dogs, Rozka and Nelchik, Tatyana Ivanovna's pets. That was a house in which everything was redolent of the old times.

I was christened Tatyana Ivanovna for the following reason. Shortly before I was born, Tatyana Ivanovna fell seriously ill. My father, who was attending her, was very alarmed by her condition and used to visit her day and night. Feeling herself in danger, Tatyana Ivanovna called him and said:

"Andrey Yevstafyevich, I have made a guess—if a girl is born to your wife, I will get well, and you shall call her Tatyana. I will be her godmother and take care of her all my life. If it is a boy, that would mean my end. Save my life."

Zakharina recovered, christened me, and indeed took good care of me and loved me like her own daughter.

It was two o'clock, they were serving chocolate and home-baked pastries, and we all gathered around the table, but my godmother had not arrived yet. I was waiting to hear the doorbell with weary impatience.

Suddenly Nurse came into the dining room and said to me: "Dunyasha has come and is waiting in the nursery, but Tatyana Ivanovna is not feeling well and is unable to come."

I jumped up quickly and rushed out after Nurse.

Dunyasha stood before me. Having greeted her, I looked at her hands, hoping to see a package, but her hands were empty.

"Tatyana Ivanovna is sick," she began. "She told me to give you her greetings and kisses, and she sends you a 'living present,'" Dunyasha continued, smiling. "I will lead it in immediately," and she left the room quickly.

"Lead it in," I thought. "Could it be a little black puppy? That would be lovely."

The door was opened, and Dunyasha came in, accompanied by

a very poorly dressed girl with thin braids that were tied on top of her head with bits of rags

"Go on," said Dunyasha, pushing her forward. The girl stood there with downcast eyes and would not move.

"Here," began Dunyasha, "your godmother sends you this girl Feodora as a present. She is fourteen years old and will be part of your dowry, but in the meantime she will serve you."

I was silent, completely dumbfounded by the surprise, and stared at Feodora. Nurse looked at the girl with approval.

"Well, that's very nice, we will teach her everything," said Nurse, feeling how unseemly my silence was.

"And I have a present from the country for you," said Dunyasha, handing me a tightly filled little canvas bag. "There are some double nuts specially picked for you in Baksheyev [the name of Zakharina's estate], and your godmother sends you some home made fruit confection," and with this she gave me a little bast box.

I thanked Dunyasha for the presents, but I was still standing motionless.

The disappointment was too great. This round-faced, pock-marked girl with her little braids, her cast-down eyes, and her whimpering face did not please me.

I was ready to start crying with her.

"Take Dunyasha to the dining room to drink some chocolate, and I will give this girl some tea. See how cold she is," said Nurse.

I took Dunyasha to the dining room where she was kindly welcomed by everybody.

My birthday has passed. I am lying on my bed and cannot sleep. Nurse lights a little lamp before the icon. I feel sad. The thought of the whimpering girl does not go out of my head.

"Nurse," I say.

"Why aren't you sleeping? It's late," answers Nurse, turning to me.

"Is Feodora mine? My own?"

"She is yours, she was given to you," Nurse answers simply.

"And I can do with her whatever I want to? Yes?"

"Of course, whatever you wish. Well, what is there to do? She will serve you, clean your room, dress you."

Nurse's answer did not satisfy me. I wanted her to be only mine. A feeling of power and vanity stole into my heart. "Liza and Sonya will not have a girl of their own. She was given to me alone," I thought, and this reconciled me to her a little.

After my birthday, life went its usual way again lessons, assigned by the hour, walks in the Kremlin Garden, and our weekly duties

These duties obliged us three girls to take turns in giving out provisions, making tea, preparing coffee for Father, and so forth. My sisters did theirs conscientiously, but I often let somebody else do mine in my place.

The time passed, and Feodora gradually got used to us and did not cry any more. Her training was taken over by the old housemaid Praskovya. In the beginning Feodora often did not understand what they said to her. She was told, for instance "Wash this vase" or "Tidy the dressing table." She wouldn't stir from her place and questioningly looked at the person who gave the orders, not daring to ask what they meant. When they explained to her, she cheerfully answered "All right," and started the unaccustomed work.

It often happened that she broke something, and then she "got it" from Praskovya.

"Ach! country bumpkin, don't expect any sense from her," said Praskovya, and once, coming into the maids' room, I saw Praskovya pulling at her braids.

"Leave her alone, don't dare to touch her. She's mine!" I cried, and Praskovya went out of the room, grumbling.

Nurse sometimes took her part and said "What can you expect from her? Naturally, she was born in the woods; she prayed to stumps."

Praskovya was not wicked, but she was convinced that the girl could not grow up without discipline. Praskovya sewed for her, so that the girl received new clothes. She showed her how to sew, to wash, and to iron. Liza was entrusted with teaching Feodora to read, Sonya with showing her how to tell the time, and I taught her how to count.

9

Parting with My Brother

THE FIRST sad event in our life was parting with my brother Sasha. All of us children liked him very much because of his gentle nature and his kind heart.

During that summer we often heard disputes between our parents. The question was whether Sasha should be sent to the Cadet Corps or whether he should remain at home a little longer.

Mother insisted that he should be sent away. Father was against it and said that he was too young. We children had heard about life in the Cadet Corps—that the children there were treated very sternly, that they had to get up and go to bed at the sound of a drum, that they were flogged if they were disobedient, and other horrors.

When I went to bed after these discussions, I usually could not sleep and thought sadly: "Why are they sending him away? Have they no pity for him? He has a good tutor to teach him here, and he is living so peacefully with us sisters." My common sense refused to understand why they were doing this. Such an action seemed cruel to me.

"And all this is Mama's fault," I thought. "She does not love him." And the moral which had been strictly instilled into us that "children should not criticize their parents" deserted me, and an angry feeling of revolt arose in my childish heart.

August 11 was the sad day. In the morning Sasha was combed and pomaded and dressed in a new jacket with a white collar, and at every step he was told: "Don't climb trees, don't roll on the grass, you will soil your suit."

And as if on purpose, the oppressive morning dragged out endlessly.

But at last the priest from Pokrov and the deacon arrived, and all the household gathered for the service. I listened to the prayers and said my own prayers as best I could, and I felt pleased that we all were assembled for something solemn, and that all this was for dear, good Sasha.

After the service Sonya, Sasha, and I ran to say good-bye to the household servants, whom we all knew, we said good-bye to our favorite places, and I felt as if everything had ended for me. At last the carriage drove up, and we all went out to the porch to see Sasha off.

Sasha put up a brave front and was unnaturally gay. He went up to Mama and kissed her hand. Mother embraced him and made the sign of the cross over him. Then he came to us girls. We kissed him. To greet each other or to say good-bye was not a habit with us, and any expression of tenderness or sentimentality—except on

Father's part—was ridiculed in our family, and so it was almost the first time that I ever kissed Sasha good-bye, since we had never parted before. Our favorite Uncle Kostya, Mother's brother, was to take Sasha to school. Father was waiting for him in Moscow. Uncle was already sitting in the carriage.

"Well, come on, Sasha, it's time to leave, you'll soon come back again," said Uncle Kostya.

Sasha jumped into the carriage and sat down at Uncle's side, the carriage left and took away with it the good, innocent boy who was condemned, as I thought at that time, to the rough, rigid life of a soldier. I suddenly felt sorry that no one showed any regret at his departure, and I burst out crying loudly like a child.

"How soft you are. Sasha is coming back again," said Mother. "Go, get busy with something."

There was none of the usual severity in Mother's voice. I looked at her, and from the expression on her face I understood that her cold words were only a pretense. She herself would have felt better if she could cry with me like a child, but now as always, the feeling of tenderness and love was buried somewhere deep in her heart.

The days dragged out long and boring. We began to study. The weather was cold, and somehow we felt an irreparable void in our child's world.

When we moved to Moscow, life became more pleasant. The Saturdays were full of excitement. The cadets arrived—Sasha and his new acquaintance, he could not be called his friend, because he was three years older than my brother.

Mitrofan Andreyevich Polivanov was the friend of Grandfather Islenyev's deceased son, and Grandfather was the first to bring him to our house, but thereafter Polivanov always came to us when he was on leave and spent the holidays and the summer with us. He was a tall, blond young man, intelligent, kind, and a gentleman in all respects. He was the son of a landowner from Kostroma. We always remained good friends with him.

On Saturdays the parlor was lighted up, the samovar was gaily humming in the dining room, and on the table there were cutlets and sweet pies, the usual preparations for the arrival of the cadets.

At eight o'clock the bell would ring, and we would rush down to meet them. At the tea table lively conversations would begin. Sasha looked older in his uniform and, what particularly delighted me, he did not look sad, he was gay and it seemed to me that he

had gained a certain importance, especially when he would proudly add, "in our Corps," or when he would say "Ivanov the Second tried to prove that he was stronger than I, but I gave him a good hiding."

Listening to Sasha, I would think "So this must be the proper thing to do in the Cadet Corps, because at home he wasn't ever allowed to fight." And I no longer knew what was good and what bad.

10

Nikolay Nikolayevich Tolstoy and the Arrival of Leo Nikolayevich

LATER ON we used to have dancing classes on Saturdays. My sisters studied with Baron Bode, who lived opposite our house, but a class was arranged at home for me and Brother Pyotr. The three children of Marya Nikolayevna Tolstaya, Leo Nikolayevich's sister, came to our house for dancing lessons. They were my first childhood friends—Varya, Liza, and their brother Nikolay.

Our family and Marya Nikolayevna had two sisters as governesses—Mariya Ivanovna and Sarra Ivanovna—very kind, corpulent, and ponderous Germans.

This friendship was an advantage for me. I was often allowed to go to the Tolstoy's, and I was very fond of visiting them.

Marya Nikolayevna spent the winter of 1857-1858 in Moscow, and it was in her house that I first met her brother Nikolay Nikolayevich. He was short and broad-shouldered, and had deep, expressive eyes. That winter he had just arrived from the Caucasus and was wearing a military uniform.

This man, who was remarkable for his intellect, and modesty, provided my best childhood memories. How much poetry I found in his little improvised fairy tales! He used to sit, curled up comfortably in the corner of the divan, we children would gather around him, and then he would begin a long story, or he would arrange a play, give all of us parts and act with us himself.

Often during the play or the story Leo Nikolayevich would appear, well groomed and in gala attire, as it seemed to me then. We

were all very glad when he came. He brought still more animation, coached us in our parts, set us problems, did gymnastics with us or made us sing, but usually, after a look at his watch, he hastily took his leave and went away.

Nikolay Nikolayevich referred to his brother's flights into society with good-natured irony. When Marya Nikolayevna came in, he would say to her, smiling, "Lyovochka has put on his dress coat and white tie again and is dashing off into society. Hasn't he grown tired of it yet?"

Nikolay Nikolayevich did not go anywhere, he lived on the outskirts of Moscow, where his friends and admirers often looked him up. Among these were Turgenev and Fet.

Nikolay Nikolayevich's health was evidently getting bad. He coughed, grew weak, and pined away. Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenev heard about the grave condition of the Count's health. He wrote to Fet from abroad on June 1, 1860.

All that you have written me about Nikolay Nikolayevich's illness has deeply grieved me. Is it possible that this dear, precious man may be doomed? Why doesn't he make up his mind, overcome his laziness and go abroad for a cure? He has travelled to the Caucasus in a tarantass,* and the devil knows in what else, hasn't he?

Turgenev ended his letter with the following words: "If Nikolay Tolstoy has not left, throw yourself at his feet, and then take him by the neck and chase him abroad."

Nikolay Nikolayevich went abroad in the spring, but it did not help him. In September 1860 he died in Hyères.

We had known Leo Nikolayevich before that time. He used to visit us as the childhood friend of my mother. I remember him in his uniform at the time of the Crimean War, when he came to us in Pokrovskoye.

It was in the beginning of summer, 1856. One evening a carriage drove up to our door. Leo Nikolayevich had arrived with Baron V. M. Mengden and Uncle Kostya.

They were coming to dinner, but they were very late. The servants had been given leave to go to church. There was the usual domestic bustle, and Mother allowed us girls to set the table and to serve what was left.

* A simple vehicle for overland travel, generally covered, with the body resting on wooden poles joining the front and back axles, instead of modern springs.—Ed.

My sisters ran about with happy faces, doing the unaccustomed work. They were constantly pushing me aside, saying "Leave it, you'll break it" or, "This is heavy, you can't carry it."

They were admired and praised. I was jealous because they were not noticing and praising me. I stood at some distance and looked at the guests.

Leo Nikolayevich told many stories about the war, and father was asking him about everything. Unfortunately, I do not remember these stories well. But I remember that the song "On the Eighth of September" was mentioned, and that we all asked him to sing it for us as we were getting up from the table. Leo Nikolayevich refused.

Of course he thought it was ridiculous to sit down at the piano and to sing. We all felt that it had to be arranged some other way. Uncle Kostya sat down at the piano and played the refrain of the song. We all knew the tune well. Uncle Kostya played so well that it was difficult to remain silent.

"Sing with Tanya," said Father. "She sings and she will accompany you. Tanya, come, sing with Leo Nikolayevich."

"I know the tune, but not the words," I said.

"It doesn't matter, we will teach you," said Uncle Kostya, "come along." He told me the first two verses. "I will prompt you with the rest."

"Well, let us sing together," laughed Leo Nikolayevich, turning to me.

He sat down next to Uncle Kostya and began almost in a murmur. I sang two verses with him, then I stopped and listened with interest, while Leo Nikolayevich continued alone, inspired by Uncle Kostya's accompaniment. I looked at Father. A gay, contented smile was on his face, and we were all cheered up by the song.

"How witty, dashing, and clever this song is," said Father, "I knew this Osten-Saken. He was the one who read the prayers," laughed Father. And then they began to go over the words of the song.

"A great part of this song was composed and sung by soldiers," said Leo Nikolayevich, "I am not the only author of it."

Then Leo Nikolayevich asked Uncle Kostya to play some Chopin, and Uncle did so. He played a waltz, and then he began a simple little minuet, which reminded Leo Nikolayevich of his childhood.

"Lyubov Aleksandrovna, do you remember how we danced to this tune, when your Mimi was teaching us?" said Leo Nikolayevich, going up to Mother "It all seems so recent to me " Then they began to talk about *Childhood* and *Boyhood*

"You probably recognized much that was near and dear to you in these works," said Leo Nikolayevich

"Of course," said Mother, "and Mashenka, your sister, is just like herself, with her big black eyes, naive and quick to tears as she was in her childhood "

"And our father with his characteristic shrugging of the shoulders, how well you described him He recognized himself and laughed so much," said Uncle Kostya

Sonya listened attentively to the whole conversation *Childhood* and *Boyhood* had made a great impression on her, and she entered the following words in her diary

Will they ever come back, that freshness and ease of mind, that need for love and power of faith which you possess in childhood?

What times could be better than the times in which the two highest virtues innocent gaiety and boundless need for love, were the sole impulses in life?

Liza wrote on the other side, "fool " She criticized Sonya for her "sentimentality," as she called any great display of deeper emotions, and teased Sonya, saying

"Our Fufel [Sonya's nickname] is indulging in poetry and tender feelings "

It was getting dark, and it was already late Our guests departed and set out for Moscow, leaving us absorbed in our various impressions

11

Our Youth

THREE YEARS passed My sisters had already become young ladies, sixteen and seventeen years old They were preparing for the university examinations For our Russian lessons we had a university student, Vasily Ivanovich Bogdanov, who spent the summer with us in Pokrovskoye, and instructed my brothers and

us girls. He had adapted himself to the household and had become "one of the family." He had taken it into his head to "develop" us, especially my sisters. He brought them Buchner and Vogt to read, raved about Turgenev's novel *Fathers and Sons*, read it to us aloud, and fell in love with Sonya, who was getting prettier every day. Vasily Ivanovich was lively and quick, wore glasses, and had thick shaggy hair which was combed back. Once, when he was helping Sonya to carry something, he took her hand and kissed it. Sonya drew it back, took out her handkerchief, and wiped it off.

"How dare you!" she cried.

He clutched at his head and said "Forgive me."

Sonya told Mother about it, but Mother thought it was her own fault and said "Take a lesson from Liza, things like that do not happen to her."

"Liza is like a stone, she never pities anyone, but I felt sorry for him the other day, when he was telling me how his little brother was operated on," said Sonya. "That is why he dared. Now I will no longer be sorry for him."

M. Pascault, an old professor of the university, was engaged for our French lessons. My sisters studied hard all winter, in spite of the whooping cough which had affected us all. In the spring my sisters had their examinations. Sonya passed them very well. Liza had some trouble, although she was excellently prepared.

Father Sergeyevsky asked her to describe the Lord's Supper. It seemed as if the question was an easy one. Liza began to recite and became confused when it came to the "Cup" and the breaking of the bread. I don't exactly remember what she got mixed up on, but the important thing was that she began to argue vigorously with the priest. He gave her a bad, unsatisfactory mark. All in tears, she came home and asked Father to go to Sergeyevsky and patch up the matter. She was allowed to take another examination. After the examinations were over, each of them received a watch, long dresses were made for them, and they were allowed to put up their hair. In those times all this went strictly according to rules.

I felt that I was separated from them, that I was now the only one who continued to be a little girl in a short dress, playing with my doll Mimi. The school lists were taken off the wall, only mine was hanging in the schoolroom, like a solitary orphan.

Our governess was dismissed and a German mistress was engaged for me. She was a very pleasant woman called Fräulein Bese.

She was tall, lanky and pock-marked, had small, beetle-black eyes, and was gay and kind. She gave me and Brother Pyotr lessons and often spent the whole day with us. We three young ladies went alone on our daily walks, but we were followed by a footman in livery. It is ridiculous and strange to think of it now, but in those days it seemed perfectly natural. My sisters gradually began to go to dancing parties. They had their own friends and used to whisper with them, telling me to go away. Elegant attire was made for them, but for me two dresses were remade into one. All this seemed unjust and insulting to me, and often I said to myself, almost crying, "Is it my fault that I am the youngest?" But I was particularly upset by the following event.

One day Mother, wishing to give my sisters a treat, said that she had a box in the Maly * Theater and that they would go to the play. "Am I going too?" I asked.

"No, the play is not at all fit for you, besides, you have lessons," said Mama. And no matter how I pleaded, Mother stood firm.

In the evening when they had left and the children had gone to sleep, I finished my lessons and wandered around the dark living room. All was quiet in the house, and this silence oppressed me. I felt lonely and bored. I sat down in the corner of the room and, overcome by a feeling of self-pity, I began to weep.

I heard the bell ring in Father's room. Father's valet, Prokofy, who had lived with us for many years as a footman, passed through the room. He probably noticed that I was crying, and so he passed by quietly, on tiptoe, as if he respected my childish tears. I heard Father asking, "Did they go to the theater?"

"Yes, but the youngest miss is sitting in the living room and crying," said Prokofy.

And suddenly I heard Father's steps. I was frightened. I had almost never cried in his presence. He was always gentle with me, he never scolded or punished me, but my consciousness of his uneven disposition always had a terrifying effect on me. What would call forth his anger, and what would not, was always a surprise for me. I had no time to dry my tears before Father, his dressing gown flung over his shoulders, was standing before me.

"Why are you crying?" he asked me.

"They didn't take me to the theater, and I am alone," I answered, sobbing anew.

* Little Theater —Ed

Father silently stroked my head. He was thinking of something. Then he went to his room and ordered Prokofy to call the carriage, which had not yet been unharnessed, and to tell Praskovya and the footman to accompany me to the theater. He said that I should go and dress.

I ran into my room and urged Praskovya to hurry. Feodora helped me and rejoiced with me.

The door of my room was opened and Nurse Vera Ivanovna came in quietly.

"Going to the theater, are you?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm going, what about it?" I knew that Praskovya had already reported to her.

"That isn't right, what will Mama say?"

"Father gave me permission," I answered curtly, without looking her in the face. Nurse disapprovingly shook her head.

"And your eyes and your face are red from tears, you'll catch a cold on top of everything. Feodora, give your mistress a kerchief to put on her head," she said. "Your Papa spoils you," grumbled Nurse.

"Leave me alone, what are you fussing about," I said in annoyance. I tried not to think about the fact that Mother would probably be angry with me.

Half an hour later the usher opened the door to the box, and I appeared before Mother. The curtain was up, it was a play by Ostrovsky. Mother looked at me in amazement.

"What is this?" she asked.

"Papa sent me," I answered calmly. My voice implied that if Papa sent me, it meant that it was all right.

I saw that Mother was displeased. She did not say a word, but she looked at me with stern eyes. She did not let me sit in the front, as usual, but made me sit in the back, next to her. The brilliantly lit theater and Ostrovsky's interesting play improved my spirits.

On the way back, in the carriage, my sisters asked me how I had come and what had happened at home. I told them everything. My sisters laughed good-naturedly.

"And all this is Prokofy's fault, he was the one who gossiped to Papa," said Liza. Mama was silent, she evidently did not want to say anything against Father.

At home after tea, when we all went to our rooms, I listened

to my parents' loud voices which I could hear from the pantry, where I was standing, I purposely did not go to sleep with my sisters. My parents were having a heated argument, and I knew that it was because of me. In my childhood nothing was more terrible for me than quarrels between my father and mother. An inner voice told me that Mother was right, but in my heart I was grateful to Father.

I went to bed, but I could not sleep. I wanted to go to Mother and ask her to forgive me, but I could not make up my mind to do it. I wanted to share my grief with some one, but with whom? My sisters were already asleep. With Nurse? But I could not go to Nurse during the night. I said a prayer, and added of my own "Forgive me, Lord, for my sin." I crossed myself and fell asleep.

12

Young Love

ANOTHER YEAR passed. Nothing was changed in the house, but I felt an internal change taking place within me. I was growing and developing rapidly, as if I wanted to catch up with my sisters. Like a plant striving toward the sun, I was striving toward their young life. The wings of youth were growing out, and it was difficult to keep them folded. With an irresistible force I was struggling for the right to live. I continued my studies, but very indolently. They did not make me take an examination at the university. "Why should she get a diploma? She has a fine voice, she should enter the conservatory," my parents said.

Mother's sternness gave way, she seemed to have grown tired in bringing up my two elder sisters, and she completely changed her attitude toward me. She became tender and indulgent. I felt that she was lovingly admiring us, and when, as in the old days, she made "stern eyes" (as we called it), I threw myself on her neck and cried "Mama is trying to make stern eyes and can't." I kissed her, which I did not dare to do before, and at such moments I thought that I could never distress her or disobey her in anything, so strong was my love for her.

Many young people came to our house—my brother's friends

Obolensky, V. K. Istomin, Kolokoltsov, Golovin, and others. For the holidays and during the summer, Cousin A. M. Kuzminsky visited us, he always brought us sweets, was elegantly dressed, and astounded us Moscow children with his three-cornered hat.

"You have a hat like a torchbearer," I said teasing him.

We all, beginning with Mama, were very fond of him and always invited him for the holidays.

Girls of our age visited us. Olga Islenyeva, a very pretty girl, Grandfather's daughter by his second marriage, our cousins and friends. For Christmas, when we were all together, we usually arranged various games, charades, or plays.

I remember once how Sonya, after she had seen the opera *Martha*, proposed to play it as a drama, selecting some of its arias for singing. Polivanov was usually our "leading man," and now he was to play the part of the nobleman who was in love with Martha. Sonya was Lady Martha, dressed as a peasant girl. She taught Polivanov to sing the verse, and at rehearsals she let her hair down, kneeled, and sang

"Heaven may forgive you kindly,
Bitter anguish that you wrought
In this heart, which trusting blindly,
Love and kindness in you sought."

At the final rehearsal Polivanov sang and played the role all by himself. Sonya dressed herself as a peasant girl, without waiting for the dress rehearsal. I admired Sonya—this costume was so becoming to her. She was so attractive and played so naturally, that I thought. In her place I would certainly become an actress. But I will become a dancer. Marya Nikolayevna has told Mama that Tanya should learn character dancing without fail, and I can stand on my toes.

While I was dreaming about our future, Polivanov was already kneeling down before Sonya and kissing her hand. Suddenly the door opened and Liza came in. She quickly glanced at Sonya and Polivanov, and standing in front of them, she said: "Mama doesn't allow kissing hands at the rehearsals, and I will tell Mama that you held out your hand to him."

"It was my fault, not Sofya Andreyevna's," said Polivanov, quickly jumping to his feet. "I did not know about Lyubov Aleksandrovna's rule and I broke it, but I am ready to repeat it on the next rehearsal."

in the presence of your mother," and he turned away from Liza with a proud smile

"How nice this is," I thought, delighted "He is a 'real one,' just like in a novel " But just what a "real one" was, I could not find words to express

Sonya was silent Usually, when somebody took her part, she did not interfere any more She made a meek face cast down her eyes, and was sweeter than ever, at such moments we called her "persecuted innocence "

"How could Liza disturb them?" I thought, almost crying "Liza, go away, go away," I shouted at her, and my eyes filled with tears.

"I'm going, I'm going, only please don't scream, I came for my work and I can't find it."

Liza went out

"Let's continue with the rehearsal," Polivanov said calmly

I sat down in my former place, and the rehearsal went on

At another time I proposed to play wedding with my doll Mimi I said that she had been in boarding school for three years, and now it was time for her to get married The boarding school was Mother's cupboard, where Mimi had to sit all week, and I was allowed to take her out only on the eve of the holidays In the evening when we were having tea, I announced to everybody that tomorrow would be Mimi's wedding

"Who will be the bridegroom?" asked Polivanov

"Sasha Kuzminsky," I said calmly

"I I?" he drawled "That's news You had better make Mitenka Golovachev marry Mimi, he is coming here "

I knew that Polivanov said this as a joke, knowing that I wouldn't choose him "No," I said "Mitenka is no good as a bridegroom."

"Why?" asked Polivanov, smiling

"He is so clumsy, a real log Well, you know it yourself "

"A log?" repeated Polivanov "Don't you think there are bridegrooms like that?"

"Of course not," I answered with conviction "I think . . . yes, they have to be—you know, slender and tall and with a light step and they speak French well, and Mitenka is a clumsy fellow, he will be the priest."

Kuzminsky listened to our conversation, smiling complacently

"Tomorrow Golovachev is coming," said Brother Sasha, "and I will tell him what you think of him."

"No, Sasha, you won't tell him "

"And what will I be?" asked Sasha

"The deacon, and I will be the matron of honor," Sonya answered for me

"And Polivanov will give her away," I added All this is all right, I thought, but we still don't have a bridegroom, and this was worrying me

"Sasha," I asked firmly, "will you propose to Mimi today?"

"I'll think it over," he answered

I did not like his answer "Why are you giving yourself airs?" I asked

"Don't distress Tanya, and give in," said Sonya, taking my part as usual

"Now he wants to be coaxed," I cried angrily "He has to marry when he is asked to This is impolite " And turning to Polivanov, I added "You must dress as a general—you are a soldier anyway—now that you will be giving the bride away "

Kuzminsky was sitting silently at the tea table His face was serious, and I felt that he was displeased with me and my quick temper He did not look at me and was talking about something with Liza, who was sitting near him

"What did I do?" I thought "I have offended him, he is so proud, and I have screamed at him in front of Polivanov and all the others I have to make peace with him, but how? When we will be alone . . . yes, just the two of us, and he will take my hand and tell me something very nicely—but now?" I almost cried "I have screamed at him in front of everybody," I thought, "and in front of everybody I have to make amends " I jumped from my seat and went up to him Standing in front of his chair, I quietly put my hand on his shoulder

"Sasha," I said, "you don't want to spoil everything for us, do you? You understand, don't you? You know what I want to say " My words became confused "I beg you. You'll do it, won't you," I added affectionately, bending down to him and looking him in the eyes

Kuzminsky turned his head toward me, looked at me with a smile, and silently nodded his head He was obviously embarrassed because of all the others who were sitting at the table, but I somehow did not pay attention to anyone else I was only aware that I was reconciled with him

After a while, Kuzminsky asked me "Can I make the proposal through a matchmaker?"

"Yes, you can Liza, darling, be the matchmaker," I said

"All right," Liza answered good-naturedly "I will put on a shawl and a kerchief, and I will appear in the living room"

Everybody was surprised that Liza consented, but I was not surprised she was always kind to me

On the next day I was very excited and prepared everything for the wedding Sonya helped me Liza arranged the veil for Mimi

Later on, when I remembered my feeling toward this doll, I could only compare it with the feeling of a mother for her child This germ of tenderness, love and solicitude already exists in many girls from childhood I had such a strong imagination that I felt for her as for a living being

Golovachev arrived in the afternoon He was two years older than my brother He was a cadet in the real sense of the word he had broad shoulders, a broad face, a broad nose, and broad trousers He radiated health and strength and performed Russian dances beautifully He always willingly did everything he was asked to do So it was now They brought him a kind of brown robe borrowed from Nurse, and he immediately made a cassock out of it. Then he arranged a cassock for Brother Sasha, prepared the wedding crowns, and was already muttering something like a priest

Everything was ready for the wedding. Polivanov and Kuzminsky wore uniforms Kuzminsky was an elegant officer, and Polivanov a magnificent general with epaulettes and paper medals, his hair combed to the front in a tuft and sideburns *à la* Nicholas the First Liza held Mimi during the wedding ceremony

At the wedding there were Mariya Ivanovna with her children, M N Tolstoy, Vasily Ivanovich, Klavdiya, our little brothers, Nurse, and Mama Golovachev was so funny in his cassock, inventing all kinds of words and imitating the intonation of a priest, that I could hardly hold back my laughter From Polivanov's face I saw that he was planning something, he was looking in my direction all the time, and his thin, narrow lips were smiling slyly

When the wedding was over and the new couple had to kiss, I foresaw impediments, quickly ran to Liza, took Mimi out of her hands, raised her high up to Sasha Kuzminsky's lips and silently, solemnly held her in front of him Kuzminsky laughed, but did not move from his place.

"Kiss each other," intoned Mitenka in a bass voice, imitating a priest Kuzminsky remained silent and did not do anything, he was evidently waiting to see what I would do

"Kiss her," I finally said, losing my patience

"No, I won't kiss such a monster," he said loudly Everybody laughed

"Yes, you must," I said, holding the doll up to him

"I can't," he repeated

"Mama!" I screamed

"Tanya won't be able to sleep all night, what are you doing to her, Sasha?" said Mama, laughing

Varenka looked at him reproachfully Everybody was waiting to see what would happen Sasha Kuzminsky made a grimace, and bringing his face close to the doll, he loudly smacked his lips in the air I was satisfied that everything had passed off well I did not know that something unpleasant was yet in store for me

After dinner I put Mimi on the sofa in Father's room Father had gone away for a few days, and his room was to be used as a home for the newly married pair Then Uncle Kostya arrived Having heard about the wedding, he said that we had to arrange a dance now We were all very pleased Each of us had a favorite dance Liza liked the lancers, Sonya the waltz, and I—the mazurka

Uncle Kostya played us a quadrille, and at the fifth figure he said "Golovachev, go ahead and do your Russian dance" And Uncle Kostya played the "Barynya"* so well, that everyone had a look of animation

Golovachev did not have to be asked twice, putting his arms akimbo and stamping with his feet, he began to dance at once It was amazing how quick and agile this heavy and clumsy boy was When he had finished we all applauded him

During the evening Varya and I noticed that Polivanov and Kuzminsky were whispering and laughing about something After a while Varenka and I went to Father's room Mimi was not there

"You see, Varya," I said, "those two must have taken her away, this is Polivanov's trick" I did not want to accuse Sasha Varenka sympathized with me We went into the hall Polivanov was sitting there with Sonya

"What did you do with Mimi? She disappeared from the room," I said.

* The name of a favorite song and dance of that period —Ed

"How should I know, I didn't see her," said Polivanov

"That isn't true, you have taken her," I cried

"How strange you are," said Polivanov "Well, Ludmilla was kidnapped after her marriage with Ruslan, maybe your Mimi has been kidnapped too"

Varenka laughed

"You are talking nonsense, where did you put her?"

"You are talking nonsense," he mimicked my inflection

"Tanya, look for her, search the rooms, you'll find her," said Sonya

I obeyed Sonya and went out Varenka stayed with Sonya I went through all the rooms and could not find her, but at last I saw her on the high door which was leading to the corridor Mimi was hanging on the door, her feet in their checkered boots dropping lifelessly, and her long arms hanging down Her painted eyes seemed to look at me reproachfully from under her round eyebrows I tried to take her down, but I couldn't I ran to Mama and complained to her Mama laughed when she heard my story

"Mama, how can you laugh about it," I said, offended

"Call him to me," said Mama

I ran to the hall and said to Polivanov "Mama is calling you," and my voice seemed to imply Now you will get it from Mama

Five minutes later Mimi was taken down and handed to me I ran to the hall with her, they were playing a polka In order to raise Mimi's prestige, I asked Mitenka to dance with her Mitenka at once put his hands around her waist and jumped around the hall with her, making funny faces

"Look, look," I cried, laughing at this couple

Passing by the door of the hall where Kuzminsky was standing, I said to him "Mitenka is much better than you, and I like him, but you are unkind and naughty"

"Now don't get angry, don't get angry," he said, catching up with me "I won't do it again, let's dance the mazurka, will you?" and he took my arm

I gave in, and we made peace

Later on, when Leo Nikolayevich heard about Mimi's wedding, he said to me "Why didn't you invite me? That wasn't nice of you. I only heard about this wedding from Varenka"

Our young life, full of love, poetry, and a certain carefree gaiety, reigned in our home We were all in love a little, and this love,

childish and perhaps even ridiculous as it was in the eyes of grown-up people who understood life, awakened so much good in our hearts. It called forth compassion, tenderness, and the wish to see everyone good and happy.

Only Liza was faithful to her previous serious mode of life. She continued to study English with the same enthusiasm, read a great deal, and rarely went out into society. The regular features of her face, her serious, expressive eyes, and her tall stature made her a beautiful girl, but somehow she could not take advantage of life, she was not capable of being young, she did not have that "sparkle," to use Leo Nikolayevich's expression, that vital energy that he found in Sonya and me.

Polivanov began to visit us more often, he was spending his last year in the Cadet Corps. I had noticed for a long time, that he was not indifferent to Sonya. This love was the result of her sympathetic attitude toward him. He was alone, and he felt at home in our house. Sonya had sympathized with him when he was unhappy. One of his sisters had died. The other one, eighteen years old, entered a convent. Sonya comforted him as well as she could. She talked with him, played him his favorite operatic arias, and sympathized with him whenever he had troubles in the corps. Polivanov became strongly attached to her.

I began to feel that perhaps Sonya, too, was not indifferent to him. She often talked to me about him. Sometimes she would sit silently, become pensive, and say with a smile: "You know, Tanya, what he told me: 'You have a wonderful heart. When I am with you, I change completely. You always have a good influence on me.' And he tells me many other things," Sonya recollected. The expression of her face was now thoughtful and serious, now pert and gay.

"Sonya," I said, "you are in love with him yourself. I noticed it a long time ago, but I didn't say anything."

Sonya did not answer.

We sisters lived downstairs in a large room. My bed and Sonya's stood side by side at the wall, but Liza slept at the other end of the room behind a screen. I always had *Eugene Onegin* beneath my pillow. I had read it several times and knew much of it by heart. At my feet there was often a gray kitten which belonged to Trofimovna. I loved this little cat, dressed it up and played with it just as I did with my doll Mimi, who played a great part in our family.

Vasily Ivanovich wrote me this poem in my album, in memory of these two pets

A child I remember so carefree and happy,
Who played with her doll, besmeared little Mimi
The years hurried by, and a little gray kitten
And *Eugene Onegin* then captured her heart
But playthings will not so soon be cast out of favor,
Eugene and the kitten will both be replaced
By others, and they will be better, I'm sure,
But with toys you'll be playing for a long time to come

—THE BAT

July 26, 1860

The reason for this signature was that one day Vasily Ivanovich came flying into the dining room with some news. His hair, which had been ruffled by the wind, was blowing in all directions, his eyes without the glasses looked different and wild, and I compared him with a bat. This nickname remained with him.

In a big family there are always nicknames. Our nurse also gave us three sisters names. Liza was called "Professor," Sonya, "Countess Armond" (she had probably read this name in a translation of an old-fashioned novel), and I was the "Saratov landowner" because of Feodora.

Our Feodora was already a young girl now, and when the emancipation of the serfs was proclaimed in 1861, Feodora stayed with us with a salary of three rubles.* Best of all she liked Sonya, me, and Nurse. We found out that she had lost her father, that she had a stepfather, that her mother had two more children, and that they were very poor. In the evening when we went to bed, she often talked to us about her village. We had to go to bed at half past ten, and put out the candle at eleven, but my exciting talks with Sonya often began later.

"Put out the candle," Liza would say.

But we didn't put it out.

"I'll tell Mama tomorrow that you talk nonsense and don't obey her."

"Tell her, we are not afraid," Sonya would answer. "You don't have anything to talk about, so you can sleep."

* In 1861 the value of the ruble was approximately 68 cents —Ed

Liza would grumble a little and then leave us in peace

Sonya now confessed her passion for Polivanov to me. She said that Saturdays were full of importance and significance for her, and that he had hunted the other day that he had been in love with her for a long time. All this pleased me immensely, I did not want to lag behind her and told her about my love for Cousin Kuzminsky.

"You know, Sonya, we have already come to an understanding."

"When?" asked Sonya.

"You remember, on Christmas, after the dance, when you did not dance the mazurka with Polivanov, you had promised it to some one else and he was angry?"

"Yes, yes, I remember," said Sonya, "but how did you come to an understanding?"

"Mama had sent me to get her a shawl, and I ran with Sasha Kuzminsky to the bedroom, behind the partition, it was dark, and the only light came from the icon lamp. I opened the cupboard, and there in the corner sat my Mimi. Mama had hidden her there. I took her out and kissed her, and he began to laugh."

"'Poor Mimi,' I said, 'I rarely play with her now, and her head has been changed, the old one was broken. I am kissing her good-bye now, and you had once married her and won't even say good-bye. Bid her good-bye at once.' And I held the doll to him. 'Kiss her.'"

"But he pushed her aside. I took her arms, put them around his neck and was silent, and he, too, was silent and looked at me."

"'Well, kiss her,' I said."

"He bent down to me over Mimi's head and came closer and closer, and kissed me instead of Mimi. And we both felt very embarrassed. He was silent for a while and then he said, 'In four years I will finish school, and then—' 'And then we'll get married?' I interrupted him. 'Yes, but now we mustn't do *this*.' 'I will be seventeen years old then,' I said, 'and you will be twenty. All right. Is it certain?' 'Yes, certain,' he said."

"Sonya, look, don't tell anybody that he kissed me, but about my marrying him, I have already spoken to Mama."

"Well, and what did Mama say?"

"She said, 'Don't talk nonsense, it's too early for you to think about it.'"

"And what if he kissed you? You are cousins, and when he leaves for Petersburg you always kiss him good-bye, and Mama allows it," said Sonya.

"Yes, but this is different. Then it's allowed, but not like this, and he said that this was the last time."

My sister described this scene in her novel, of which I will talk later.

When Kuzminsky left for Petersburg, Mama allowed me to correspond with him, but only in French, probably so that I would practice my French. I carefully wrote rough drafts and gave them to Liza to look over, so that she should correct my mistakes in spelling. Liza conscientiously and patiently fulfilled my request.

Whenever I happened to look out of the window and see the postman ringing at our door, I flew to the entrance hall to see if there was a letter for me from Petersburg, and when I received one, I hurriedly unsealed it. The letters almost invariably began "Votre amabilité, très chère cousine, m'a vraiment touchée, je me suis empressé de vous répondre." *

I went on turning the pages of the letter, hoping to find something that I could not show Mama or Liza, but then he described his pastimes, now and then philosophizing about a book that he had read, for example "Quand la vie extérieure est bien réglée, la vie intérieure se rectifie et s'épure." † Then came his signature "Je vous embrasse bien tendrement. Votre cousin dévoué." ‡ and so forth.

It was not without reason that Mother allowed me this correspondence. All his letters were full of the proprieties and elegance of the French language.

But even these letters pleased me, because they made me feel like a grownup.

13

Leo Nikolayevich in Our House

LEO NIKOLAYEVICH visited us every time he came to Moscow. Nobody attached any special importance to his visits. He came whenever it occurred to him, by day, by night, or to dinner, like

* Your kindness, my dear cousin, has really touched me, and I am hastening to answer you.

† When our external life is well regulated, our internal life becomes settled and purified.

‡ I kiss you tenderly. Your devoted cousin.

many others Leo Nikolayevich did not favor any one of us with exclusive attention, he treated us all alike

With Liza he talked about literature, he even made her contribute to his magazine *Yasnaya Polyana*. He asked her to write two stories for his pupils "About Luther" and "About Mohammed." She wrote them excellently, and they were published in their entirety in two separate numbers, together with other items.

With Sonya he played piano duets or chess, often told her about his school, and even promised to bring his two favorite pupils.

With me he played schoolboy pranks, as if I were a child. He took me on his back and carried me all around the rooms. He made me recite poems and gave me problems to solve.

He often called us to the piano and taught us how to sing

"With you together how happy I am,
You sing better than a nightingale,"

the "Cherubim Chant" by Bortnyansky, and many others. We all sang these together, but having noticed my voice, he brought me some music, often accompanied me at the piano, sometimes sang with me, and called me "Madame Viardot" (a famous singer of that time) or "the Sunday Best."

I remember how one day before dinner he composed an opera for us, as he called it. It was simply a little act with singing. The plot ran like this: A jealous husband suspects his innocent wife of having an affair with a young knight. The knight declares his love to Clothilda, but she rejects his love. The husband has a duel with the knight, and he kills the knight.

We had to sing to Leo Nikolayevich's accompaniment. We had previously selected some tunes which were well known to us.

"As for the words," said Leo Nikolayevich, "you have to invent them yourselves, only see to it that they sound Italian, and, most important, that nobody understands them."

When the roles had been distributed, the stage arranged, and the public had taken their seats, Leo Nikolayevich sat down at the piano and brilliantly played something of an overture. The performance began.

The first to appear on the scene was Brother Sasha, playing the part of the knight in a quickly devised costume. He sang about his love to Clothilda to the melody of an aria from the opera *Martha*. My brother had an excellent ear and a nice little voice. He

laid now one hand, now the other on his heart, imitating the actors

Then came the chorus Sonya, Klavdiya, the nurse's daughter, Polivanov, and our younger brothers Klavdiya had been brought up in an orphanage, where she had been placed by my father She was sixteen years old at that time, had a nice contralto, and often sang with us The chorus was led by the older ones, the little ones were rather in the way, but they filled the stage Leo Nikolayevich had carefully thought out the music that would go with each of the parts, and he followed us very successfully

It was my turn to appear in the role of Clothilda, in a hastily improvised medieval costume I had prepared some words for myself from ballads that I knew I was nervous Klavdiya and I appeared together, she was playing the part of my friend We sang a duet that we knew to the melody of the song

"Good people, I will tell you
Of the sorrow of my heart"

I had to complain about my fate My friend went away, and according to Leo Nikolayevich's improvisation, I had to pass on to the allegro alone, imitating by gestures my singing teacher Laborde, a Moscow singer

The knight came in He declared his love to Clothilda She rejected his love in a recitative He went on his knees before her Everything went in its proper order But suddenly Leo Nikolayevich loudly and noisily played in the bass register

The door opened and in came the stern husband, played by Fraulein Bese She was dressed in hunting breeches, a red mantle over her shoulders, and glued-on side whiskers She sang in a redoubtable bass voice, fitting in German words "Trummel, Kummer, Kuche, Liebe," while she threateningly advanced on the knight Her little black eyes flashed with anger On her head she had a large, round hat with a long feather, her eyebrows were painted on, and it was impossible to recognize her

All this was so unexpected and so comical that we heard an irrepressible burst of laughter from Leo Nikolayevich I looked at him He was shaking with laughter, bending sideways over the piano, and playing loud runs in the bass

His laughter was contagious for all of us I covered my face with a handkerchief, pretending that I was crying, and called my friend to the rhythm of the music "Clara! Clara!"

The audience laughed loudly and amicably. But the knight and the threatening husband remained true to their roles. Having challenged the knight to a duel, Fraulein Bese brandished her sword and slew her rival. With this the performance ended.

"Oh, my God, I haven't laughed like this for a long time," said Leo Nikolayevich, playing his finale.

Another day he brought us Turgenev's *First Love*, which he wanted to read to us. Mother said that I couldn't hear this story, but I pleaded so much to be allowed to listen, that my sisters and Leo Nikolayevich persuaded Mama, and she finally agreed, saying "All right, but on condition that when you come to that place which she must not hear, she go out," and Mama said something to Leo Nikolayevich that I could not catch.

The reading began. Leo Nikolayevich, as always, read superbly. We all listened and were delighted with the reading and the story. Not knowing when the forbidden part would come, I pretended well beforehand that I had fallen asleep, and they left me in peace, so that I heard the whole story and could not understand where the part was that I was not supposed to hear. When the reading had ended and they began to discuss it, Leo Nikolayevich said:

"The love of the sixteen-year-old son, the youth, was a true and strong love that a person can experience only once in his life, but the love of the father is an abomination and a perversion."

These words touched me deeply, and I thought of the love between myself and Kuzminsky and that between Sonya and Polivanov. Our love is the true one then, I thought with a certain pride.

At other times Leo Nikolayevich would come to us and make us take a long walk, visit the Kremlin, the walls around it, the cathedrals, and so forth. And he would tire us out, so that our legs would be numb.

His visits began to arouse in us young people a special interest. He was not like the others, he did not resemble an ordinary guest. He did not have to be entertained in the drawing room. He seemed to be everywhere. And he showed his interest and sympathy to old and young, and even to the servants. He often talked with our nurse Vera Ivanovna and the old Trifonovna, and he left everybody contented and pleased. Wherever he was, life became interesting and significant. Everybody in our house loved him. Even the apathetic servant, our Ukrainian Prokofy, said about him: "When the Count comes, every one cheers up."

The following lines, which Leo Nikolayevich wrote in his diary when he was young, define him perfectly

The powerful means for achieving true happiness in life is—and without any dogmas—to spread out from oneself, in every direction, like a spider, a whole spider's web of love and to catch in it everything that comes along—whether it is an old woman or a child, a girl or a policeman

And he caught them all and warmed them with his inner sacred fire

He understood that there is one lever in life love

The frequent visits of Leo Nikolayevich aroused rumours in town that he would marry my eldest sister Liza. There were allusions and gossiping that even reached her ear. Mother was very displeased, but father remained completely indifferent. These rumours were spread by the two governesses—our former governess Sarra Ivanovna and her sister Mariya Ivanovna. One after the other they came buzzing in my elder sister's ears that the Count was in love with her.

This happened as a result of the following words which Leo Nikolayevich said to his sister: "Mashenka, I like the Bers family particularly well, and if I ever marry, I will only marry in that family."

Marya Nikolayevna highly approved of his words and, referring to Liza, she said: "She will make an excellent wife, she is so sensible and serious, and so well brought up."

I am writing these lines according to Marya Nikolayevna's own words—she told us many things later on.

Both of our Germans caught up these words of Leo Nikolayevich and Marya Nikolayevna, and they began to flatter Liza about how much Leo Nikolayevich liked her.

Liza was at first indifferent toward these gossips, but gradually something began to speak in her, perhaps her feminine pride, perhaps even her heart. Something new and unprecedented awakened in her. She became livelier, kinder, and paid more attention to her appearance than before. She would sit for a long time in front of the mirror, as if she were asking it: "What kind of an impression do I make?" She changed the way she did her hair, and her serious eyes sometimes looked dreamily into the distance.

It seemed as if she had been awakened from a long sleep, as if this love had been suggested, inspired to her, and as if she were not in love with Leo Nikolayevich himself, but with her own eighteen-year-old love for him.

Sonya noticed this change in her and laughed at her. She wrote funny poems about her and said "Our Liza is indulging in tenderness. And how little it suits her."

I teased Liza, too. "Liza, tell me, are you in love, too? Why did you put up your braids and change your coiffure? I know for whom you're doing it, but I won't say it."

Liza laughed good-naturedly, taking my words as a joke.

"Tanya, is this coiffure with the braids becoming?" she asked me.

"Yes, it's all right," I answered, adopting a condescending tone for some reason.

14

Lent

IT WAS during Lent of 1862 Leo Nikolayevich became morose. He was not feeling well, he coughed and grew weak and imagined that he had consumption like his two deceased brothers. He had become such a close friend, that his ill-humor affected us, too. We were sorry for him. He left for Yasnaya Polyana without doing anything about his health, although the doctors advised him to take a kumiss cure.*

"I'll go to Auntie and consult her," said Leo Nikolayevich. Father reassured him, telling him that he was not consumptive and that nothing serious was the matter with him, but that a kumiss cure would, in general, be very good for him.

Leo Nikolayevich departed.

And a sad time began for us. Polivanov had finished his studies at the Cadet Corps and left for Petersburg to enter the Academy. After his departure we felt his absence very much, and whenever my brother came home from the corps alone, there was a pang in my heart. Sonya secretly cried for him, hiding her feelings for him, although, of course, everybody in the house knew about their mutual affection and regarded it as the most natural thing.

Nurse Vera Ivanovna said "These young affairs are well known, my dear, time passes and they flow away like water."

It seemed as if nurse had foretold this "water" with her old woman's instinct.

* Kumiss fermented mare's milk said to possess exceptional nutritive properties thought to be valuable in the treatment of consumption.—Ed.

I sympathized with Sonya's tears, I was sorry for her and told her that I would begin a correspondence with Polivanov, so that she would hear everything about him. My elder sisters were not allowed to correspond with a "young man." Polivanov was suddenly converted into a "young man," and this was something that I could not understand.

Mama even forbade us to call him by his family name, as we were accustomed to do, she told us to call him by his Christian name and patronymic.

"Mama, I can't call him that," I said, "it sounds so silly—Mitrofan Andreyevich! He just doesn't look like a Mitrofan. If he were called at least Sergey, Aleksey, or Vladimir, but Mitrofan!"

"How else are you going to call him, if his name is Mitrofan?" asked Mother, smiling.

"I'll think it over."

"How silly," said Liza, laughing. "Now she is going to invent something of her own."

"Yes, now I remember how he made peace with me and sang

"If only you had pity on me,
Object of my hopeless love,
Everywhere your lovely image
Haunts my dreams, disturbs my peace."

"So I'll call him the object of my friendship. I'll write to him. Can I, Mama?"

"You are still a child, you may, but you—" she said, turning to my sisters, "for you it is not quite proper now to correspond with him and to call him by his family name. There is such a fashion nowadays. It has been adopted by the nihilists who have unfortunately become very numerous after Turgenev's novel *Fathers and Sons*. Vasily Ivanovich, for instance, has tried to persuade Sonya to cut off her braids, but Sonechka is wise, she only laughed at him."

"Now, Mama," said Sonya, "can you imagine that I would listen to him?"

"They have begun to preach about the freedom of women now," continued Mother.

"What kind of freedom? What does it consist of?" I asked.

"Of independence from parents—to marry whomever they want, without asking their parents."

"Why, this is nice," I said, "I'll marry whomever I love."

My sisters laughed

"It is not so nice," said Mother "Parents always know better than their children what is best for them Young girls are walking alone in the streets now," Mother continued "The men press their hands, so that their fingers hurt "

"You see, Mama, and you forbid us to shake hands with men, and want us to make a curtsy But the other day Liza and Sonya shook hands with Golovin when he was leaving," I said

"Yes, I know," said Mother with a sigh "Now, unfortunately, these familiarities have already been accepted even in our society "

"Mama, what is wrong with it? Olga and all our friends shake hands now," said Sonya

Mama did not answer, but went on "And they even want to let girls go to the university, they plan to establish courses "

"I would be very pleased to enter the university," said Liza "How can Vasily Ivanovich alone give us an education?"

"What do you want it for? It isn't necessary," said Mama "The proper occupation for a woman is the family "

Liza felt that for the first time in her life Mother's views differed from her own Hers were divided, yet in some ways were much more advanced Liza thirsted for education, but of course not for the so-called freedom that Mother was talking about In that, she agreed with her, but she disagreed with Mother because she denied the privilege of education to women and only acknowledged the family For some reason Liza always showed a slight contempt for the everyday family cares Little children, their feeding, diapers, all this aroused in her a certain disgust or boredom

Sonya, on the contrary, often sat in the nursery, played with our little brothers, amused them when they were sick, learnt to play the accordion for them, and often helped mother in her household work

It was striking how different these two sisters were in every respect Sonya was feminine in her appearance as well as in her heart, and that was her most attractive side That spring she somehow bloomed and became very pretty, she was eighteen years old Her youth had got the upper hand, and her usual gaiety came back, in spite of Polivanov's departure She seemed to say to herself

"If fate has parted us, it is no use to grieve, it is the will of God, whatever happens will happen "

These last words were her favorite words and she liked to repeat them, trusting to her fate.

With the beginning of spring, I felt my spiritual excitement rising. Something new and young was awakening in me. I was in my sixteenth year. Impossible dreams were stirring in me and carrying me to the distant future. A kind of inexplicable longing was overwhelming me, and I was troubled by a desire that could not be satisfied.

I longed to go out of town. We could not move to Pokrovskoye yet, and sometimes, at my request, we drove somewhere out of town. In the open air the spring made me revive. I breathed the fresh, fragrant air and ran about with my little brother Pyotr "on the soft ground," as I expressed it, after the stony pavements, but when I returned home and entered the stuffy, dark rooms again, I could not settle down. My sisters went into their rooms. Mama was in Father's study, and I was alone.

The same sweetly torturing longing overpowered me. I wanted somebody to be sorry for me, I wanted to tell somebody about all that was so strangely tormenting me, but what it was—I could not even explain to myself.

"If only Kuzminsky were here," I thought, "he would have understood me. How good it was to talk to him on Easter Week, when he came back from Neskuchnoye, about our living together when we shall be married, and we surely will, for he writes me: 'L'idée seule, que tu deviendras un jour promise d'un autre, me fait frissonner.'"*

That year our correspondence changed. We wrote in Russian and sometimes, as we were accustomed, in French. Liza did not help me any more. I wrote alone, and I could find things in his letters that I would not have shown anybody. Sometimes, when I felt sad, I would go to Nurse, she always knew how to comfort me. She had a good influence on me and was the first to make me believe in the power of prayer.

When she had put the children to sleep, Vera Ivanovna used to sit in a corner of the room and read the church calendar in a low voice. In front of her, on the table, a tallow candle is burning. Her stern face with the long, straight nose, lighted from above by the icon lamp, seems motionless. You sit opposite her and begin to tell her what is worrying and tormenting you.

"Nurse, Father is not well, Mother is not in a good mood, it is

* The mere thought that you could one day become engaged to another makes me shiver.

dull and gloomy in the house and I haven't had any letter for a long time "

"From the governor, you mean?" asks Nurse

I laugh at her name for Kuzminsky Nurse is glad that she has made me laugh

"He'll write, don't worry You should be ashamed to complain about life You of all people Everybody loves you and spoils you "

"Yes, I know," I interrupt her, "but—"

"And the other day," Nurse interrupts me in a stern voice, "the Mass was not over yet, and you were already singing songs all over the house It isn't proper, it's a sin You don't pray enough "

"Yes, Nurse, you're right "

"It's Lent now, let's go to the early Mass tomorrow "

"But what about the children?" I ask

"Feodora can take care of them Your Mama said I could go "

And I got up at five o'clock and went to church with Nurse The mood of worship in the church took hold of me at once A confident and fervent faith in God was kindled in my heart, like an inextinguishable fire I felt light and happy

When I returned home, I quietly sneaked up to Mother from behind, put my arms around her neck and said "Mama, I went to the early Mass with Nurse, I didn't tell you because you were asleep Is it all right?" And I greeted her, kissed her, and looked her in the eyes

"If only you didn't catch a cold," said Mother, looking at me with a smile

And I felt how much we loved each other, and to my softened heart everybody seemed good and kind—Papa and Liza and Trifonovna, who was bringing biscuits for morning tea into the dining room

15

Life in the Country

IT IS ALREADY the middle of May The year is 1862 Our house is in an uproar, with packing in progress in every room and Mama giving orders the whole day long Outside in the courtyard, where

the butler, Grigory, is packing our china in boxes, hay and straw are strewn about

I am jubilant over our departure on the following day for Pokrovskoye. We were not to leave as we had planned, however, for Leo Nikolayevich arrived from Yasnaya Polyana to visit us for three days. He expressed such disappointment at our leaving that Mama postponed our departure. This postponement does not really distress me, because we are always glad to see Leo Nikolayevich.

He was on his way to the Bashkirs in Samara Province, with whom he will stay for a time to take the kumiss cure. His two favorite pupils and his valet, Aleksey, were traveling with him.

"But where are the lads?" asked Father.

"I left them at the inn."

"By all means bring them here. We can find a place for them. But we are dining right away and you must stay."

Leo Nikolayevich, evidently pleased with the arrangements for his pupils, stayed with us for dinner.

During dinner, I kept a watchful eye on Liza. She sat beside Leo Nikolayevich and smiled unceasingly. She spoke in that soft, unnatural voice which she always used when something pleased her or when she wished to be particularly charming. In our family we called it "sugaring."

"Sonya! Just see how Liza is sugaring up to Leo Nikolayevich," I whispered to her.

After inquiring about Leo Nikolayevich's health, Father then turned the conversation to his activities. At that time, Leo Nikolayevich was busy with his school, and he was also an Arbitrator of the Peace.

"I imagine that it must be rather difficult at present for you to be on good terms with the local gentry," said Father.

"This post has been so exhausting, and I am so tired of the constant struggle with the gentry that I've already asked for my release," Leo Nikolayevich answered.

"I have heard that your Marshal, Minin, has intrigued against you," Father continued, "and that the Governor, Daragan, and the Minister of the Interior, Valuyev, have successfully taken your side. A. M. Islenyev told me about all this."

"And not only Minin works against me, but the landowners as well. They have constantly complained of my decisions in their controversies with their peasants and house servants. I have had

particular difficulty with the women landowners, and here is a good example. One of these women, who has only a small estate, complained that her house servant had left her because of illness, and she demanded that the servant, as well as his wife, be returned to her. When I decided in favor of the husband and wife, she lodged a complaint, and my decision was reversed at the petty sessions. Subsequently the affair went to the District Court and there my decision was upheld."

"What a state of affairs we have in our Russia!" exclaimed Father. "It will be long before we shall become accustomed to our new laws."

"And it's particularly the women who flatly cannot understand—who don't wish to understand or admit—that they must forget the past," Leo Nikolayevich observed.

Father laughed. "Yes," he said, "one can't cope with people like that in a hurry. There is stupid obstinacy for you!"

I had listened attentively to the whole of Leo Nikolayevich's story and Father's last words jarred upon me. "Why does he talk like this? He doesn't believe this, I know," I said to myself. I wanted to take part in the conversation, but I hesitated, for a girl of my age was not allowed such liberties. I became excited and felt myself blushing.

"Papa," I said suddenly, "why are you talking like this? You don't believe this at all. I know for sure, for sure, that . . ."

I faltered, completely confused. Everyone looked at me in astonishment, and Mama chided me with her eyes.

"Well, well! We have a real defender of women in our midst. Oh, my little darling, just see how she blushes!" Father said gaily, glancing at me.

Leo Nikolayevich laughed. "Forgive me, Madame Viardot. I'll never do it again," he said.

I began to feel very awkward and ashamed, and in my confusion, I wanted to cry. "If only they would send me away from the table, it would be easier," I thought. "Oh, what have I done? What have I said to Papa? And Mama looks so displeased . . ."

Liza turned to Leo Nikolayevich, and in her soft voice appealed to him to excuse me. "Our Tanya often says things she shouldn't say. She still hasn't learned."

I didn't hear Leo Nikolayevich's answer.

After dinner Leo Nikolayevich went to fetch his two young stu-

dents, Fedya Chernov and Vasya Morozov. Father gave the lads a friendly greeting and went off to his study. My sisters, my brother Pyotr, and I swarmed around them, pelting them with questions. Leo Nikolayevich stood near by, obviously pleased with the childishly modest, yet unconstrained, friendliness of his charges.

I noticed that Sonya wanted to show off a bit before them. She wanted to make them talk, to be affectionate with them, but she seemed to be curbing her impulse. She was afraid that a certain falsity would appear in such behavior with peasant children. She knew that such a pretense would not escape the eyes and ears of Leo Nikolayevich.

"Do you want something to eat? Have you had your dinner?" I asked.

"Thank you, we have already eaten," the little boys answered.

"Sonya," Mother said, "will you see to it that Trifonovna gives them tea? It's time for us to get ready for the theater."

Pyotr brought them some mint gingerbread and took them off with him.

Leo Nikolayevich left the house, saying that he was going to the theater.

I don't remember that evening well, except that the play was very poor. Leo Nikolayevich came to our box to chat with us. He was coughing heavily and he had grown thin since we had last seen him. It seemed to us that he was irritable and troubled about something. After Leo Nikolayevich had taken refreshments and had picked the play to bits with his criticism, he left the theater.

That night when we went to bed, I noticed that Sonya was particularly sad. She stayed a longer time than usual at her prayers before she climbed into bed. I remained silent, watching her, but finally, unable to contain myself, I softly called her name.

"Sonya, tu aimes le comte?"* I asked.

"Je ne sais pas,"† she answered quietly. Apparently my question did not surprise her.

"Oh, Tanya," Sonya said after a little pause, "two of his brothers died from consumption."

"What if they did? He has quite a different constitution. You may be sure that Papa knows better than we do."

Sonya lay awake for a long time. I heard her whisper faintly, but

* Sonya, you love the Count?

† I don't know.

I could not make out what she said I saw her brush away tears We didn't talk any more that night Her "I don't know" had explained many things to me

"Then it is possible to love two people at once," I thought, "or is this new love displacing the old?" and my thoughts became confused A little of the brightness of that May night crept through the curtained windows Outside in the yard our rooster crowed, and still I could not sleep "And what about Polivanov? He has proposed to Sonya and she has accepted him, but he did say that she was free and that she was not bound by her word Yes, her love is indeed divided 'Water will not stay in the hand,' as Nurse said When Sonya sees Leo Nikolayevich her whole heart turns to him, when Polivanov sends me a letter, she reads it over and over avidly And what about Liza?" One by one my sleepy thoughts slipped away and flew off to Petersburg, carrying me far, far into a delightful, unknown world

The next day after the departure of Leo Nikolayevich, the horse carts stood waiting at the front steps How I loved this disorderly hubbub, for it held a promise of freedom from lessons at my most beloved Pokrovskoye—a promise of sweet summer days

At five o'clock that evening the carriages were brought up for us I was put into a coach with the little children and their nurse, which greatly displeased me I was cross and grumbled the whole way I jostled the children and they stepped on my feet But when we had left Petrovsky Park and Vsesvyatskoye behind us and were home at last, the unpleasantness of the journey was forgotten and I was lighthearted and happy

Mama called Sonya to help with the unpacking, and Liza went upstairs to see that our room was in order

There were two floors in our summer house My parents, my older brothers and their tutor had rooms downstairs In addition there was a guest room, a large parlor, a dining room, and a terrace on this floor Upstairs there were quarters for the children and their nurse, the servants' rooms, and our big, light bedroom with an Italian window From this window we had a gay and enchanting view of the pond and the little island, the church with its green cupolas, and the picturesque winding road, which led from the city to our house. Mama named our room "the room of the three maidens"

I was told to look after tea, but I persuaded Trifonovna to get

everything ready for me and ran out into the garden with my brother Pyotr to have a look at all the familiar places. Spring was at the peak of its loveliness, fragrant with opening narcissuses and violets. After the stale air of the city, the limitless freshness of this country air filled me with delight. We were called to tea on the terrace. The table was already laid, the samovar was boiling away, and fresh white bread, milk, and cold meat were waiting for us. All these things seemed particularly delicious in the open air.

The next day I unpacked our things and put our room in order.

As yet, not many people had moved into their summer homes. Father, who was a great favorite of Professor Pascault's family, had invited his young son for the summer. The young man was to practice French with my brothers. I was very happy that Klavdiya, a gay and charming young girl, was to be with us as well. I had decided that she was in love with my brother Sasha.

From year to year more relatives and friends were drawn into our family circle, and our life grew more boisterous. My three younger brothers, Pyotr, Volodya, and Styopa, filled the house with the uproar of growing boys. Each of the younger boys had a distinctly different temperament, and of them all, black-eyed Pyotr was my favorite. He was a sweet-tempered, quiet youngster, who charmed everyone. Styopa was a giddy, fidgety child, and very clever. Volodya, the gentle dreamer with a particular talent for music, was Mother's favorite because of his delicate health.

One by one the expected guests began to descend upon us. The first to come was my brother Sasha, lighthearted from having passed his examinations. He had learned to accompany songs on the guitar which he brought with him. A week later Father came, bringing Klavdiya, Georges Pascault, whom we had been expecting, arrived at the same time. He was a young man, perhaps twenty or twenty-one years old, of average height, with the sunken chest of a consumptive. Although he was timid, mild and sentimental, he entered willingly into the general gaiety.

Indeed, in our home it would have been difficult to be otherwise than gay, since the house was filled with carefree, vivacious young people. That summer life unfolded for us day by day and blossomed like a splendid flower, but for me the summer was not yet in full bloom. I was awaiting Kuzminsky's arrival, but he had not come, nor had I received a letter from him. I could not understand what this silence meant, and I was very anxious.

Liza seemed like a different person at Pokrovskoye. She was almost always calm and good-humored.

Leo Nikolayevich wrote us that he was living with the Bashkirs in a tent, drinking kumiss, that he and Aleksey would soon be in better health, that he would return in July, and would bring some feather grass.

It was a hot day early in June, and I was standing by the window in our room upstairs. The first bell for dinner had already sounded, when in the distance I saw an open carriage turn into our lane. I could not make out who was sitting in the carriage, but I saw clearly the three-cornered hat of a *pravoved*.*

"It is it's really Kuzminsky!" I nearly screamed. "And who is with him?" I flew to Sonya, who was upstairs with Nurse.

"Sonya!" I cried. "Sasha Kuzminsky is coming!"

"You don't say! Where did you see him?" she asked.

"Out there! Out there! They were turning near the Martynovs' house."

Sonya rushed downstairs to meet them, and I ran straight to the mirror in our room. I hurriedly arranged my hair and fanned myself, so that I would not appear with a red face.

"Feodora dear," I cried, "please find a pink sash for me. Kuzminsky has come!" I threw my arms around her shoulders and we had a little whirl together.

"Has he really come? Now, isn't that wonderful!" said Feodora. She knew, of course, that we were in love.

Now we were together once more and our meeting was a joyous one. After the customary friendly kiss, we looked closely at one another. It seemed to me that the expression on his face said the very thing that I was thinking. "You are the same as always, and I love you."

He put a large box of candy into my hands.

"This is for all my cousins," he said, not wanting to show me particular favor in the presence of the others.

Kuzminsky's stepfather, Shidlovsky, who owned an estate near Voronezh, had come with him. Mother was very fond of Shidlovsky and was delighted to see him. He was married to Mother's sister.

Dinner was late, since Mama had to order extra food for the guests.

* A student of Pravovedeniye School, a special law school in Petersburg for the sons of noblemen, the purpose of which was to train young men for service in the Ministry of Justice.—Ed.

After dinner all of us, except my parents and Shidlovsky, set out for a long walk

"Will you be with us long?" I asked Kuzminsky

"Unfortunately, I won't I must leave very soon for Volhynia to look over the estate I inherited from my father "

"But what are you going to do there?" I asked

"My stepfather, Vyacheslav Ivanovich, is sending me I shall have to inspect my property and learn about managing the estate," Kuzminsky answered, not without pride, I observed

"Is it a large estate?" I asked

"Over five thousand acres," he answered

"How dull it will be for you to live there all alone and do nothing but manage an estate," I said "Wouldn't it be jollier to stay with us?"

"It is always pleasant to be here with you, but I am really needed there And I must say that it will be interesting to look over my property and get to know it well Until now, my mother has administered the estate from Moscow as my guardian "

His answer was not at all pleasing to me I began to feel envious of the new interests he had which I did not share

"As far as that goes," he continued, "I shouldn't be able to stay long at Pokrovskoye this summer, for I dare say your parents would be opposed to it "

"Who told you that?" I asked

"My stepfather warned me about it "

"How stupid!" I exclaimed "Why did he do it?"

"Because you are almost sixteen!"

"But why should my age make a difference? Papa is the only one who is afraid of something like that," I said in vexation "Once he picked at Sonya and Polivanov, but Mama smoothed it over It will be the same story now "

Since I did not wish to ruin our first meeting with such unpleasantness, I began talking of other things

"You will stay for a good visit now, won't you?" I asked smiling.

"Of course Vyacheslav Ivanovich will be in Moscow for two weeks or so, and I shall remain here At this moment, I am very happy that I have passed a difficult examination and that I am here once more "

"I have waited so long for you," I said. "You are very late in coming "

"My stepfather had business in St Petersburg and I waited for him to be finished with it I didn't write you because every day I thought we would be on our way"

"Kuzminsky, come quickly!" we heard Sasha cry out "We can have a game of leapfrog Look at this straight, smooth path!"

We had fallen some distance behind the others, and now we ran to overtake them I joined my sisters Klavdiya was walking by herself, apart from the others, and I saw that she had tears in her eyes

"Klavdiya dear, what's the matter?" I asked "Why are you crying?"

"It's nothing, really," she answered, looking down at the ground

I felt sorry for her, for I knew that my brother had distressed her in some way or other I silently put my arm around her, and we walked along together

"Perhaps I can help you," I said gently

"You remember, Tanya," she began, "that yesterday Aleksandr spent the whole evening at the Martynovs', and today he has talked about nothing but Yulia They have asked him to come again, and he wants to go"

"He will not go! I won't let him," I said firmly "Kuzminsky has come and we shall talk and sing and all be together Don't be sad," I comforted her "The other day when you weren't with us he had nothing but praise for you"

"Really?" asked Klavdiya, smiling through her tears

"He really did Come now, cheer up! Don't pine away here all by yourself Let's have a game of catch I shall start it off right away on this bit of lawn" And we ran to gather everyone for the game I managed to whisper to Sasha that he should pair off with Klavdiya He merely nodded his head

Kuzminsky stayed with us at Pokrovskoye, and his stepfather went off to Moscow The weather remained dry and clear every day We did not think of our imminent separation, and all of us, as if we had made an agreement, were amicable and in high spirits, wholeheartedly enjoying our youth and our pleasant life

On Sundays our good friends, the Perfiyev family, usually arrived to spend the whole day On one of these Sundays, there were about twenty people gathered around our dinner table Papa and the general, who was sitting near him, were engaged in a serious conversation Unexpectedly the serene decorum of the table was

disturbed, and we all fell silent. The youngest son of the Perfilyevs, fourteen-year-old Sasha, who was a backward, naive lad, sat near Sonya and throughout the meal had looked at her with imploring eyes. Suddenly catching the sleeve of her dress in his hand, he began to finger it rather insistently. Sonya smiled in confusion, not knowing what this could mean.

"Pourquoi touchez-vous la robe de Mademoiselle Sophie?" * cried Anastasia Sergeevna, Sasha's mother, in a sharp voice.

"I li-ike her!" Sasha replied, by no means disconcerted.

There was a general roar of laughter, and all eyes were fixed on Sonya, who was more embarrassed than her adorer.

Immediately after dinner, Professor Nil Aleksandrovich Popov arrived. This recent acquaintance of ours was perhaps thirty-five years old, grave, slow-moving, with expressive gray eyes.

Mentally I appraised him like this: "This guest, who likes intelligent conversation, is Papa's guest, not ours. Surely professors don't fall in love."

But once Mama had surprised me very much by saying "Popov likes Sonya very much."

"Well, I should say that I had chanced upon a gala day at the Bers'," Nil Aleksandrovich said. "I didn't by any means expect to find such a large company at Pokrovskoye."

The gathering grew still larger when our neighbors arrived. In the group were Yulia Martynov, Yulia's pretty cousin Olga with her brother and another relative, and Mikhail Andreyevich Martynov, an intelligent, talented student, who had lived abroad until he entered the university and who always spoke French.

The Perfilyevs' twenty-two-year-old daughter, Varenka, at our request, undertook to direct us in a *tableau vivant* and a little play based on the proverb "All is not gold that glitters."

There was a mild uproar while we rummaged in Mother's things to find scarfs and kerchiefs. Since Varenka knew the plot of the playlet rather well, having seen it done in Moscow, she naturally assigned us our roles. I did not take part in this performance. Liza took the role of the old nurse, Varenka was the mother, and Sonya played the daughter, a dramatic role.

"How well Sonya acts dramatic parts," I thought, watching her. "She almost makes me cry."

I was not the only one who appreciated her slim, graceful figure,

* Why do you touch Mademoiselle Sophie's dress?

her large, lively eyes, for Nil Aleksandrovich looked at no one but Sonya during the entire performance

I don't remember the plot of the "proverb" at all well. The tableau was to represent the fantastic abduction of a nymph, riding in a chariot drawn by three butterflies. I was always delighted with anything that was proposed, and I by no means expected that this particular venture would bring me sorrow, for which I would be partly at fault.

"Sonya, Olga, and Yulia will be the three butterflies," directed Varenka. "Tanya, you shall put on a white dress and play the nymph. Wear a wreath on your head and the wings that were left from the costume party."

"Who will be the abductor?" I asked.

"Your cousin, Aleksandr Mikhailovich."

"No," I said, "Mikhail Andreyevich would be better."

The moment I looked at Kuzminsky, I knew that I had made a blunder. "What have I done? Oh, why did I say such a thing?" I thought, for by the expression on Kuzminsky's face, I realized that I had hurt his pride. I had waited too long already, and I began to explain rather stupidly the reason for my choice.

"You are so dark," I explained, turning to Mikhail Andreyevich, "that you will seem more like a real spirit come out of Hades. And Kuzminsky can stand near the chariot with a staff."

"Perhaps Aleksandr Mikhailovich won't wish to accept such a part," Mikhail Andreyevich observed.

Kuzminsky answered for me. "If you will pardon me, I won't take part because I shan't have time to make myself up. Sasha," he continued, turning to my brother, "you take my role." And Sasha agreed.

By the time I had dressed and come downstairs everyone was ready. Mikhail Andreyevich, all in red, really did resemble a creature from the nether world. Kuzminsky, talking with Varenka, paid no attention to my costume. I was chagrined, and I felt a twinge of annoyance deep inside me.

"Do you know how you are to pose?" I asked Mikhail Andreyevich, trying to speak loudly enough so that Kuzminsky would hear me.

"Yes, I know," he answered. "I don't appear in the first scene with the butterflies. In the second, I'm supposed to be kidnapping you, but since this effect is rather difficult to reproduce, I shall sim-

ply creep toward your chariot with my hands outstretched In the third picture, your wings fall away, you die, and I stand over you Is that right?"

"Perfectly right," I replied

When the curtain was drawn back for the second scene, I glanced more than once at Kuzminsky, who was sitting in the back row Our eyes happened to meet, and in that moment when I saw the pain and fury in his glance, I forgot everything My agitation was so strong, that I felt I could not keep my place on that high chariot I reeled backward and would have fallen, if Mikhail Andreyevich had not supported me from behind with his hand between my wings

When the performance was over, we gathered for tea Pascault sat near me, looking at me with sympathetic eyes

"Why are you so sad?" he asked "Your tableau was beautiful"

His interest touched me "What a dear, sweet fellow he is," I thought "How often all of us, especially Kuzminsky, make fun of him, and he is never offended But Sasha" My thoughts returned once more to my own sorrow

At last the guests departed My sisters disappeared upstairs, and Mama went to bed Father drove off to Moscow with Popov Although it was already late, I went to Mother's room to talk with her

"Why aren't you in bed?" she asked me

"Mama, I have quarreled with Sasha," I said in reply "What shall I do? Tell me."

"What have you quarreled about?" Mother inquired

I told her everything, and finished my story with tears in my eyes. "He will probably leave us!"

"No, he won't We won't let him," Mother said to comfort me. "Although why you treated him so thoughtlessly, knowing how proud he is, I don't understand But cheer up, my dear, everything will be all right Go to bed now, it's late And don't cry!"

"I couldn't possibly sleep," I said, kissing Mama's hand "But I'll leave you in peace You must be tired after this long, busy day"

I wandered away, not knowing where to go In the corridor, I heard the voices of my brother and Kuzminsky I went into the parlor and found them still there, talking in the dim light of one candle

"Well, why are you roaming about, looking like a ghost in that costume of yours?" my brother asked me in surprise.

"I've lost my locket, and I want to look for it," I answered, inventing an excuse.

My brother went away, and Kuzminsky and I were left alone together. An awkward silence, which lasted for several seconds, fell upon us. Kuzminsky went up to a table and pretended to rummage for something in it. I did not stir from my place.

"Good night," he said coldly. "It's time to go to bed."

"Wait a little. Don't go away. I shan't be able to sleep."

"Why not? Because you have lost a locket? You could look for it tomorrow," he observed sarcastically.

"I haven't lost it at all. I said that for an excuse, because I don't want to go to bed. I am distressed, and I want to explain."

"Explain what?" he asked carelessly.

"You know what! I'm distressed, but it doesn't make any difference to you. You are cold and you are sulking!"

"Sulking? Over what? I assure you that such trifles aren't worthy of injured feelings. And, incidentally, I haven't time to worry about such things, for I intend to go to Moscow tomorrow and from there I shall go on to Volhynia, my estate."

"What? Do you want to leave for the country immediately?" I asked in terror.

"Yes, it's time for me to go. Just the other day, my stepfather urged me to be on my way."

"But why? You have been with us only one week, and you planned to stay for two."

"That may be, but all the same I intend to leave."

I felt that the whole tone of his conversation was falsely cold, but I did not know how to force him to be straightforward with me. His sincerity, however harsh and cutting, would at least be sincerity and more bearable than his feigned sarcasm.

He walked away from me toward the window, sat down in an armchair, and gazed out at the starry sky. His pale, thin face looked even paler in the dim moonlight. His expression was so sad that it made my heart ache, and I suddenly became unendurably sorry for him.

"Dear God, what have I done! Help me!" I prayed silently. "Have pity on us and bring us to an understanding."

"Sasha," I said to him after a few moments of silence, "you are angry with me, but for what? You don't seem to understand that he means nothing at all to me—I swear it—nothing!" I simply asked

him to take part in the tableau because he is dark, like a negro Oh, why did we have that stupid tableau!"

"Tanya, the tableau is not the real point It merely gave the little jolt that started everything off," he began, serious at last "I have noticed generally, and have even wanted to talk with you about it, that you have a different manner with him than with others The other day, when we were walking, you stayed with him He is always choosing you for his partner, and you indulge him in this And today, by pushing me aside, you gave him greater reason to believe that you encourage him As a matter of fact, I was very glad not to take part in the tableau You know that I really don't like to dress myself up and pose It simply isn't in my nature If you hadn't been there, I would have declined from the very beginning"

"How can you say that I act differently toward him than toward others," I interrupted Kuzminsky, "when I even laugh and say to my sisters that 'among the blind even the one-eyed man is king'"

"There is little good in that," remarked Kuzminsky "You want everyone to be charmed by you, and just recently you even said as much 'I want everyone to love me and I want to please everyone'"

"Oh, so that's it! I was only being funny, and that's all there was to it" I smiled "I said it as a joke to make Liza laugh"

"A rather odd joke," he said, and shrugged his shoulders "I honestly can't abide your flirting! But then, what right have I to speak this way You are free, so, please, do what you wish!" he continued, indignantly

"You say that I want to charm everyone That's not true! It's just something that comes out of me involuntarily Mama is the only one who understands me She knows me, and neither you nor anyone else knows me!"

"I don't understand how such a thing can be involuntary with you!" he said to me, still angry

"Well, it simply is that way, and I don't even understand it myself," I replied

He didn't listen to me, but went on speaking "Can you tell me please, why we write to one another? Why I am staying here? It would be fairer to both of us if we parted"

"But I don't want us to part!" I said firmly

"You seem to be doing all you can to bring it about Why, only today in the second scene of the tableau you leaned so far toward him that his hands touched you, and everyone noticed it"

"That's not true! That's not true!" I cried hotly "I was looking at you and our eyes met You looked at me so hatefully, and I was so upset and hurt by your glance, that I felt I couldn't stand on that high chariot another moment It was just an accident that I leaned toward him When I felt his hand, I was frightened myself "

"Well, let's say no more about it," he said, apparently soothed by my sincere indignation "You may do what you like—you are still free! I shall not quarrel with you, I promise you that But if we should quarrel again, it will be for ever! Right now, I feel that I should go away "

His last words plunged me into complete despair I could not speak further There were no more words left in me to justify my actions And, indeed, I couldn't feel within myself the guilt he ascribed to me I was only very sorry that he was distressed and that he was going away Feeling my own helplessness, I sank down on the divan and burst into bitter weeping

Kuzminsky, very likely, was one of those men who cannot endure the sight of women's tears He rose from the armchair, and walked slowly toward me Still sitting on the divan, I propped my elbows on a table, covered my eyes with my hands, and continued to cry Kuzminsky sat down close beside me I could feel his breathing, but I couldn't see his face He took my hands and pulled them away from my eyes

"Tanya, we won't talk about it again," he said softly, still holding my hands in his

When I saw his troubled face, I knew that he would not go away, I knew that he loved me, perhaps more than ever before, and my heart overflowed with joy

He drew me toward him, and we betrayed the promise we had made We were once more guilty of a kiss—the "this" we had forbidden ourselves two years ago when I was kissed in place of my doll, Mimi

A quarter of an hour later, I was upstairs Sonya was already asleep Liza asked where I had been, and I told her that I had been in the parlor making peace with Sasha

Today, when I remember our youthful love, I see that Leo Nikolayevich was right when, after having read Turgenev's *First Love*, he said "The love of the sixteen-year-old son, the youth, was a true and strong love that a person can experience only once in

his life, but the love of the father is an abomination and a perversion”

The experience of my life has shown me all the truth of these words

16

Sonya's Story

A WEEK LATER, after my brother and Kuzminsky had left us, the house grew quieter. I read, practiced my music, and now and then went out to gather mushrooms. Sonya would often disappear upstairs to work on something she was writing, which I discovered later was a short story.

“Isn’t she wonderful?” I thought. “To be sure, she has always been good at writing compositions.”

Naturally, I was intrigued by her story, and in the evenings, when we were together, she always seemed pleased to read aloud to me what she had written.

“Have you written anything about me?” I would ask.

“Indeed I have,” was her usual answer.

Although I don’t remember the details of the story well, the plot and the chief characters are still in my mind.

There are two heroes in the story. Dublitsky, who is a middle-aged, outwardly unattractive man, energetic and intelligent, with changeable attitudes toward life, and Smirnov, a young man about twenty-three years old, with high ideals, who is staid, quiet, trusting, and who wishes to advance himself in the world.

The heroine of the tale, Elena, is a beautiful young girl with large black eyes. She has an older sister, Zinaida, a cold blonde with an unattractive personality. Her younger sister, fifteen-year-old Natasha, is a slender, high-spirited young thing.

Dublitsky comes to their home without any thoughts of love. Smirnov, however, is in love with Elena and she is attracted by him. He proposes to her, but she vacillates and cannot decide to give her consent. Her parents are opposed to the marriage because of Smirnov’s youth. Smirnov is obliged to go away on business, and there is a description of the torments he suffers because of his love. Many secondary characters are introduced. Then follows a passage

about Zinaida's love for Dublitsky, and a description of Natasha's various pranks, and the story of her love for her cousin

Dublitsky continues to visit Elena's family. She is in a state of confusion, unable to analyze her own feelings, she does not wish to admit to herself that she is beginning to love him, and the thought of Zinaida and Smirnov torments her. Elena struggles, but she is not strong enough to triumph over this new feeling. Dublitsky seems to be charmed by Elena, rather than by her sister, and because of this he attracts her still more. Elena is aware that his erratic beliefs weary her, his keen, observant mind causes her to feel constrained in his presence. In her thoughts she often compares him with Smirnov, and she tells herself "Smirnov loves me simply and wholeheartedly, and he demands nothing from me."

Smirnov arrives. At the sight of his mental suffering and yet conscious of her own infatuation for Dublitsky, she conceives the idea of entering a convent.

I am not sure of the details of much that followed, but it seems that as the story ends, Elena arranges the marriage of Zinaida and Dublitsky, and much later she herself marries Smirnov.

This story is interesting for the reason that my sister Sonya described many incidents in the life of our family and pictured the conflict in her own heart at that time. It is a pity that she burned her tale, because in it, as if in embryo, the mother, Vera and Natasha of the Rostov family are clearly portrayed.*

17

Leo Nikolayevich Arrives

EARLY IN July, 1862, we heard rumors of an unfortunate incident at Yasnaya Polyana. Government police and gendarmes had descended upon the place without warning and had searched the premises. This piece of news grieved us all, for we could not understand what had happened. The search had been caused by an anonymous accusation against Leo Nikolayevich.

It is well known that Leo Nikolayevich was publishing at that time his magazine *Yasnaya Polyana*. Simultaneously with the mag-

* Characters in *War and Peace*—Ed.

azine, antigovernment leaflets appeared in Petersburg, and an attempt was being made to trace the printing house which had published them Yevgeny Markov wrote a story about this incident for one of the magazines, but I shall not repeat its details

Leo Nikolayevich's old aunt, Tatyana Aleksandrovna Yergolskaya, her companion, Natalya Petrovna Okhotnitskaya, and the students attached to Leo Nikolayevich's school were living at Yasnaya Polyana at the time of the search Countess Marya Nikolayevna Tolstaya was visiting the estate They informed Leo Nikolayevich of the affair, and without waiting to finish his treatment, he hurried to Yasnaya Polyana From there he sped to Moscow and on to us at Pokrovskoye

I had never before seen him so upset and excited as he was when he told us the details of the search I remember, too, my parents' indignation and Sonya's and my concern

I shall give a brief account of as much as I remember of Leo Nikolayevich's story

"The police officials burst upon the house about midnight," he told us "My aunt and Mashenka were preparing for bed They demanded the keys of all the cupboards and chests, and asked for wine and food They rummaged through everything they could, and naturally did not discover anything with which they could in any way find fault They were sure, so Marya told me, that *Yasnaya Polyana*, which does express liberal views, was being published by an underground printer, even though 'printed by Katkov' is stamped clearly on the cover of every issue"

My father laughed heartily at this bit of obvious stupidity

"And as if that were not enough," continued Leo Nikolayevich, "one of the officials opened my writing desk, and since I take the key to this desk with me wherever I go, he simply broke the lock on it They read aloud my private diaries and my most personal letters Mashenka was present when this was done"

When Leo Nikolayevich spoke about his diaries, he turned pale and became so agitated that it made me want to cry just to look at him

"I came to Moscow," he went on, "to deliver in person a letter to the tsar In my letter I shall describe all that took place"

"The tsar will surely take notice of such an infamous affair as this," Father said indignantly

"My name has been dishonored by what they have done, but

they won't realize it, of course And they won't realize that they have undermined the confidence of the entire countryside I cannot live in Russia! I must leave everything and go abroad!"

"No! That is just what you should not do," Father interrupted "This will all blow over, and you must stay here to see it through Otherwise people will say 'He who flees declares his guilt' Everyone likes to spread scandal about his neighbor, and you will only be giving your enemies food for gossip by running away"

We continued our discussion of the affair for some time, until Father, in his desire to soothe Leo Nikolayevich, proposed a short walk We all started off together along the path we called "English Lane" There we met Popov, who had rented a cottage in Ivankov, two versts from Pokrovskoye By the time we returned for tea, Leo Nikolayevich was in a more peaceful state of mind Later, he and Pascault set out on foot for Moscow

Thus it was that Leo Nikolayevich's first visit to Pokrovskoye turned out rather unexpectedly for us Yet in spite of his inner turmoil, he did not forget to bring the white, downy, plumed feather grass which he had promised us

After Leo Nikolayevich left us, Sonya was strongly upset by the pity and concern which she felt for him And perhaps some stronger feelings contributed to her agitation Liza remarked that she was sure everything would be smoothed over and forgotten.

Later we were told that the tsar, through his adjutant, had sent an apology to Leo Nikolayevich and had expressed his regret over this unfortunate incident

Leo Nikolayevich began to come often to Pokrovskoye, sometimes walking and sometimes riding, and, as before, he proposed various jaunts about the countryside I remember one occasion, after a heavy rain, when he persuaded us to take a walk to Tushino, a village four versts away In spite of my mother's warning that it might rain again, we agreed to go

Pascault, Pyotr, Liza, Sonya and I, and Leo Nikolayevich, all started off together, accompanied by Popov, who had dined with us We strolled along, chatting gaily Popov was in fine fettle and made us all laugh with his witty remarks In time, the conversation grew more serious Leo Nikolayevich pointed out to Popov all the inconsistencies in the badly organized school system and observed "If I live long enough, I shall without fail write a first reader and an arithmetic book using the new system"

This conversation stuck in my memory, and when, in the 1870's, a primer and arithmetic book were published, I recalled our excursion to Tushino

We had not noticed the large clouds which were gathering over our heads. When the rain began to pour down on us, we hurried, almost running, to the first peasant's cottage we saw, where we settled ourselves to wait for the rain to pass. The master of the house, an old, bearded peasant, greeted us affably. Leo Nikolayevich, who always found something to say to everyone, began to converse with the old man. A young peasant woman, with a child in her arms, entered the room. She came up to us and began to lament the illness of her little boy. Leo Nikolayevich was sitting near my sisters and me.

"He's all over scaly sores," the woman said. "And he itches so all the time, he gets no rest day or night. All tired out he is, and I just plain don't know what to do with him."

With these words the peasant woman lifted the child's little shirt up to his very head and showed us his naked, diseased little body. The little fellow shrieked at the top of his voice.

We admitted regretfully that we could not help her, since none of us knew anything about treating eczema. Leo Nikolayevich observed in silence all that was going on. Popov walked away.

"Has he been ill long?" asked Liza.

"Yes. It will be about two weeks now since he took sick," the woman replied.

"Look here," I intervened, looking with pity at the child, "bring him to Papa. He'll cure him."

"He will even give you some medicine," said Sonya. "We live at Pokrovskoye." And Sonya explained to the woman how she could find our summer house. The peasant wife thanked us and went off with her wailing baby.

When the rain stopped, Leo Nikolayevich, who never liked to retrace his steps, suggested that we start back to Pokrovskoye along a different path. Because of his love for new trails, he often led us. God only knows where.

Leo Nikolayevich was walking with Sonya. A little distance behind them Pyotr, Pascault and I strolled along together, and then came Liza and Popov. Since the path through the wood was very narrow, we walked in single file. At one point we came upon a

stream of water that could have been a brook or a deep puddle. We all stopped to consider how we could best cross it.

"Just see where you have led us!" I said, turning to Leo Nikolayevich.

"Would Madame Viardot like me to carry her over on my back?" he asked me.

I had noticed that Leo Nikolayevich was perplexed about how to address me, and he often used this name "Viardot" to rescue him from his dilemma. When he mentioned my name to someone else or talked about me, he called me Tanya or Tanechka, but when he spoke directly to me, I suppose he considered these names too intimate.

"Do you want me to carry you across?" he repeated.

"Yes, I do," I decided, "if I won't be too heavy for you."

I jumped up on a stump and from there climbed on his back. He strode resolutely into the water, which was ankle-deep.

"O-o-oh! Where have you brought us!" I shrieked.

"Don't say anything," he said, smiling, "or the others will scold me."

I held my tongue, and when he put me down, I thanked him.

Only Leo Nikolayevich and I were over the stream, the others were making suggestions and trying out various means for crossing it.

"Here, Pyotr! Jump! Jump!" Leo Nikolayevich called, stretching out his hand. Pyotr jumped straight into the water, and we all laughed at him.

"Sofya Andreyevna, you cannot make up your mind and you haven't found a good spot for crossing," said Popov, going up to her. "I'll help you. Let me carry you over."

"No!" cried Sonya, blushing deeply, obviously alarmed by his proposal. Then, without any warning she stepped boldly into the stream and ran to the other side, splashing water in every direction. Pyotr and I burst out laughing simultaneously. It was clear to me at once what was the matter and how the presence of Leo Nikolayevich had caused her alarm.

"Popov is really tactless," I said to myself. "It's not right for Sonya to be carried. She's grown-up. And he wanted to do just as Leo Nikolayevich did. For me, now, such a thing is permissible," I decided.

Liza crossed the stream sedately with the aid of some branches

brought by Pascault I looked at her and reflected "No one offered to carry Liza Why is that? She is completely different from Sonya and me"

Along the road, Sonya discovered that she had lost one of her galoshes

"I suppose I dropped it in the water," she said "Now Mama will scold me"

"Really?" Leo Nikolayevich asked "And how long has it been since Lyubochka herself wore short dresses and was scolded? The time seems so short!"

When we reached home, Mama was sitting on the terrace at work, as usual Leo Nikolayevich saw her and joined her there

"Lyubov Aleksandrovna, I have come to tell you that your daughters are very well-bred young ladies," he began unexpectedly

Mama raised her head in surprise

"What do you mean?" she asked, not knowing whether he spoke seriously or whether he was making a joke

Leo Nikolayevich told her about our taking shelter in the peasant's cottage during the shower

"The peasant's wife brought in her two-year-old child," he continued, "and asked for advice about treating his eczema Suddenly, taking everyone by surprise, she exposed the sick body of the poor little fellow I was watching your daughters, and in spite of the presence of three comparatively strange men, not one of them acted prim or seemed in the least disconcerted Not one of them walked away. They were serious and only concerned about the child"

Liza and Sonya had gone upstairs, and I was the only one of us who heard the conversation, who saw Mama's pleased smile She loved to hear others compliment us, but she herself was chary with her praise, which often grieved me

A short time later we were all sitting around the tea table The sun was setting and it was a beautiful summer evening after the rain The samovar, which I had named "a member of the family," was boiling away on the table We had clotted cream, home-baked bread and other things of that order for tea, which Popov stayed to share with us

"How pleasant and comfortable it is here at Pokrovskoye," Leo Nikolayevich remarked, coming up to the table He was in good spirits, and he did not mention the unpleasant affair which had so disturbed him.

In the evening, after everyone had gone away, and we were preparing for bed, I asked Sonya what she and Leo Nikolayevich had talked about on our walk

"He was very pleased that I hadn't let Popov carry me across the stream," said Sonya "'Of course, I expected that you would refuse,' he told me After that he asked me what I had been doing all this time—if I had been busy with anything in particular "

"Well, what did you tell him?" I asked

"I told him about everything we've been doing—that Kuzminsky visited us, that Sasha had come, and that we'd all had a gay time together And then he asked me how the love affair between you and Kuzminsky was progressing "

"What did you say?" I asked her, my heart skipping a beat

"I told him that you were still interested in one another but that you had quarreled He wanted to know what you had quarreled about and I told him "

"O-oh! Why did you tell him!" I cried "He'll blame me for it."

"Not at all," Sonya said calmly "You can tell him anything and he will understand And he thinks that Kuzminsky is a fine, earnest fellow Then I told him that I have been writing a story, but that I haven't finished it yet He was very surprised and seemed exceedingly interested in it 'A story!' he exclaimed 'How did you get the notion to do such a thing?' What are you writing about?" I told him that I was more or less describing our own family life And then he wanted to know whom I had let read it I told him that I was reading it aloud to you 'And will you give it to me?' he asked I said that I couldn't do that He asked me why I couldn't, but of course I didn't tell him it was all because I had put him into the story He asked me over and over again to let him read it, but I stood my ground "

Just then Liza came up to us and we broke off our conversation

18

The Play at the Obolenskys'

THE NEXT DAY the Obolenskys, who were spending the summer in Vsesvyatskoye, visited us The prince was governor of Moscow His wife, a Sumarkov by birth, was a charming woman, then about

thirty-two years old They had several children, but I remember best the two eldest, Katya and Sergey We played together constantly and spent many delightful hours driving about in their little donkey cart I dearly loved being with them

The princess invited Sonya and Liza to take part in an amateur theatrical which was to be given at the Obolenskys' Gogol's play *Marriage* had been chosen, and Sonya was given the part of Fekla, the old matchmaker Liza was to be the bride, Agafya Tikhonovna I was not to be in the play, since there were no other feminine roles left At first I was jealous of them, and once more I felt bitter resentment because I was the youngest This time, however, my pique was shortlived I went along to rehearsals with my sisters and enjoyed myself every minute

The day for the performance had been set Liza and Sonya were in a whirl of activity, engrossed in making their costumes and diligently learning their lines Leo Nikolayevich, having heard about the coming performance, read the whole play aloud to us Sonya listened attentively when her part was being read and tried to imitate his inflections The next day, wearing a kerchief on her head so as to be in some way like Fekla, Sonya practiced her lines before a mirror

On the day of the play, Leo Nikolayevich dined with us We had an early meal and then all of us, in two carriages, drove off to the Obolenskys' It was the end of July and harvest time The weather was splendid, and the fields were humming with activity Leo Nikolayevich and I, sitting together on the high rear seat of the long carryall, were in high spirits Mama and Papa were riding together in the carriage

"How lovely it is in the fields now," I said, "with the peasant women all in different colors"

"Yes, it is good to see," Leo Nikolayevich agreed "Those people out there in the fields are doing vital work, while we, the gentlefolk, do nothing"

I looked at him in surprise It was the first time I had heard such an opinion, and to my ears it sounded absurd

"What do you mean we do nothing? Mama and Papa do a great deal," I said in a hurt voice "And we children are having our school holidays now"

"Yes, of course," Leo Nikolayevich replied hastily "Now you're vexed with me Never mind, I shan't say another word"

At the Obolenskys' that evening there were many guests who had come from Moscow, as well as the sizable number of people who were living there. A proper stage with curtains had been set up and a make-up artist had been ordered from Moscow. The young people, and I with them, were given seats in front. I was tense and nervous for my sisters, particularly for Sonya. I was not so concerned about Liza, for I knew her usual calmness and self-assurance.

"Sonya, now, will surely get mixed up and forget her lines, and then all will be lost!" I thought.

The curtain rose, and on the stage Podkolesin was talking with his lackey, Stepan. When Stepan said "The old woman has come," I knew that Sonya would soon appear. After a moment the door opened, and in came the matchmaker. Except for Sonya's familiar eyes, here was someone whom I had never seen before. This person on the stage was a stout old woman, her face smeared with paint and lined with wrinkles. Over her false eyebrows she wore the black headdress of a woman of the merchant class. But in spite of her disguise, which I thought should have eliminated the possibility of stage fright, I noticed that her voice sounded unnatural and embarrassed when she said "Well, I can tell you you're wrong, quite wrong! Mark my words, if you marry her you will thank me and praise me every day of your life." Her next speech made the audience laugh, however, and Sonya was encouraged.

Podkolesin said to her "I suppose you are lying, Fekla Ivanovna."

When she replied "I am too old to lie, my dear sir. You can call a dog a liar but not me," Sonya had already recovered, and she didn't do it at all badly.

Although the part did not exactly suit Sonya, the character of the matchmaker need not depend on interpretation to amuse and interest the audience.

Between acts, when we went into the dining room for tea, I asked Leo Nikolayevich if he liked the performance.

"It's impossible to fail with Gogol," he replied.

Liza gave a better performance than Sonya, since her role was more appropriate for her. All in all, the play was a great success.

We returned home rather late, and Leo Nikolayevich stayed the night with us.

Several days later he said good-bye and left for Yasnaya Polyana. We began to make ready for our journey to Grandfather Islenyev's.

in Tula Province Leo Nikolayevich extracted a promise from us that we would stop off at Yasnaya Polyana on our way

19

In the Country with Grandfather and at Yasnaya Polyana

EARLY IN August we began preparations for our journey Pascault, I had noticed, was very troubled at the thought of our departure

"Que ferai-je sans vous, Mademoiselle Tate [Tanya], la maison sera comme morte!" he said to me *

At my request, he walked into Moscow to buy ribbons, music, and many other things we would need to take with us. He took care of all these errands willingly, without a murmur of protest. My little brother Volodya was going with us, since Mama was loath to leave him under other care. Klavdiya was entrusted with the management of the household, and would look after Papa.

The day of our departure arrived. We drove to Moscow where the six-seated stagecoach, the so-called "Annenskaya," awaited us. It was to take us as far as Tula. Pascault came along to see us off. Papa, who was not accustomed to being separated from Mama, let us go with trepidation.

We stopped for the night in Serpukhov, after a most pleasant journey. I was delighted with the novelty of the inns and coach stations. The crowing of the cocks, the fresh odor of hay and the smell of the stables, the nightly bustle of the inn, and, finally, the sunrise—all these things seemed new to me, charming and poetic.

We had brought food with us, and at the various stations, we unpacked our provisions and prepared our own tea.

The following day we were in Tula, where we stayed with Aunt Karnovich, Mother's sister. Her daughters were near us in age, and on the day after our arrival, they took us to see the sights in Tula.

Toward evening of that day we set off for Yasnaya Polyana, and when we arrived there, we were given a joyful welcome.

* What shall I do without you? The house will seem dead.

Marya Nikolayevna Tolstaya, who had come from abroad without her children, was visiting at Yasnaya Polyana. Her reunion with my mother was touching, for the two of them had not been together at Yasnaya Polyana since they were children. Reminiscences flew fast between them.

"Do you remember our old house, Lyubochka?" asked Marya Nikolayevna.

"How could I forget it!" Mama replied. "When we were approaching Yasnaya Polyana, I looked at the spot where the house had stood, and my heart ached to see an empty and overgrown space. So much has happened there!"

"I remember our visits from Krasnoye as if it were yesterday," Marya Nikolayevna continued. "And I remember how we danced to Mimi's music, and the rhyme Sergey composed while he was dancing a gavotte with your sister Vera. Remember?"

Pour danser—viens!
Toi en perquin
Moi en nanquin
Et nous nous amuserons bien! *

We were amazed at his talent, but Mimi criticized his poem rather harshly and disillusioned us."

"Oh, I do! I remember it all so well!" Mama exclaimed. "And the day Lyovochka pushed me off the terrace and I hurt my foot?"

Their reminiscences went on and on, with each of them interrupting the other's story to say "And do you remember?" I began fully to appreciate these words only as the years went by. Those people to whom one can say "Do you remember?" are the nearest and dearest to our heart.

Tatyana Aleksandrovna joined us and greeted us graciously in French. We began talking about family likenesses.

"Sonya is much like you, Lyubov Aleksandrovna, and Tanya reminds me very much of her Grandmother Zavadovsky, whom I knew well," Tatyana Aleksandrovna observed.

It was quite late by this time. I wanted to go to bed, for I was tired, but the family persuaded us to wait for supper. I lay down

* Come dance with me!
You in your sateen,
I in my nankeen,
You shall see how merry we'll be!

on a settee in the parlor Liza stayed to talk with Marya Nikolayevna, and Mama went off to put Volodya to bed Sonya wandered out on the balcony, followed shortly after by Leo Nikolayevich.

"What are you doing here all by yourself?" he asked Sonya

"I am admiring the view," Sonya replied "This is a remarkably beautiful place"

"Lyubov Aleksandrovna was so sincerely missing the old house It made me feel guilty that I had sold it," Leo Nikolayevich said "Come downstairs with me," he continued after a moment "I must take a look to make sure that everything is ready for you We really didn't know that you were coming, and so nothing was prepared"

I went down with them It amused me to see Leo Nikolayevich as "master of the house," looking after our supper, our accommodations for the night, and other things like that

Once downstairs, we went into a vaulted room which, sometime later, Leo Nikolayevich used as his study Repin's portrait of Leo Nikolayevich seated behind his writing table has immortalized this room

Dunyasha, the chambermaid and the daughter of old Nikolay described in *Childhood*, was making beds on long divans which stood against the wall We were still lacking one sleeping place, however, until Leo Nikolayevich moved out an enormous armchair, which had seen duty before as a bed, and spread it out

"I am going to sleep here," Sonya insisted

"I'll have it all ready for you in a moment," Leo Nikolayevich said, and with unsure hands, inexperienced in this kind of work, he unfolded sheets and fixed pillows It was touching to see him cope with the material cares of the household

Three young men, who were teaching in the school at Yasnaya Polyana, came for evening tea Leo Nikolayevich had brought one of the teachers from Germany His name was Keller, and I can see him in my mind at this very moment, with his round, ruddy face, his round eyes circled by gold-rimmed spectacles and his vast shock of hair.

The next morning we went to inspect the wing which housed the school The rooms upstairs were spacious and flooded with light, and there was a balcony from which one had a magnificent, far-reaching view How could I know then that, over a period of twenty-five years, I would be spending nearly every summer at

Yasnaya Polyana with my own family, and that we would live in this very wing?

In the evening a picnic excursion to Zaseka, an immense crown forest, was organized. Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich set off on horseback, and the rest of us went in a long, narrow carriage called a *katky*. Mama and Marya Nikolayevna climbed into the *katky* only after much persuasion on the part of Leo Nikolayevich. Riding of any kind terrified Marya Nikolayevna, and she cried out whenever we went over a rut.

Two of the neighboring families, the Auerbachs and the Markovs, joined us for the picnic. With the Markovs was their niece, a pretty, charming young girl, who some years later married Aleksandr Andreyevich Auerbach.

We stopped near a large stack of freshly mown hay which stood in a wide meadow at the edge of the forest.

On the way, Marya Nikolayevna told me that once while they were riding in a *katky* with Leo Nikolayevich, they had come to a ditch, and Gustav Keller, who was riding alongside on horseback, had taken a spill when he had tried to make his horse jump over it. Everyone gasped with fright, but when they saw that Keller had not been hurt, the young people simply had to laugh. In an instant, Leo Nikolayevich, with the utmost gravity, had composed a little rhyme right there in the *katky*.

"For poor Gustav Keller
There's a single law written.
With your head dig a ditch
Or a furrow to sit in!"

When Leo Nikolayevich arrived at the site we had chosen for our picnic, he introduced us all around, and then suggested a stroll. The country was magnificent. The century-old oak trees, the smooth, rolling meadows, the occasional hills were remarkably beautiful. When we wandered back to the haystack, Mama and Marya Nikolayevna were bustling about the samovar, and we found that everything was ready for tea.

Leo Nikolayevich was particularly gay and lively that evening. It was obvious that his guests were all in high spirits, and the thought that he had gathered us all together and had devised such pleasure for us delighted him. The climax of our enjoyment came when Leo Nikolayevich induced us all to clamber to the top of the

big haystack. Even Mama and Marya Nikolayevna joined in the fun and allowed themselves to be pulled up after us. High on the haystack, Leo Nikolayevich started us singing. We began with a trio "The brook flows in and out o'er stones." At that moment it seemed to me that all the beauties of nature, the sunset, the meadow, had been put there for us alone, and that before we arrived, this place had not even existed. And it was Leo Nikolayevich, with his great store of vitality, who took the lead in all our gaiety and activities.

We spent two or three days at Yasnaya Polyana, and then we set off for the village of Ivitsy and Grandfather Islenyev's. And again we promised to stop off at Yasnaya Polyana on our homeward journey.

On the way to Ivitsy, we stopped for a short time at Krasnoye, the estate where my grandfather had once made his home with the Princess Sofya Petrovna Kozlovskaya. (After my grandmother's death, Grandfather lost Krasnoye in a card game.) My grandmother was buried here. My mother wanted to say a prayer at her graveside and to have a look at the house and garden where she had spent her childhood.

Our Uncle Misha, Mother's brother, met us at Krasnoye. He had just come from Ivitsy where he was visiting his father. We knew him only slightly, since he lived all the time in Petersburg where he was in government service. Nevertheless, we could not help loving him, for he was so very sweet and affectionate to us.

We looked through the old house and strolled about the large garden which surrounded it. My mother was surprised that the house had grown so shabby and that the garden had been left to run wild. The Longinovs, who owned the estate, were living abroad.

In the church there was a Requiem Mass and, later, we lingered for a time by my grandmother's grave. The old priest invited us to tea, and there we met Fetisov, the deacon of the church. The priest remembered Sofya Petrovna, for he, when he was still a deacon, had secretly married her to my grandfather.

When old Fetisov had left the room, Uncle Misha asked the priest:

"Isn't this Fetisov the man who fell into a coma?"

"One and the same," the priest replied.

I asked him to tell me how this had happened.

"Well, it was this way," the priest began. "He fell sick, and no

one knew what he had been taken with or where to find out, for there were no doctors hereabouts. He was sick like this for about two weeks—it must have been from some kind of fever—when he up and died. And everyone was surprised that he died with so little fuss. He just seemed to fall asleep and that's all there was to it, his wife said. He didn't groan or suffer at all. God saw fit to send him an easy death.

"Well, he'd just breathed his last for sure. So we said Requiem Mass over him, and on the third day the people of the village all came and we started out for the cemetery with the coffin. They were carrying him along, when all of a sudden the peasants, those who were holding the coffin, felt the dead man move. They had a look—and he opened his eyes! They were so scared that they dropped the coffin and scattered in every direction, with the people who were coming along behind the coffin right at their heels. They were that frightened they all hid themselves.

"In a little while, one or two, who were a little bolder than the rest, walked back to the place where they had dropped the coffin and carted the poor man home again. He was so wasted away and weak he couldn't walk at all.

"The authorities were told about it and a doctor was sent for. He explained to the people that this kind of thing sometimes happened as a result of illness, that it was a kind of sleep, and the people calmed down."

We stayed for several hours in Krasnoye, and then, with Uncle Misha, we went on to Ivitsy where our grandfather and stepgrandmother, Sofya Aleksandrovna, were living.

Sofya Aleksandrovna, who was then about sixty years old, was a lively and affectionate woman, particularly with my sisters and me. There were three daughters in the family. Olga, the eldest, was a frequent visitor in our home. She was a pretty, charming and intelligent girl. Some time later, she married Kiryakov, who was in the Horse Guards. The second daughter, Adèle, was in delicate health. Nalya, the youngest, was a lovable, sprightly young girl of my own age.

They lived in a big old-fashioned house which had two floors. A large number of servants darted about constantly. Among them was a middle-aged chambermaid, who wore a high comb in her hair, an old housekeeper, and serving-girls in braids, who sped about on endless errands. I already knew Grandfather's valet, whom

everyone called Sashka, for he had come with Grandfather to our house in Moscow, but now his hair was turning gray

The reunion with Grandfather and his family was full of love and warmth. We three sisters were given a room upstairs. The beds were old-fashioned, wooden ones with white canopies, and the windows opened out on an apple orchard.

I was my grandfather's favorite. He was more indulgent to me than to my sisters, and many times he said to me:

"How much you remind me of my dear, dead wife—your grandmother. It's just as if she were alive and standing here before me."

He would kiss me tenderly and take me to gaze at the large portrait of her, painted in oils, which hung in his study. The eyes which looked down at me from the old portrait were large and dark, the face was framed by an old-fashioned coiffure with braids piled up in front and ringlets at the side.

"Am I really like her?" I wondered. "Of course, when the portrait was painted Grandmother was older than I am now." And, finding a really marked similarity between our two faces, I would comfort myself: "I will look like that in time."

Grandfather and Sofya Aleksandrovna, in their efforts to entertain us, devised something every day for our amusement. Sometimes we would call on the neighboring families, who had many young girls our age, at other times the neighbors would come to see us at Grandfather's.

Two days had gone by since our arrival in Ivitsy. I remember that Grandfather and I were sitting on the veranda together after dinner. We were chatting away in a lively fashion, when suddenly, in the distance, I recognized Leo Nikolayevich's white horse.

"Grandfather! Look! It's Leo Nikolayevich and he's coming here!" I leaped out of my chair and ran upstairs to tell Sonya and Liza.

"Le comte is coming!" I cried. (We usually spoke French between ourselves, and we called Leo Nikolayevich "le comte" when he wasn't there to hear us.)

"No! Really?" asked Liza, blushing.

"Is he alone or with Marya Nikolayevna?" Sonya wanted to know.

"He's alone. He's come on horseback," I said. "Come on, let's go downstairs."

"How nice it will be to see the count again," said Olga. "He hasn't visited us for a long time, and Papa will be so pleased."

We all went downstairs. Leo Nikolayevich had already come into the house with Grandfather, Sofya Aleksandrovna and Mama.

"It's really been a long time since I've been in Ivitsy," Leo Nikolayevich was saying. "The last time I stayed with you we went wolf hunting. Remember?" he asked, turning to Grandfather.

"But we let the wolf get away," Grandfather laughed. "How long did it take you to get here?"

Leo Nikolayevich greeted us and then replied, "About three hours or more. It was so hot I let the horse walk."

We all went out into the garden, for Leo Nikolayevich wanted to see how much the farm had changed since he had seen it last. He was cheerful and lively, and at once he somehow seemed to enter into the spirit of our youth.

While we were in Ivitsy, I began to notice that Leo Nikolayevich spent much of his time with Sonya, and often managed to be alone with her. In a word, he showed a preference for her company above all others. In Leo Nikolayevich's presence Sonya was gay and vivacious, and there was a deepened color in her cheeks.

"She can be really charming if she wants to," I thought. I was so familiar with the play of expression on her face and in her eyes, that now I could read, as clearly as if it had been printed there, "I want to love you but I am afraid." I understood the reason for her fear. I knew that the figures of Polivanov and Liza, like spectres, stood constantly before her eyes.

"You cannot hold water in your hand," I said to myself, remembering Nurse's words.

"Tanya, why has Liza told me that Leo Nikolayevich intends to marry her," Olga asked me, in real perplexity, "when my own eyes tell me differently? I don't understand it at all."

"Nor do I," I replied shortly.

On the following day, Grandfather invited some of the neighboring families to gather at his home for the evening. Elderly squires, who played whist with Grandfather, came with their wives, who chatted about various housekeeping problems with Mama and Grandmother. They brought their pretty young daughters, the belles of the countryside, who might just have stepped from the pages of a novel describing provincial life. Most of the young men who came that evening were soldiers from a regiment which was stationed not far from Grandfather's estate.

We danced and played games that evening, and in general made

it a lively, merry party Leo Nikolayevich took part in the games, and ran about with us in the garden, but when we came back into the house for dancing, he did not join in I thought it a little sad to see him sitting with the old ladies (or so they seemed to me then), talking about crops, the price of grain, and similar things

During the cotillion, when they started to play a waltz, I ran up to Leo Nikolayevich and asked him to dance it with me He declined

"Why aren't you dancing?" I asked

"I'm getting old," he answered with a smile which said he really didn't believe it

"How silly!" I cried "You don't look like an old man " I gazed at him steadily for a moment, and then added "Well, you don't look like a very young man either!"

Leo Nikolayevich laughed

"For those kind words, I thank you!" he said. "That was so well said—come on, then, let's dance"

We danced one turn of the waltz and then he returned to his chair

Sonya looked very sweet that evening in a becoming gown with ribbons flying at the shoulders Liza did not seem to be enjoying herself, although she danced a great deal

After supper, they asked me for a song I didn't want to sing, however, and I ran away to the parlor to find a place to hide The room was empty After a quick look around, I slid under the grand piano

Several minutes later Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich came into the room I thought that they both seemed nervous They sat down at a card table which had been left open after a game

"So you are leaving us tomorrow," Sonya remarked "What a pity you're going so soon! Why do you?"

"Mashenka is alone And then, she will be going abroad soon "

"Are you going with her?" Sonya inquired

"No I did want to go, but now I can't "

Sonya did not ask why, for she suspected the reason I could see by the expression on her face that something rather important was in the air I wanted to crawl out from my hiding place, but I was ashamed to do it. I held my breath and stayed where I was.

"We should go back to the drawing room," Sonya said "The others will be looking for us "

"No—please! Wait for a moment. It is so pleasant here."

He picked up a piece of chalk and scribbled something on the table cover.

"Sofya Andreyevna, can you make out the meaning of these letters I have written here?" Leo Nikolayevich asked. His voice was excited and tense.

Sonya looked him straight in the eyes.

"Yes, I can," she answered firmly.

And then the famous note-writing incident, described in the novel *Anna Karenina*, was played out before me.

Leo Nikolayevich wrote "Y y a y n f h "

My sister, through some kind of inspired intuition, deciphered the letters. "Your youth and your need for happiness remind me too sharply that I am old and that happiness is impossible for me," Leo Nikolayevich helped her with a few of the words.

"Now, one more," he said.

Sonya puzzled out "Your family has a false notion of me and your sister Liza. You and little Tanya must defend me."

I did not pretend to be surprised when Sonya told me about the note writing the next day. I told her that I had been hiding in the room.

It worried me that Leo Nikolayevich had noticed the mistaken idea the family had of his intentions.

"Mama must be told the truth," I decided. "She at least should know it. Since we've been here I never see her, and I haven't had a talk with her for ever so long."

The next day all the neighbors we had come to know brought food, and met us in the woods for a picnic, some of us going in carriages, some on horseback. Before we set out, Leo Nikolayevich said good-bye to us and left for his home. Once more he made us promise to stop off at Yasnaya Polyana on our way back to Moscow.

At that time, everything we did seemed gay and exciting, and this picnic was no exception. One rather unimportant incident from that day has stuck in my mind.

Grandfather, who was a great lover of gypsy songs, asked his boy servant to bring him a guitar which had been taken down from the attic in honor of our visit. We all sat down on rugs which had been spread for us. Grandfather struck the strings with a brisk hand. He was just ready to launch forth on "The Willow," with me singing it, when suddenly a cloud of red cockroaches was

propelled from the hole in the guitar. They showered down on all sides, and in an instant my white dress was spotted with them. It was frightful! Grandfather rated the boy, Vaska, soundly and ordered him to clean the guitar. Then, having retuned the instrument, Grandfather struck up "The Willow" once more, and a chorus of voices joined in the song.

Mama and Sofya Aleksandrovna, who also took part in the picnic, hustled about preparing tea, and discussed Leo Nikolayevich in low voices.

I looked closely at Grandmother. I had been told that she had been beautiful as a young woman, but it seemed that no trace remained of her former loveliness except her large, expressive eyes. With her flabby lower lip, her sunken cheeks and toothless mouth, she was far from handsome. Mother had told me that in *Boyhood*, Leo Nikolayevich had portrayed Grandmother in the character "La Belle Flamande," but no matter how hard I tried, I still could not carry myself back in time and imagine Grandmother as a beautiful, blooming woman.

We were home again by evening. I asked Grandfather to join me in the garden and, while I gathered pears, he told me about the people Leo Nikolayevich had described in *Childhood*.

"Didn't you recognize me?" Grandfather asked.

"Of course I did—by the twitch in your shoulder. Mama read it aloud to me and she skipped some places," I said naively.

"That was a good thing to do," Grandfather observed. "'Volodya,' now, is Leo Nikolayevich's brother Sergey and 'Lyubochka' is Marya Nikolayevna."

"And who is 'Sonya, Sonechka Valakhina' supposed to be?" I asked.

"She is Sonya Kaloshina, Leo Nikolayevich's first love. She didn't ever marry. He even described his own tutor, St. Thomas. The Dmitry Nekhlyudov in *Youth* is Leo Nikolayevich's brother Dmitry (Mitenka). He was an odd character. His religious faith amounted to fanaticism. He lived at the outskirts of the city and associated only with destitute students, frequenting prisons and avoiding people of his own class. He went to church on every saint's day but instead of going to a fashionable church he went to the prison chapel. He had a violent temper. All the Tolstoyes are a bit eccentric."

Sashka came into the garden bringing the mail and put an end

to our conversation Grandfather handed me two letters, one for Mama from my father, the other for me from Pascault I ran off to find Mother

"Well, God be praised! Everything is going well at home," she exclaimed, after reading her letter

I went to our room, where I found Liza sitting alone at the window Her eyes were red from crying I did not ask what had upset her, for I already knew the cause of her tears My heart ached with pity for her, but I did not know how to comfort her

"Don't be sad, Liza," I said and, remembering the words Mama had consoled me with after my quarrel with Kuzminsky, I added, "Things will work out somehow"

"Tanya," Liza began in an earnest voice, "Sonya is taking Leo Nikolayevich away from me Haven't you noticed it?"

I didn't know what to say to Liza I couldn't bring myself to tell her that Leo Nikolayevich had been hovering about Sonya lately of his own accord, for it only would have grieved Liza still more

"The finery she has decked herself out in, those glances she gives him, the pains she takes to be alone with him—all these things are as clear as day to everyone," Liza went on

I understood that Liza wanted to unburden her heart, to pour out her sorrow to someone, and I listened to her without saying a word

"I suppose if you won't make any particular effort to win someone, if you don't have a mind to make him like you, then he won't give you a second glance"

"No, that's not right," I interrupted her "He will, too Oh, Liza, do have a look at the wonderful poetry Georges Pascault has written to me!"

Liza read my letter and laughed The sound of her laughter lightened my heart, for it meant that I had succeeded in diverting her I jumped from my chair and gave her a tender kiss

"There are lots of pears in the garden Let's go out," I said

She was touched by my kiss, for such things were rare for her No one ever caressed Liza We took up the basket and went out into the garden

That night when everyone had gone off to bed, I put on my dressing gown and slipped quietly into my mother's room She

was already in bed, and little Volodya was sleeping soundly in his cot

"What is it?" Mother asked when she saw me

"I want to have a talk with you, Mama," I said

"Well, sit down then. What do you want to talk with me about?"

Before I went in to Mother to fulfill the mission which, it seemed to me then, Leo Nikolayevich had charged me with, I had rehearsed the things I must say in order to carry it through successfully without disillusioning her. However, when I saw Mama, I could not contain myself and my carefully laid plan flew to the winds

"Mama," I began, "you and Papa, and everyone in the house, don't see things the way they really are."

"What things? What are you talking about?"

"About Leo Nikolayevich, naturally. You think that he intends to marry Liza, but he is going to marry Sonya, and I know it for sure," I burst out in one breath

"How could you know all this?" Mother asked me in surprise. "You're babbling nonsense."

"No, it's not nonsense. It's the truth, but you just don't see it."

Mama was silent for a moment

"Has Sonechka told you something then?" she asked

"Yes, she has," I answered without thinking. "Well, that is, she didn't exactly tell me, but that part is a secret," I added in confusion. "She hasn't told anyone but me."

Mother didn't question me further. I had the impression that through motherly intuition she already suspected the truth, but that she was afraid to admit it to herself, knowing how it would grieve Father. He loved Liza very much and was aware of her love for Leo Nikolayevich.

Volodya turned over in his cot. Mama and I sat without speaking for a moment.

"What is the letter you have in your hand?" Mama asked, breaking the silence.

"I wanted to show it to you. It came to me today from Little Pascault." (We had nicknamed him "Little Pascault" to distinguish him from his father.) "Here, Mama, read it. He has proposed to me!" I announced importantly.

"What! You have a proposal! Why, you're not sixteen yet," Mama said sharply.

"Oh, Mama, now you're angry Won't you tell me what I should say to him?"

"What do you mean 'What to tell him'? Nothing at all "

"But won't you just read it? He sounds quite woebegone He's written me a lovely little poem and made an acrostic out of my name "

Mama took the letter, and I heard it for the second time as she read it aloud

"I confess to you in all sincerity that I cannot possibly express all that has been in my mind and in my heart since you went away I am like an orphan without you, and every day I count the hours until you will return "

"Now, read the acrostic," I said

"Tu as quelque chose de séduisant
Adorable et belle, espiègle enfant,
Tu chantes comme un rossignol
Il y a en toi quelque chose d'espagnol!
Ah, si tu pouvais être toujours gaie,
Nous embrasser par ta gaïeté,
Ah! tel est mon souhait " *

Mama could not contain herself and, in spite of Volodya asleep in his bed, she burst into a peal of laughter Such laughter could come only from the lips of a fond mother

"Mama, what is so amusing about this?" I asked in an offended tone, for at the moment I did not appreciate the charm of her laughter "It isn't any use showing letters to you—you only find them funny This is a lovely poem, it really is! Just see what he's written at the end "

I turned the page with impatient hands

"'Pouvez-vous faire mon bonheur éternel?'" Mama read †

"Now you must understand, Mama," I said, "he has really proposed to me."

* There is something charming in you
Adorable, beautiful, mischievous child
The song of the nightingale is in your voice,
You have something Spanish in you!
Ah, if you could always be gay
Never ceasing to excite us with your joy
Ah! this is my only wish.

† Can you make me eternally happy?

"How could I possibly understand such nonsense! You should be thinking about your lessons and not about suitors "

"But I'm having a vacation now, besides I'm not thinking of them," I said "It isn't my fault, Mama And isn't the acrostic clever—really? You're still cross Won't you smile and be my own sweet, kind mother?"

I kissed her hand and moved close to her

"Tanya," Mama said tenderly, "really, dear, he has written such rubbish What is there Spanish about you, I should like to know Tell me—now do "

"Once I danced a cachucha with castanets, don't you remember? And Uncle Kostya played?"

"I can't remember a thing about it," Mama said.

"What shall I tell him, Mama?" I asked

"I'll give him an answer for you "

"You will tell him 'No,' and he'll be offended "

Mama smiled

"And what about Sasha?" she asked

"Well, what about Sasha? That's a different matter I'm very fond of him But what shall I do about the other one? I feel sorry for him, and I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings "

"Yes, we couldn't do that," Mama agreed "There now, my dear, don't worry I shan't offend him But it's late Be off to bed now, and see to it that you don't gossip about Sonya "

"Don't be angry, Mama," I said, kissing her "I wanted so much to have a talk with you And now I'll say good night "

I ran off to my room, leaving Mama alone with her anxious thoughts about my older sisters

When Leo Nikolayevich learned about Pascault's proposal and my conversation with Mother, he teased me endlessly about it

"Pouvez-vous faire mon bonheur éternel?" he would ask

I would get angry and refuse to listen to him

Three days later we were in Yasnaya Polyana They were expecting us and, this time, everything was ready Our rooms were in order, tea had been made, and supper was waiting I have a somewhat hazy recollection of how we spent our time during this visit I remember only that it rained the first day we were there, and we stayed at home That evening we had some music and after supper I went off to bed Dunyasha, one of the servant girls,

came along with me. While she was putting my hair in curls, I talked with her.

"The count was expecting you," Dunyasha told me, "and he hustled around getting everything ready himself. He even helped make up the beds. 'Dunyasha,' he said, 'you won't have time to get everything in order. They might be here at any moment.'"

"But you do have guests now and then, don't you?" I asked.

"Not very often. There are neighbors living close by—the Auerbachs and Markovs—on the estate they've rented, and they come to see us." After a little silence Dunyasha added, "We have a good life here."

"Very good indeed," I said. "Dunyasha, when the gendarmes and government officials came here, were you very frightened?"

"Wasn't I just! And Tatyana Aleksandrovna was in such a state that she wouldn't even come out of her room. The young countess had to do all the talking. She sent Nikolka over to Markov on horseback," Dunyasha told me. "I myself, you know, saw that this was a bad business and that these people were not our kind. I grabbed the count's portfolio off the table and ran straight out to the garden. I hid it in a ditch so those men wouldn't get it."

"Did they find it after all?" I asked, engrossed in Dunyasha's story.

"I should say not! And afterward the old mistress praised me for it. She said, 'Dunyasha did a very good thing to hide that portfolio for there was a picture of Herzen in it, and some of his letters and a copy of that journal, *The Chime*'."

"You mean *The Bell*, don't you?" I inquired.

"Yes, that's what I mean. I've mixed it up. Tatyana Aleksandrovna corrected me at the time, but I will get it twisted. You just should have seen what went on here. They asked for wine, and all night long they drank and read things and ransacked the place. Why, they even dragged a net in the pond, trying to find some kind of a printing press."

"Dunyasha!" someone called out. It was Natalya Petrovna, the old aunt's companion, coming into my room with her soft step.

"Good night," Dunyasha said, picking up my dress and shoes.

I thanked the obliging Dunyasha warmly for her kindness, and after I had invited Natalya Petrovna to sit down, I climbed into bed. Natalya Petrovna, then about fifty years old, was a kind-hearted, rather simple old lady. She was wearing a white piqué

cap and an old-fashioned tippet. She sat down near me and began to question me about our family and life. However, I noticed that, for the most part, her conversation was directed toward discovering which of my sisters, Liza or Sonya, Leo Nikolayevich was most fond of. Once I understood her hints, I restrained myself from undue confidences. Before she said good night to me, she invited me to go down with her the next day to make a general tour of the estate. Among other things, we were going to gather some apples and visit the servants' quarters.

The weather had cleared by morning, and Natalya Petrovna and I set off together for the garden.

During this visit to Yasnaya Polyana, I was struck by something I had not noticed before. None of the ground surrounding the house, other than the drive which led from the "avenue" to the veranda, had been cleared. There were no flower beds or paths. Weeds and burdock were growing everywhere. Only the old park had partly cleared paths and alleys lined by linden trees and, in its beauty, stood out in proud contrast to its surroundings. Near the entrance to the estate there was a large pond, with the village at its other end.

All the rooms in the house had high ceilings, whitened walls and unpainted floors. Nothing has been changed in the house to this very day, except, of course, the large drawing room and some other rooms which were added later. Beginning with Tatyana Aleksandrovna's room, everything about the place spoke of another, older day. She had an antique icon stand in her room, and amongst others there was a large wonder-working image of the Saviour. On the eve of a saint's day, a holy lamp always burned before it. Two narrow mahogany divans, carved with sphinx heads, served as beds for Auntie and Natalya Petrovna.

When we were walking by the large white building where the domestic servants lived and the laundry was installed, an old woman, still tall, spare and erect, came out to meet us. It was Agafya Mikhailovna, or Gasha. She had served the old Countess Tolstaya, Leo Nikolayevich's grandmother, as a personal maid.

She greeted me politely.

"You are like your dear mother," she said. "I can still remember her as a young girl."

Gasha had been described in *Childhood* and *Boyhood*.

In the course of time I became well acquainted with this ex-

traordinary old woman, for whom Leo Nikolayevich always showed a marked preference over the other servants. Of her many good qualities, one was her love for animals. She was particularly fond of dogs, but she had compassion even on mice and insects. For instance, she fed the mice, and she would not allow the cockroaches to be exterminated in her little room. When any of Leo Nikolayevich's hunting dogs bore puppies, she would take the little things to her own room and would raise them with infinite care. I will have occasion to speak much about her.

The day went by quickly and pleasantly. The next morning everything was ready for our departure. Marya Nikolayevna was traveling with us as far as Moscow, and from there she would continue abroad to join her children. The six-seated coach, the "Annenskaya," was waiting for us in Tula.

We were all saying our farewells and the carriages were waiting near the porch, when Leo Nikolayevich appeared, dressed for a journey. His man, Aleksey, came after him carrying a portmanteau. None of us understood his real purpose, for we thought that he only intended to escort us as far as Tula.

"I am going to Moscow with you," Leo Nikolayevich announced.

"What?" cried Marya Nikolayevna. "But that's a splendid idea!"

"I could not stand being left alone right now," he explained.

"How are you going?" someone asked.

"In the 'Annenskaya' with you."

"That's wonderful!" I cried. "I'm so glad!"

And Sonya and Liza were obviously delighted that he was going with us.

The stagecoach, in which we would be traveling, went from Moscow to Tula three times a week. This was a private enterprise, and the carriage was named "Annenskaya" after the man who owned it. We hired post horses for the journey. The coach had four seats inside and two outside, in the rear. We decided that Mama, Marya Nikolayevna, one of my sisters, and I, since I had a cold and was not allowed to be in the open air, would sit inside, Leo Nikolayevich and the other sister would take the outside seats. We made a place for Volodya with us in the carriage.

We had taken various sweets and fruits with us in the carriage, and the journey, behind fast horses with now and then the sharp sound of the postillion's horn, was pleasant. At least it was for me. On the way Liza and Sonya had a misunderstanding, what it was

about, I don't know. At one of the stations, Mama, showing her displeasure, talked to them in a low voice.

When we arrived in Moscow we said good-bye to Marya Nikolayevna. Her parting with Mama was particularly moving. These two childhood friends were once more going their separate ways for a long and uncertain time. Much later, I discovered that during this conversation Marya Nikolayevna had made known to Mother her hope that her brother would marry into our family, without naming either of the sisters.

By evening we were home again. Father and the little boys greeted us joyfully, and a pleasant surprise was awaiting us. Brother Sasha, through with his term at summer encampment, had come home on leave.

"He will be my dearest and closest companion," I thought, "for just now I can be friends neither with Liza nor with Sonya." I decided that it would be well to leave my sisters in peace since "they were not themselves," and since the feeling of animosity between them, growing stronger each day, was very definite and extremely disagreeable to me. Klavdiya, unfortunately, was going away to her orphanage school.

20

At Pokrovskoye

THREE DAYS after Marya Nikolayevna's departure, Leo Nikolayevich walked out from Moscow to see us.

"Tomorrow there will be maneuvers beyond Petrovsky Park and the tsar will be there," he told us. "Let's go and see it."

We all agreed on the spot. My mother did not think it proper for young ladies, however, and my sisters and I were not allowed to go. Leo Nikolayevich stayed the night at Petrovskoye and, after coffee the next morning, he, with Pascault and my brothers, set out for Moscow on foot. We watched them go with envious eyes, but Mama's decision was irrevocable, however much we implored her. To her it seemed the height of impropriety to allow her daughters, young girls still, to go out alone with Leo Nikolayevich.

They returned home about five o'clock, and at dinner the conversation centered around the maneuvers.

"These maneuvers," Leo Nikolayevich told us, "took me back to the time of my own war experiences in the Caucasus. How momentous all this sort of thing seemed to me then. And I must admit that, even now, when the people shouted 'Hurrah,' when the military band played a march, and when the tsar, sitting so handsomely on his horse, reviewed the regiments, I felt a thrill of solemn excitement. My nose began to tickle, my throat was clogged with tears, the general swell of emotion communicated itself to me."

Listening to Leo Nikolayevich, I could almost see the majestic Alexander II on his white horse and feel the emotion of the crowd.

Whenever Leo Nikolayevich told a tender, moving story, he would usually change the subject abruptly to something droll. He did so now.

"And Pascault," he continued, "folded his arms on his breast as the tsar rode by us and kept repeating in a trembling, fervent voice 'Oh, the dear, good man! Oh, Lord God grant him a long life!'"

We couldn't hold back our laughter, for Leo Nikolayevich had given such a funny and touching picture of Pascault. We were afraid that Pascault would be offended, but he wasn't at all. He laughed heartily at Leo Nikolayevich's story.

We were now approaching the end of our stay at Pokrovskoye. Leo Nikolayevich came to see us usually three times a week. Sonya decided, finally, to let him read her story. After he had read it, Leo Nikolayevich made the following note in his private journal on August 26, 1862.

I walked out to the Bers'. It is peaceful there, and comfortable . . . What power for simplicity and truth . . . She is tortured by uncertainty. I read it all without discomposure, without feeling a pang of jealousy or envy, but "an unusually unattractive appearance" and "changeable attitudes" stung me thoroughly. My mind is put at rest, all this is not about me.

When he was young, Leo Nikolayevich was always tormented by his personal appearance. He was convinced that he was repulsively ugly. I have heard him say this more than once. Naturally, he did not realize that his charm lay in the spiritual strength which was ever visible in his searching, thoughtful gaze. He could not see or appreciate this expression in his own eyes, but in it lay all the charm of his face.

I remember how delightfully we spent those last August evenings

in Pokrovskoye. We gathered around the big table and listened while Leo Nikolayevich read aloud to us. He might well write "It is peaceful there, and comfortable."

I did not once observe that either Liza or Sonya sought to be alone with Leo Nikolayevich, or that he made any effort to single out either of them, in spite of the love which lay in all their hearts. Liza, however, unwilling to believe that Leo Nikolayevich loved Sonya, yet blamed her for the increasing intimacy between them. It seemed that Liza was intentionally deceiving herself, for in every conversation she had with Leo Nikolayevich she interpreted his words to her own advantage. She even asked my opinion of these conversations. To be quite frank, I was being evasive and refrained from telling her the truth. I concealed it and kept agreeing with her. I could not bear to wound her, calmly, voluntarily, for I loved her too much.

One day Sasha was sitting with me, toying with his guitar.

"Tanya," he said, "what are we going to do with Liza? 'Le comte' is obviously avoiding her."

"You've noticed it, too?" I asked. "He pulls such a long face when he's with her, and she, poor thing, doesn't see it!"

"I would like to have a little talk with her and tell her the truth," my brother said.

"Better not. Leave it alone," I told him.

"Well, then, what about our little Sonya? Polivanov will be coming here one of these days."

We both fell silent, not knowing what to say.

"Oh dear! Everything is getting so complicated, and I'm so weary of it."

"I don't want to think about them," I cried suddenly. "Come on, let's have a little music."

21

Leo Nikolayevich's Letter to Sonya

AFTER WE moved back to Moscow, we spent the first few days unpacking and putting things in order.

The 16th of September, the day before my mother's and Sonya's

nameday arrived On the 17th of September it was usual for many people to call on us during the day, and in the evening our relatives and close friends gathered in our home.

After dinner on the 16th, Leo Nikolayevich came to see us I noticed that he did not seem his usual self, that something was weighing on his mind He sat down at the piano, and without finishing what he had begun to play, he got up and paced about the room; then he went to Sonya and asked her to play a duet, but when she had taken her place at the piano, he said "Perhaps it would be better just to sit quietly"

They sat at the piano, and Sonya softly played over the waltz, "Il Bacio," practicing the accompaniment for the song

My eyes told me, and I could feel, that something important would take place today I was not sure, however, whether the evening would end with Leo Nikolayevich's departure or with a proposal

I was walking by the drawing room when Sonya called out to me.

"Tanya, come try the waltz I think I've learned the accompaniment"

It seemed to me that Leo Nikolayevich's restless, excited mood had taken hold of Sonya as well and that she was oppressed by it.

I agreed to sing the waltz, and took my place in the middle of the room, as I usually did Sonya played the accompaniment with unsteady hands Leo Nikolayevich was sitting beside her, I noticed an expression of annoyance on his face, and I thought that he was probably displeased that Sonya had made me sing I did not let it disturb me, for I was in voice and I went on singing, carried away by the delicate grace of the song Sonya lost a beat Leo Nikolayevich slipped inconspicuously into her place and continued the accompaniment At once my voice and the words of the song came to life.

I was paying no attention to the expression on Leo Nikolayevich's face or my sister's embarrassed confusion I was not aware of anything, for I had surrendered myself completely to the enchantment of the music When I reached the finale, in which appeal and forgiveness are so passionately expressed, my voice soared up and steadily held the high note which comes at the very end

"How beautifully you sing today!" Leo Nikolayevich said in a perturbed voice

His praise gratified me and, although I had not tried to do it, I had successfully dispelled his irritation

A musical mood cannot be produced at command. This is particularly true of singing, to which the singer must render up a little part of his own soul.

Some time later I discovered that while Leo Nikolayevich was accompanying me he had promised himself "If she takes that final high note well, then I shall deliver my letter today" (Several times when he came to our house he had brought a letter for my sister.) "If she does it badly, I shan't deliver it."

It was Leo Nikolayevich's habit to play this particular little game of chance with himself. He would ask himself "What shall I do?" or "What will happen?" and find the answer in his cards at solitaire or in some other trifling thing.

I was called away to serve tea. After a short time I saw Sonya, with a letter in her hand, pass swiftly by on her way downstairs to our room. Liza followed her, quietly and somewhat irresolutely, a few seconds later.

"My God!" I thought. "She'll interfere with Sonya. But how?" It wasn't quite clear to me yet. "She'll cry if it's a proposal."

I quickly put the tea things aside and rushed after her. I had not been wrong. Liza had just got downstairs and was knocking on the door of our room. Sonya had locked the door behind her.

"Sonya!" Liza cried out, almost screaming. "Open this door; open it at once! I must see you . . ."

The door was opened slowly.

"Sonya, what has 'le comte' written to you? Tell me!"

Sonya stood there without saying a word, holding the half-read letter in her hand.

"Tell me this minute! What has the count written to you?" Liza cried out again in an imperious high-pitched voice.

By the sound of her voice I could tell that she was nearing hysteria. I had never seen her like this before.

"He has proposed to me," Sonya answered softly, obviously frightened by Liza's mood, yet at the same time she was living through those happy moments of serene satisfaction which only come with the assurance of returned love.

"Refuse him! Refuse him instantly!" screamed Liza, and there was a sob in her voice.

Sonya was silent. Realizing her helpless position, I ran off to get Mother. I myself was powerless to help them, but I did realize that every moment was precious. I knew that Leo Nikolayevich was wait-

ing upstairs for his answer and that he must know nothing about Liza and the state she was in

Mama went downstairs and finally succeeded in calming Liza

I did not go down with Mama but went straight to her room after the keys To my complete surprise, Leo Nikolayevich was there, leaning against the stove, his hands behind his back I can see him now His face was serious and seemed paler than usual There was a rapt, intent expression in his eyes I had thought Mother's room was empty and I was a little flustered at finding Leo Nikolayevich there I walked by him and could not make up my mind to tell him that tea was ready

"Where is Sofya Andreyevna?" he asked

"She's downstairs She'll probably be coming up right away"

He did not speak again, and I went on into the dining room

I quote Leo Nikolayevich's letter

SOFYA ANDREYEVNA

I can bear this no longer Every day for three weeks I have said to myself "Today I shall say it all," and every day I have gone away with the same longing, remorse, fear and happiness in my heart And each night, even now, I examine the past, torment myself and say "Why haven't I spoken?" and I repeat to myself how I should say it and what I should say I will take this letter with me to give to you if I should again find no opportunity or be unable to get up my courage to tell you everything

The mistaken view your family has of me, as I see it, consists in their belief that I am in love with your sister Liza This is not so Your story stuck in my mind for the reason that, having read it, I was convinced that it ill became me, Dublitsky, to dream of happiness, that your perfect and poetic demands of love that I did not envy and would not envy the man you might love. It seemed to me that I could rejoice over you as I would over children.

In Ivitsy I wrote "Your presence reminds me too sharply of my age and the impossibility of happiness, that is, of you" But then, and later on, I lied to myself At that time I could still have cut everything short and could have again entered my own cloister of solitary work and absorption in my task

Now I can do nothing I feel that I have created confusion in your family and that my simple, precious relations with you, as with a friend, an honest person, are lost to me. I cannot go away, and I dare not stay.

You are an honest person, with your hand on your heart and not hastily, for the love of God, not hastily, tell me what am I to do. He who laughs must pay for it I would have died with laughter if a month ago someone had told me that it is possible to suffer as I am suffering, and gladly suffering, at this moment

Tell me, as an honest person—do you wish to be my wife? But only say “Yes” if you can say it boldly and with your whole heart, otherwise, if there is a shadow of a doubt in your mind, it would be better to say “No.” For the love of God, question yourself well. It would be terrible for me to hear “No,” but I anticipate it and will find strength within myself to bear it. But if, as a husband, I will not be loved as I love—that would be dreadful.

Sonya, having read the letter, passed by me on her way upstairs to Mother’s room, where, she no doubt knew, Leo Nikolayevich would wait for her. Sonya went to him, she told me later, and said “Of course, ‘Yes!’”

In a few minutes the congratulations and good wishes began.

Liza did not join us, and Papa, since he was not feeling well, had shut himself away in his study. My feelings were divided. I was distressed for Liza and happy for Sonya. In my heart I acknowledged that it would be utterly impossible for Liza to be Leo Nikolayevich’s wife, for the two of them were so ill-suited, so utterly different.

In our home the next morning, in spite of the namedays, there was a feeling of an approaching storm. Mother told my father about Leo Nikolayevich’s proposal, and he was extremely displeased. He did not want to give his consent for, added to the fact that he grieved for Liza, he did not like it at all that the younger daughter was marrying before the eldest. According to old customs, such a thing was considered a disgrace for the eldest daughter. Father said that he would not permit this marriage.

Mama, knowing my father’s temperament, left him in peace and asked Liza to bring him around. In the way Liza met this situation, she gave evidence of remarkable nobility and tact. She calmed Father, telling him that one could not stand in the way of Fate, that she wished happiness for Sonya, and that once she knew Leo Nikolayevich loved Sonya, it would be easy for her to achieve indifference toward him.

Father softened when he saw Sonya’s tears, and consented to the marriage.

22

The Wedding of Leo Nikolayevich

ON THE afternoon of the 17th of September, 1862, our table was laid with cakes, chocolate, and other dainties which go with festive days

I remember how my sisters looked that afternoon, as if it were only yesterday. As usual, they were dressed alike, and that day they wore light mauve and white *barège* gowns, half-opened at the neck and mauve bows on the bodice and at the shoulders. Both of them were paler than usual, and their eyes looked tired. But in spite of this, with their hair piled high on their heads, they were beautiful in their holiday finery.

I was almost always made to wear white, which offended me deeply.

Of all of us, I alone had slept that night, an undisturbed, happy carefree girl. Mother and my sisters, I discovered, had spent a wakeful night.

Around two o'clock people began to drop in with good wishes. When they expressed their congratulations to Mama and Sonya on their nameday, Mama would say, "You may also congratulate us on the occasion of our daughter's betrothal." Many people, before Mama had time to name the daughter, turned to offer their good wishes to Liza, and this created an awkward situation. Liza would blush and point to Sonya. Even our closest friends showed surprised faces at that, everyone was so sure that Liza was the betrothed. To my relief, Mama noticed the strain and altered the form of her announcement of the engagement.

To all this there was added another complication. Polivanov, arriving unexpectedly, strode into the drawing room, gay and resplendent in his uniform of the Guards. My heart missed a beat. Sonya was painfully embarrassed, but she did not move from her chair. Mama did not tell him about the betrothal.

"Mama was right when she said that he is a 'young man.' He's completely grown up," I thought, looking at him.

In a few minutes, my brother Sasha took him into the study and

told him about Sonya's engagement. According to Sasha, he received the news with remarkable restraint. Sonya snatched a moment and left the drawing room to have a few words with him. I remember that this meeting tortured and upset her. I suffered for both of them. I remember only his words:

"I knew," Polivanov said, "that you would not stay true to me. I felt it."

Sonya replied that there was only one man for whom she could forsake him and that man was Leo Nikolayevich. She told him that she had written to him in Petersburg about it, but he had not received the letter.

In spite of the fact that we urged him, Polivanov refused to stay with us, as he usually did when he came.

I couldn't bear to sit calmly in the drawing room. My heart ached for Polivanov. I remembered how he loved our house, how completely relaxed and refreshed he was when he was with us, how, during his visits, we had concocted something different every day to amuse ourselves. I constructed a vivid picture in my mind of Polivanov, lonely and sad, oppressed by an involuntary feeling of resentment.

I could endure it no longer. I ran to Papa's study where Polivanov was talking with my brother. I did not know what I would say to him, but I felt that I must say something.

"Dear, sweet Polivanov," I began, "why are you leaving us? We're all—all of us as fond of you as ever. We're so glad to have you—Mama and everyone," I babbled disconnectedly, but for all that, sincerely.

He rose from the divan, for I was standing directly in front of him, and without saying a word he took my hand and raised it to his lips. His eyes were filled with tears. The sight of them was enough to make me burst out crying.

"You are a true friend," he said, "and I shall always remember this."

"Please stay," I repeated.

"I can't. I mustn't," he replied. "I'll come for Christmas."

"For Christmas," I echoed. "And Sasha Kuzminsky writes that he is coming too. How lovely it will be! Promise you'll come?"

"Of course, he's coming," my brother interposed. "We'll make him give us his word."

I was called back to the drawing room. Polivanov went down—

stairs to greet Vera Ivanovna, whom he loved dearly Nurse told him how all this had come about

Leo Nikolayevich came for dinner, and Papa had persuaded Polivanov to stay I noticed that Polivanov's arrival gave Leo Nikolayevich an unpleasant shock I was in the habit of trying to read his expressions, and once more I saw disdainful annoyance in his face

The Perfilyev family and Sergey Nikolayevich, Leo Nikolayevich's brother, dined with us that evening, along with some other close friends All together there were about twenty people around our table Toasts were drunk to Mama's and Sonya's nameday and to the engaged couple And again I suffered for Polivanov as if he were my own brother Polivanov left us after dinner, and I began to feel more cheerful

The young Perfilyevs, friends of Leo Nikolayevich, and Timiryazev, who was to be his best man, arrived, and somebody started us singing, so I felt quite happy again It was late by this time, but no one made a move to leave I was very tired and sleepy I sat down on a settee in the drawing room, propped my elbows on the soft arm of the sofa, and dropped off to sleep I don't know how long I dozed, but when I opened my eyes, Sonya, Leo Nikolayevich, and his brother were standing in front of the sofa, smiling down at me When I had awakened and recovered my senses, I was overcome with embarrassment Still smiling, the three of them left me I was in anguish at the thought that I had fallen asleep, and later I asked Sonya

"Was my mouth open while I was sleeping, Sonya?"

"Open! Wide open!" Sonya teased me, laughing

"Oh dear, oh dear!" I cried "And you didn't wake me!"

I was brokenhearted, for I thought that I must have looked very ugly, sleeping with my mouth open

"I wanted to wake you, but Sergey Nikolayevich said 'Don't! Leave her in peace Just see, Lyovochka,' he said, 'she's really fallen asleep, soundly asleep'"

"Now, see what you've done," I reproached her "What must he think of me now! This is dreadful," I cried in despair

"Why should it matter to you," Sonya said, "what he thinks?"

"But it does matter—he's so very nice"

"Well, don't worry," Sonya said "Although he was not serious, but he did say to 'le comte' 'Wait a little before you marry, Lyo-

vochka, and you and I can marry the two sisters on the same day ' "

"You're making this up, Sonya," I said

"No, I'm not! It's the truth! 'Le comte' told me and he was laughing about it. Of course, Sergey Nikolayevich said it for a joke "

Late that night, when I went to bed, I thought about Sergey Nikolayevich. "Oh, how stupidly I talked to him. When he asked me if I read a lot, I said 'No, I have my lessons to do,' just like a silly little girl. And my hair wasn't even done up *à la grèque* today. That's Mama's fault—she wouldn't let me do it "

Sonya and Liza went to bed in silence. Since that last scene between them, they avoided each other.

Leo Nikolayevich came again the next morning. He insisted that the wedding take place in a week, but Mama wouldn't hear of it.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Her trousseau has to be made," Mama explained.

"What for? She already has plenty of finery. Why does she need more?"

Leo Nikolayevich was so stubborn in his insistence that Mama finally had to agree, and the wedding date was set for September 23rd.

The week of the engagement went by in great activity and confusion. Congratulations, arrangements for the wedding, dress-makers, bonbons, presents—all flashed by in rapid succession. Leo Nikolayevich suggested to me that we begin to address each other as "thou." * I agreed and we drank to it, according to custom. Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich, however, still addressed each other with a formal "you." All day long and through the evening guests were in our home. Afanasy Afanasevich Fet came too and stayed to dinner. He was a brilliant conversationalist, witty and interesting.

I reveled in all the activity. Lessons were dispensed with, and I spent almost all day with my brother Sasha. Mama usually took us with her when she went out to the shops.

September 23rd came. That morning Leo Nikolayevich arrived without warning. He went straight to our room. Liza was not at home. I greeted him and went off upstairs. A few minutes later I caught sight of Mama and told her that Leo Nikolayevich was in the house. She was surprised and very displeased, it was not the custom for the bridegroom to see his bride on the day of the wedding.

* "Thou" is the familiar form of address used by the Russians between intimate friends and relatives.—Ed.

Mama went downstairs and found Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich together in a confusion of trunks, traveling cases, and Sonya's scattered belongings. Sonya was weeping bitterly, but Mama did not stop to discover the reason for her tears. She chided Leo Nikolayevich rather severely for coming, and insisted that he leave immediately. He did so.

Sonya told me that he had not slept all night long, that he had been tormented by doubts. He questioned her insistently, if she really loved him, if, perhaps, she were troubled by memories of the past and of Polivanov, and, in that case it would be better and more honest for them to part. However much Sonya tried, she could not calm him. Her moral strength had been strained to the limit of endurance, and when my mother appeared she burst into tears.

The wedding was to be at eight o'clock in the evening in the Court Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. Leo Nikolayevich's aunt, Pelageya Ilyinichna Yushkova, his father's sister, the young Perfilyevs, who took the place of his parents in the ceremony, and his best man, Timiryazev, represented Leo Nikolayevich at the ceremony. Sergey Nikolayevich left for Yasnaya to welcome the newly married couple home.

At seven o'clock that evening, Sonya's bridesmaids and I dressed for the ceremony. Liza went away to dress in Mother's room. "Now why did she do that?" I thought. "The others will realize that she and Sonya are on bad terms." However, I did not dare say anything to her about it.

But when the clock struck eight, Leo Nikolayevich's best man had not yet arrived. Sonya was dressed and sat waiting, silent and agitated. I knew that the memory of the morning's uncompleted conversation was causing her anguish. She was going through torturing doubts which were actually groundless. The bell in the entrance hall sounded. I ran to see who was ringing. Leo Nikolayevich's servant, Aleksey, entered, his face anxious.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was in such a hurry I forgot to keep out a clean shirt for the count," Aleksey explained. "The *dormeuse* * is here so I'll have to take the trunk down from the top of the carriage. I've come to get a lantern."

I hurried off to calm Sonya.

An hour and a half later we were in the church. It was crowded

* A coach with sleeping accommodations —Ed

with guests who had been invited and outsiders. Leo Nikolayevich looked formal and elegant in his evening dress. When the bride entered, the choir burst forth, loudly and solemnly, into "Come, Oh Dove."

Sonya's face, covered with gossamer veiling, was pale yet beautiful. Her long dress and train made her seem taller. My parents were not in the church. Liza was grave. Her thin lips were pressed tightly together and she looked at no one. Polivanov, at Mother's request, had agreed to be "bride's man" for Sonya. He was calm, and took his turn with Sasha to hold the crowns over the heads of the bride and groom.

I watched everything closely, listening to the harmonious singing of the choir. The prayers moved me. I prayed for Sonya, for Polivanov and Liza, but my heart was troubled. In spite of Mama's efforts to shield me from painful experiences, the unconscious anxiety which arose from everything my sisters had lived through during the past week had left its mark on me.

The service was over and we were at home again. After the congratulations had been received, after the wedding supper and champagne and the rest, Sonya went downstairs to change to her new, dark-blue traveling dress. Leo Nikolayevich was in a hurry to get away as early as possible. Our elderly maid, Varvara, whom Mama had decided to give up to Sonya, was to go with them. I couldn't picture to myself that tomorrow Sonya would not be with us, and could not yet feel all the bitterness of the parting.

The carriage, drawn by six horses, with a postillion, stood waiting at the porch. Mama fussed around Sonya. Papa was in his study, for he had not yet fully recovered from his illness, although it was not serious. Leo Nikolayevich and Sonya went there to say good-bye to him. At Mother's request we observed the custom of sitting down quietly for a moment to say a prayer before the journey.

The farewells began. Mama did not cry, but Sonya was in tears when Mama kissed her and made the sign of the cross over her. All the servants came up to say good-bye to Sonya.

It was a fresh, rainy September evening. We all went out on the porch to wish Godspeed to the newlyweds. I was the last to say farewell to Sonya, as I had wished it to be.

"No good-byes," Sonya said through her tears. "You will be coming to see us."

They took their seats in the carriage. Aleksey slammed the car

riage door behind them and perched himself on the high, rear seat where Varvara was already sitting. The horses moved off. And a sound, something between a moan and a loud cry trembled in the air. It expressed the fear and suffering of a wounded heart.

"Why, it's Mama," I thought in a flash, "who is always so calm and collected. What does it mean?"

An overpowering pity stirred in my heart, but I did not go to her. How could I possibly take Sonya's place? I felt I could not do it.

I ran to my room and, still in my wedding finery, I threw myself on my bed and burst into bitter tears. Sonya's wedding dress lay in a heap on the divan. Her deserted bed spoke vividly of our separation, of my loneliness, and added to my grief.

The door opened softly and Liza entered, silhouetted in the dim light of the icon lamp.

"Tanya," she said, touching my shoulder, "would you like to be friends with me?"

23

After the Wedding

AFTER SONYA'S wedding, life returned to its ordinary course. My father improved in health and began to go out again. Mama was busy, as before, and seemed calm. Only now and then I saw her with tear-reddened eyes and noticed a sad expression on her face. At home, after the two weeks in which our life had been all turmoil and confusion, everything was again being put in order.

My brother Sasha had succeeded in getting his promotion earlier than was usual, and he left to join an artillery unit in the little town of Varky in Poland. I could hardly bear to part with him.

And Liza? Her pride had been hurt. She considered it humiliating to reveal her feelings by grieving. She immersed herself in her studies and in reading. At Father's insistence, she began to go out into society. She talked about Leo Nikolayevich only with me, and that rarely. In her words, there was always an involuntary note of condemnation toward Sonya and hostility toward Leo Nikolayevich.

After several days my parents and I received a letter from Yasnaya Polyana. Unfortunately, the letter to my parents has not been preserved.

The following is the letter to me

How are you, my sweet Tatyanka? I am often sad that you are not here with me. In spite of the fact that life is simply wonderful, things would be still better if I could hear your sweet nightingale voice, if I could sit and gossip with you as we used to do.

Natalya Petrovna is quite crazy about you. She talks about you perpetually, which makes me very happy. Yesterday she greeted me with the words, "Why haven't you brought my little one with you?" She asked me to tell you that she sends you a thousand kisses and that she is waiting impatiently for you to come to Yasnaya. Write me soon, darling Tanya, and tell me how everything is at home and what you are all doing. Is everyone well? And happy? But be sure and tell me the truth. Read my letter to mother and father and you will see how I have spent my time here since yesterday. I haven't yet got quite used to things. It still seems strange to me that when I am at Yasnaya, I am at home.

Yesterday we had our first tea upstairs around the samovar, as it should be in a happy family. Auntie is so pleased, Servozha is so nice, and as for Lyovochka, I have no words. I am frightened and abashed that he loves me so much. Tatyana, why should he, tell me?

What do you think? Could he stop loving me?

I am afraid to think of the future. This is no mere idle dream as in my maiden days—I know well what life has in store for me and am only afraid something might go wrong. Oh well, what's the use, little one, you don't understand this, when you get married you will understand. We talk about you a great deal, for you are a general favorite. Seryozha asked many questions about you, and I told him that along with the gay, carefree side of your nature you have another, serious, sensible side. Lyovochka told him that you looked very elegant and a perfect woman of the world at our wedding. You see how much they talk about you here. Tatyanka, I have such a room—it is delightful. Everything is cozy and beautiful. I'm not yet completely settled, there are still a few trifles to take care of. It is very pleasant to unpack little by little. See here, Tanya my love, send me my low, warm boots without fail. I am lost without them. It is impossible to go walking in high boots and frosts are already at hand. Oh yes, and I forgot my powder. There is no place to get it here and it isn't worth while to buy it in Tula. Send all this with the dowry. Don't forget, little one, please—I need these things.

And now, farewell, my sweet. We didn't kiss each other often when

we were together, but I am really going to do it this time. I send you a big kiss Lyovochka wants to write to you and I must leave room for him

I sign importantly, for the first time,

your sister,

COUNTESS SONYA TOLSTAYA

(September 25, 1862)

Leo Nikolayevich's postscript follows

If you ever lose this letter, our charming Tanechka, I shan't forgive you for a lifetime Do me a favor Read this letter and send it back to me Do you feel how wonderful and touching it all is—the thoughts about the future and the powder It makes me sad that even this little bit of her has gone away from me

And it's true that there is a large bit of her which does not belong to me—her love for her family and especially for you It is surprising to me that I am not jealous It must be because I know that one can't help loving you and your dear mother

Good-bye, little one May God grant you just such happiness as I am having There can be no higher

Today she is wearing a cap with crimson ribbons—and it's not bad This morning she played at being grown-up and mistress of the house—and she did it brilliantly, very much like the real thing Farewell This letter makes me feel that it is easy for me, and a pleasure, to write to you I will write you often I love you very much—very much I know that you, like Sonya, love to be loved. That is why I write

L. TOLSTOY

He did write often, but unfortunately many of the letters have been lost Some were forwarded to my brother and were not returned And many, because of my youth, I didn't save myself Now, mainly the playful letters are left, while my brother had the interesting ones which describe the life of the young Tolstoys

This letter gave me great happiness It made me feel how much he loved Sonya and how happy they must be

In my imagination I pictured the dining room at Yasnaya with Sonya behind the samovar in her little cap with crimson ribbons, and with the expression on her face which she assumed when she was being modest and submissive and which I called "persecuted innocence." Strangely enough, I never pictured her as she some-

times used to be—a lively, quick, merry girl with a tilt to her head

For a long time I could not get used to the emptiness which Sonya had left at home and in my heart when she went away. It had been my habit to confide everything to her when I went to bed, now I was gloomy and silent. At the table, where always before I had sat next to her, I now had my German governess. Going for walks, going to the theater, driving out—none of these things amused me, for I felt my loneliness.

Although Liza treated me with tender care, she had not yet succeeded in establishing a real confidence between us. I still did not understand her, for she always kept apart from us. And moreover, the hostile relations between my two sisters always stood in the way of my becoming really close to Liza.

I had just turned sixteen. I began to study voice and to wear dresses that were *almost* long, and little by little I went out to small evening parties and to dancing classes with Liza.

My brother Pyotr, who had just entered his fifteenth year, was growing up to be an intelligent, calm, and very pleasant lad.

Hummel, a German mathematics teacher, gave lessons to both of us. He had been engaged for my brother, but I begged him to accept me as a pupil, to which he readily agreed. I was very much taken with mathematics, and this surprised my parents. They said it was not at all like me. After class, my brother and I usually went to the Presnya ponds to skate. The winter went by in this way. We were expecting the Tolstoys to come to Moscow for the Christmas holidays.

Father, having entered into a correspondence with Leo Nikolayevich, began to have a completely different attitude toward him. Papa saw that Liza was calm, busy, and even happy (or as much as it was in her character to be so), and he became reconciled to the fact that it had been Sonya, and not Liza, who had married Leo Nikolayevich. He loved Sonya tenderly, and now, when he read letters describing their happy life, he developed a sincere love for Leo Nikolayevich and admired his talent. This is clear from Father's letters. I was very happy at this change.

Mother remained the same as always. Her attitude toward Leo Nikolayevich was somehow patronizing. She did not feel either worship or extreme admiration for him. She called him "Lyovochka" as she had done in her childhood, but she was more tender to Sonya than to him.

I received letters from my brother Sasha describing his life. He grumbled sometimes about his environment, about the interests, alien to him, that engrossed his comrades in the regiment. There was no kind of society there, and he longed for his family. His sole diversion was hunting of all kinds. He wrote about his life to Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich, and on October 28, 1864, Leo Nikolayevich answered him:

You describe your life in a Jewish hamlet and, will you believe it, I'm envious. Oh, how good it is at your age to stay alone, face to face with yourself, particularly when you are in a group of artillery officers. They are not so bad and you are not alone, but with people whom you will get to know through and through and with whom you will become friends. And all this is pleasant and profitable. Do you play chess? I can't imagine life without chess, books and hunting. If there should be a war to boot, then it would be quite perfect. I am very happy, but when I imagine your life, it seems to me that the greatest happiness lies in being nineteen years old, in riding on horseback by one's artillery platoon, in lighting up a cigarette from the linstock which the fourth gunner, some Sakharchenko fellow or other, is presenting to you, and thinking, "If they all only knew what a fine fellow I am!" Farewell, dear friend. Write often.

Christmas drew near and I grew more impatient with every day to see the Tolstoys, my brother, and especially Kuzminsky. I had mentioned my correspondence with him, and now he was writing to me from Volhynia Province where he was spending part of the autumn. I remember that one of his letters stirred up a disagreeable feeling of resentment in me. He wrote about the beauty of the Southern people and mentioned particularly the Ukrainian women. In the evenings they would come to his office, where he often spent his time immersed in his new role of landowner.

Another of his letters increased that feeling of hostility. He wrote that he had become acquainted with his neighbors, Count Berzhinsky and his wife. He described the fine arrangement of their estate, their stables of thoroughbred horses, their elegant Polish harnesses, and the Countess Berzhinskaya herself in rapturous terms. He wrote that she was a beautiful woman, perhaps thirty-two or thirty-three years old, with large eyes and a light, easy carriage. He said that even in the country she always wore long gloves.

when she went out, and when they had someone to dine with them, she wore a low-necked gown

None of this pleased me, but I didn't wish to write anything unkind to him, besides, I couldn't pick a quarrel with his frank description. And as always, when something happened which troubled me, I turned to Mother

"Mama, do you think it's possible that Sasha can fall in love with this Berzhinskaya woman?" I asked, uneasily. "Do you think he won't come for Christmas then?"

"Of course he'll come. You're always imagining the Lord only knows what, and all to no purpose. She is much older than he is, and she's married."

"Yes, that's true," I said, my fears calmed. "She is already rather old."

A woman of thirty always seems old to a sixteen-year-old girl. One curtsies to her, offers one's chair to her, and she always sits in the parlor with the grownups. All these things make her old in the eyes of a young girl.

One day I talked with Liza about the coming visit of the Tolstoy's, and I asked her how she felt about it.

"I'll avoid Leo Nikolayevich," she said. "They won't be staying with us. Sonya wrote that they wouldn't. And it will be unpleasant for me to see him, and Sonya too."

"Amazing," I thought, "that one could possibly avoid them or not love them, particularly Leo Nikolayevich. He is such an exceptional man."

No doubt the thought of how he would meet Liza had occurred to Leo Nikolayevich, and it obviously troubled him, for Liza, quite unexpectedly, received a letter from him. He wrote

I am so grateful to you, my dear Liza, for sending Luther to me. But why do I address you so formally? Let us begin by writing in a more familiar fashion, so that it will be completely natural when we meet. That is, of course, if you agree and will permit it.

I am even more grateful that you promise to keep on working for my little magazine. But just now, I don't want to speak about this, for I don't wish to spoil the unselfish motive, the simple, friendly impulse which calls forth this letter. To tell you the truth, my magazine is beginning to be a burden to me, particularly the pressing obligations which go with it—students, proofreading, and so forth. I have such a longing

now for leisurely work "de longue haleine"*—such as a novel or something like that.

My life is wonderful now, and I indulge the hope that Sonya feels the same

How are things with you? Before our departure, you were "en train" to burdening yourself with all possible tasks and duties This is admirable and suits you well I wish you success

I kiss your hand Please forsake your habit of not writing letters

Your brother,

L. TOLSTOY

After she had read this letter, Liza grew pensive and sat for a long time over it, smiling sadly

"Why did Leo Nikolayevich tell her that his life is wonderful?" I thought. "And still more, why did he mention that he hopes Sonya feels the same This can't be very pleasant for Liza How could he not realize this?"

On the whole, his letter did not please me, for I felt the lack of his usual simplicity in it "All is completely unnatural, completely artificial," I said to myself But, happily, I did not mention my criticism in writing back to him

Leo Nikolayevich and Sonya together wrote me an absurd, gay letter

(Leo Nikolayevich) Tatyana, dear friend, pity me, for I have a silly "sil" wife I pronounce it just as you do.

(Sonya) He's the silly one, Tanya.

(L. N.) This news that we are both foolish must grieve you sorely But after you have grieved, you may be comforted, we are both very satisfied in our stupidity and don't wish to be different

(Sonya) But I want him to be intelligent.

(L. N.) Now she's embarrassed me. Can you feel how we rock with laughter all this while? I am sorry that you have had to have your tonsils cut out—will you send me a piece? Or have they already been taken to Vagankov cemetery and laid to rest under a cross with the inscription

Here lie the tonsils of Tanya,

Passerby, please have a look

Unbutton your vest for a comfortable breath,

But don't think to rest in this nook.

* Of a sustained nature.

Sonya says that it is shocking to write you in such a vein. She's right. Well then, listen to me and I shall speak seriously.

The part in your letter where you tell how you imagined that Sonya, without her husband and in her traveling dress, the Perfilyevs, and I were standing before you in the darkness was charming.

I saw in this your wonderful, sweet nature with its laughter and its basic poetic seriousness. There is no other Tanya, but it's true that she is hard to please and that there is no better admirer than—

L. TOLSTOY

I kiss Mama's hand and embrace Papa, the children and Sasha.

Papa wanted the Tolstoyes to stay with us when they came to Moscow, but, fearing an awkward situation when the two sisters and Leo Nikolayevich met, he wrote Sonya on the 5th of October:

Do me a favor, my angel, and write Liza a tender letter. I can see that she is hoping and waiting for this. Forget all the unpleasantness which has taken place between you. You are so kind that you needn't keep it in your mind. She, too, wants you to stay with us very much, and you will see how warmly she will embrace you both. She is completely calm and has reasoned everything so intelligently that I can't rejoice enough over her. You may be sure that she rejoices from the depths of her heart at your happiness. . . .

While Papa was writing this letter, I went into his study for some reason or other.

"Tanya, come here," Papa said. "Let me read you what I've written to Sonya about Liza and what I say to persuade them to stay with us."

Papa read the entire letter. When he came to the place where he said that Liza had forgotten everything and rejoiced over Sonya's happiness, I interrupted him.

"Papa, Liza isn't glad about Sonya's happiness at all, and she doesn't want them to stay with us," I observed.

"What are you saying? You're mistaken. She feels very kindly toward the Tolstoyes," Papa said.

"She tries, perhaps, to feel kindly toward them, but she isn't very successful at it," I countered. "And this warmhearted feeling would seem very odd coming from her."

"It wouldn't be in the least odd. It would be completely natural. Liza is sensible and kind. But if you'll babble this nonsense, you will injure their relations," Father replied.

I could see that Father was angry and I held my tongue

A few days after he had sent this letter, Liza received a very tender note from Sonya, which she accepted with a certain mistrust

"She doesn't really feel what she has written," Liza remarked to me "She just knows how to say things prettily"

Liza gave the letter to my parents to read, and Father was very pleased

Some time later, still not having received an answer to her letter, Sonya wrote my brother Sasha about her life at Yasnaya Polyana, and among other things she mentioned Liza I quote a few lines from her letter of October 19, 1862

Today I received two whole parcels of letters from home, and I almost went out of my mind with delight I laughed with joy before I began reading them Everything at home is perfect God grant that it may always be so I haven't heard from Liza, although I have written her, and Lyovochka too. What is she doing with her time? I think about her often, and I picture her as she has been lately I was dreadfully sorry for her

Today we went for a stroll and had a little drive in the carryall with all the children We did all kinds of jolly things like singing songs and running They are no more shy with me than they are with Lyovochka I am great friends with all of them, but especially with the little girls I go to the school quite often, and sometimes I correct their little compositions, or help them with their sums or division I try to get an understanding of the way the school is run in order to help my husband

I am living in a completely different world here—a world which is wonderful in its own way and one which you city people don't understand

But I must say farewell, Sasha God grant you all the best . . . !

24

The Christmas Holidays

WE WERE all gathered together when the Christmas holidays, 1862, arrived My brother Sasha, Kuzminsky, Polivanov, and Klavdiya had come to be with us. The one thing which saddened

me was that Polivanov had come from Petersburg for only three days

The Tolstoys arrived on December 23rd and took rooms at Chevrier's inn, in Gazetny Lane I found that Sonya had grown thinner and paler because of her condition, but she was still her charming, lively self Leo Nikolayevich and I greeted each other in a friendly way, for we already used the familiar pronoun I watched Liza closely Her usual calm self-assurance came to her aid and she was able to summon greater naturalness in her relations with Leo Nikolayevich than he could show toward her She began immediately to address him familiarly, which obviously pleased him

We saw one another almost every day Friends and acquaintances of Leo Nikolayevich called on them continually and, while in Moscow, their life fell into the pattern of a fashionable, city existence

Leo Nikolayevich wanted Sonya to make calls on a few of his closest acquaintances A comical misunderstanding arose as a result of the preparations and the discussions about how to dress and what to wear

A new hat had been delivered to Sonya from one of the shops According to the style of that time, the hat was very high in front, covered the ears, and tied under the chin While Sonya was trying it on, Leo Nikolayevich chanced to come into the room He was indescribably horrified at Sonya's appearance

"What," he exclaimed, "is Sonya going out to make calls in that Tower of Babel?"

"They wear them like that now," Mama answered calmly

"Really now, this thing is a monstrosity!" Leo Nikolayevich said. "Why can't she wear her fur cap?"

Mama in turn became indignant.

"What is the matter with you, Lyovochka, for heaven's sake! If a woman paid a call wearing a cap, and especially for her first visit, everyone would criticize her"

"But she won't be able to climb into the carriage," I teased, laughing, amused by their conversation "The other day I got caught against the roof of the carriage and my hat fell off"

Sonya stood before the mirror, laughing to herself She liked the white hat with its white feathers which were set off so beautifully by her dark hair and, having seen such hats last year, she had already grown used to the abnormal height

"And everyone wears hats like this," she consoled herself

Sonya, feeling ill because of her condition, had consented reluctantly to make the calls Still she yielded to her husband's wishes and made the rounds Later she wrote in her diary that she had been overcome by confusion She felt timid because Leo Nikolayevich might not approve of her and because she thought he might be ashamed of her "In consequence, I took too much pains," she added

Among others, Sonya mentioned the three sisters of D A Dyakov, a dear friend of Leo Nikolayevich, and of whom I shall speak later "We went to see Princess Aleksandra A Obolenskaya, Marya A Sukhotina, and Yelizaveta A Zhemchuzhnikova," Sonya wrote "The first two sisters assumed a tone of contempt toward the young and silly wife of their former adorer and guest, Leo Tolstoy"

Some time later, when I became acquainted with the sisters, I didn't notice anything of the sort Both of them made a good impression on me and I realized that Sonya was jealous This trait in her character was clearly evident throughout her entire life

Leo Nikolayevich remarked in his diary that he was happy that everyone was charmed with his wife

They went often to concerts, theaters, and museums, and more than once I was allowed to go with them Leo Nikolayevich, in addition to the social round, frequented the libraries searching for various memoirs and novels which might concern the Decembrists He had barely sent his two stories, *The Cossacks* and *Polikushka*, to the printers, when a new seed of creative power began to stir in him He conceived the idea to write a novel about the Decembrists, for he idealized these men and was generally fond of that period Out of this little seed of "The Decembrists," the timeless, sublime oak tree, *War and Peace*, emerged.

During the Christmas holidays our friends, the Bibikovs, held the usual dancing class They enlarged it, however, and made it quite like a real ball All the young people in our house went to the party Bibikov was married to a daughter of the famous Decembrist, Muravyev, and Leo Nikolayevich decided to make his appearance that evening He arrived after the dancing had begun I saw him talking with Sofya Nikitichna Bibikova, and I saw her show him a portrait of her father I didn't hear what they were discussing, for at that moment I was completely carried away by the mazurka I was dancing with Kuzminsky

That Christmas holiday was uninterrupted joy for me. I was conscious that, at sixteen, I was living my happiest, most carefree years. In the mornings I awakened in the sunniest frame of mind, and I went to sleep at night with a thankful prayer to God for all he had given me. I felt in my heart that overflow of love toward all and everything which brings the best happiness in life. Kuzminsky and I were more friendly than ever. If I had been told then, that not later than spring my feelings would change, I would not have believed it. My fear about the Ukrainian woman and the Countess Berzhinskaya had flown far, far into the distance.

On the next day we were invited to the Tolstoys' for dinner. I was exceedingly proud that only Kuzminsky and I had been invited to an "important literary dinner," as I thought of it then. Fet, Grigorovich, Ostrovsky and the two of us were the guests and the dinner was very gay and full of interest. Fet was witty and clever as usual, and Leo Nikolayevich chimed in. We laughed at any kind of nonsense. For example, Leo Nikolayevich remarked, while offering the compote "Fet, faites-moi le plaisir." When the white wine was being tasted for approval, someone said of the wine merchant "Deprêt n'est bon que de loin" *.

Ostrovsky, speaking about his latest play, said that he always had Akimova in his mind when writing and intended the part for her. He particularly praised Sadovsky's and Akimova's performances.

I remember how Grigorovich told us that when he was writing and was displeased with his work, he was gripped by insomnia.

Afanasy Afanasevich Fet slowly muttered something to himself, as he always did before he began some story or poem, and then recited "Sleeplessness," a poem he had written not long before.

"From my longing my soul knows no rest
My breast yearns for the freshness of night,
Windows wide . . . I cannot sink to sleep,
O'er the brook in the copse 'til the dawn
Nightingales pour out rapturous songs, . . ."

We urged Fet to recite the entire poem. These first few lines charmed me particularly, and they remained in my memory.

In the evening our German governess came for Kuzminsky and me, for we were to go to a party. We had enjoyed ourselves so

* "Deprêt is only good at a distance." Translated into English the name Deprêt (de près) means "near"—Ed.

thoroughly at the Tolstoy family that I was sorry to leave so soon. At first I had been abashed by the unfamiliar company, all of whom seemed extremely serious and learned to me. I was tormented at the thought that no one would take notice of me, that, because of my age, I would have to sit in silence at the table, and it seemed to me that all this would humiliate me before Kuzminsky. "He might think I don't know how to be charming, that I'm still a child and that I behave like one," I said to myself. All went happily for me, however. I sat between Sonya and Fet, and he was more than attentive to me. It seemed to me that Grigorovich had treated me quite pleasantly as well. Ostrovsky, on the other hand, didn't talk with the women. He impressed me as being somewhat of a bear.

Sonya was remarkably sweet in her role as hostess. And from my habit of interpreting Leo Nikolayevich's expressions, I saw how much he was admiring her.

During their stay in Moscow I studied them carefully, I wanted to decide to my own satisfaction just how they had changed.

At first it seemed odd to me that this completely strange man was all at once so close to Sonya. Before leaving the house he looked for her everywhere to tell her where he was going and when he would return. They talked in whispers, and I asked myself "Can I be as frank with Sonya as I was before? Won't she tell everything to her husband?" And I could not help answering "Yes, she will tell him. But then, one can tell him anything," I comforted myself. "He would understand."

They looked at each other, I thought, in a completely different way than ever before. That uneasy, questioning, lover's glance was not to be seen in their eyes. In its place there was a look of tender solicitude on his part, and on hers a certain loving submissiveness.

I shall describe my first meeting with D. A. Dyakov, for later he and his family became my close friends.

The next day after breakfast, Leo Nikolayevich brought his friend Dmitry Alekseyevich Dyakov to call on us. They had been friends since their youth in Kazan and addressed each other familiarly. Dmitry Alekseyevich was about forty years old. He was a fair-haired, broad-shouldered man of more than average height, with a strikingly pleasant, humorous expression on his face. In his youth, he had served in the Guards, like many of the sons of the gentry in the 1840's. Upon the death of his father, however, he inherited large estates in the Tula and Ryazan Provinces, so he gave

up the service and settled in the country. He was very wealthy, and his estate, Chermoshnya, in Tula, was famous throughout the entire neighborhood for its faultless organization. He was married to a member of the Tulubyeva family and had one daughter, eleven-year-old Masha.

Mama's bedchamber was partitioned by oak screens, and she received her guests there, in what we called the small sitting room. I was sitting in Mother's bedroom, sorting her things, when I heard the voices of Leo Nikolayevich and someone who was with him. By Mother's highly formal, proper voice, which she usually used with new acquaintances, I knew that the second guest was Dyakov. He was saying that his wife and daughter were abroad and that he would join them soon but that he had wanted to be presented to us before his departure.

"Now there is a real person," I said to myself for some reason or other.

To my childish mind, a "real person" was someone who had been reared in refined, fashionable surroundings, and who possessed a certain polish and respectability, all of which I termed "puff paste."

"Good gracious," I thought, "he's going away and I won't see this friend whom Lyovochka has told us so much about. I'll just climb up on the chiffonier and see what he looks like."

I didn't want to go in to meet him for many reasons. I thought that the clothes I was wearing were not fine enough and, if I appeared now, he would know that I had overheard their conversation. I crawled softly from the window to the top of a chiffonier which stood close to the screen. It was difficult to climb up without making any noise, however. Mama turned in my direction.

"Who's there?" she asked.

I didn't answer. I crouched down on my knees on the top of the chest of drawers, but to my dismay I saw Leo Nikolayevich and Dyakov sitting at a table directly opposite me. It was impossible to hide any longer.

"How do you do, Tanya. Come down and talk to us. Where on earth have you got to?" Leo Nikolayevich said. "Have a look, Dmitry. I'll introduce you to her right away."

And then I heard a roar of laughter from Dmitry Alekseyevich. I clambered down from my perch, smoothed my dress and hair, and went into the sitting room.

"Just see how you look," Mama said, "you're all covered with dust"

Mama's voice pretended to be stern Liza, who was in the room, laughed heartily, and I was grateful to her Her laughter comforted me After I had been introduced I tried to be extremely well-behaved and proper Dyakov started talking with me We discussed singing and music and he asked me about our life in Moscow He made me feel comfortable and at ease immediately

When the good-byes were said, Mama made me very happy by inviting the Dyakovs for dinner on the next day

"Tell Sonya to be sure to come for dinner tomorrow, and in the evening we'll go to the theater," I told Leo Nikolayevich

We all loved Sonya so much that we felt we had to see her every day without fail Her relations with my younger brothers were most tender, but sometimes one felt an elusive cloud between her and Liza, in spite of all Sonya's efforts to be on good terms

Sonya wrote in her diary

What am I going to do about Liza? I have a feeling of awkwardness and oppression, yet at the same time everyone at home is sweet and kind When I was driving up to the Kremlin, I was breathless with excitement and happiness . . .

In connection with this, Leo Nikolayevich laughed and said. "When Sonya saw the dear, familiar cannons she has known since she was born, she almost died with excitement"

Mama and I had endless conversations with Sonya, especially in the evenings She did not like to go out, and Leo Nikolayevich sometimes went out alone When he said good-bye to her he always told her "I'll be home around twelve o'clock Wait for me" One of these evenings, however, ended quite dismally

Leo Nikolayevich was going to the Sushkovs Sushkov was married to a former maid of honor, Tyutcheva, who had many connections in Petersburg In their house one could meet people of prominence and distinction: literary figures, diplomats from Petersburg, musical celebrities and the like Whenever Leo Nikolayevich visited a home in which Sonya had not yet had the opportunity to become acquainted, she was apt to feel ill-disposed toward him And so it was now

"Why are you going to see them?" she asked

"I can meet people there who will be useful in the work I have

planned I'll probably be home at twelve or thereabouts," he replied

Left with us, Sonya was in a pleasant, calm mood. She told us many things about her life at Yasnaya—how they played duets in the evening, how Leo Nikolayevich became angry when she didn't observe the tempo properly, and how Olga Islenyeva came to visit them and played for hours at a time with Leo Nikolayevich.

"It annoyed me," she said. "I felt offended and jealous."

"Sonya, you must realize that she's a real musician," I remarked. "How can you compare yourself with her? Of course Lyovochka enjoyed playing with her."

"Well, that's exactly why I felt annoyed," Sonya said with vexation. "But an extremely pleasant person at Yasnaya is Aunt Tatyana Aleksandrovna. She's so sweet and kind to me. When I came to Yasnaya she gave the household management over to me from the very first, and with the help of the housekeeper and the maid, Dunyasha, I began looking after the house. Auntie has a companion, Natalya Petrovna. She is the most amusing woman. She tells Lyovochka about all sorts of miraculous occurrences she hears from people back from pilgrimages, and Lyovochka writes them down."

"Most of all I love the things we do in the evenings. He teaches me English, and we read Hugo's *Les Misérables* aloud. Sometimes, when he was busy, I recopied *Polikushka*. But do you know, Tanya, sometimes it bores me to be 'grownup.' The stillness in the house gets on my nerves, and I feel an irresistible longing for gaiety and movement. I run and skip, and I think about you, I remember how we used to turn everything upside down sometimes and how you used to say you were 'boiling over.' Auntie Tatyana Aleksandrovna watches me and laughs good-naturedly. 'Be more careful and a little quieter, ma chère Sophie,' she says. 'Think of your child.'"

We chatted on in this fashion with Sonya, listening to her stories about her life. The samovar was brought in, and the whole family gathered around the tea table. Sonya went on with her gay chatter.

"How is your drawing going, Sonya?" Mama inquired.

"Lyovochka wanted me to engage a teacher, but my state of health stands in the way of everything," Sonya replied. "I want so much to be useful, but I can't. I tried to get interested in dairy farming. I went out when the cows were being milked but the smell of the stalls nauseated me and I couldn't go any more. Lyovochka kept looking at me, completely perplexed. He doesn't understand a thing about this. He even showed his displeasure."

Mama, not wishing to criticize Leo Nikolayevich, smiled and said "Now, how could he understand? Do you help him with the school?"

"Yes, I did at first. We had a meeting of the teachers to discuss school problems, and it seemed to me that some teachers were hostile to me, feeling, I suppose, that now Leo Nikolayevich didn't belong to them completely. Many of them left. And to tell the truth, Lyovochka's interest in his school has cooled entirely of late. He wanted to write the second part of *The Cossacks*, but I think now that he'll throw it over too. The plans for the novel about the Decembrists have absorbed him heart and soul."

In this way the hours passed unnoticed. The clock struck twelve, and Sonya began to listen for the bell. The rest of the family had gone off to their rooms. Only Mama and I were left with Sonya.

Another hour went by and Sonya's patience deserted her. Father came home and went to his bedroom. I was sitting in a corner of the divan, drowsing quietly. Sonya kept running to the window and looking at the clock.

"This is a fine thing, I must say," she repeated. "What's the matter with him? Do you suppose something has happened?"

"What could happen?" Mama comforted her. "He's simply stayed too long at the Sushkovs."

"He certainly has stayed too long," Sonya echoed with annoyance. "That Obolenskaya woman is probably there. She's there every Saturday."

"That's enough, Sonechka. Stop imagining nonsense. Better lie down for a moment and relax. He'll come soon."

Sonya fell silent. Although I didn't talk to her, I sympathized with her. Complete stillness reigned in the room. The clock struck half past one, and in the quiet night the harsh sound fell like a hammer on Sonya's heart and in an instant had shattered my sleep. Sonya jumped out of her chair as if she had been stung.

"Mama, I'm going home. I can't wait for him any longer," she burst out, almost in tears.

"Why, Sonya! How can you think of it! I tell you he'll be here any minute!"

And indeed, before Mama had time to finish speaking, the bell sounded. Sonya ran to the window. An empty cab was standing near the porch.

"Yes, it must be he," she announced excitedly.

At that moment Leo Nikolayevich walked quickly into the room. When she saw him Sonya's strained nerves snapped, and she burst into a flood of tears, sobbing like a child. Leo Nikolayevich was embarrassed, at a loss what to do. Of course, he realized immediately why she was crying. I don't know whose despair was the greater, his or Sonya's. He pleaded with her and, kissing her hand, begged her forgiveness.

"My darling, my dear one," he repeated. "Don't be so upset. I went to Aksakovs and there I met Zavalishin, one of the Decembrists. I became so interested in him that I didn't notice how the time was passing."

I took leave of them and went off to bed. I was already in my room when I heard the door in the entrance hall slam behind them.

The holidays finally came to an end. Kuzminsky's leave was over, as well as my brother's, and they left on the fifth of January. My heart was heavy with sorrow. I couldn't become interested in anything, and I wandered about the deserted house like a shadow.

Ten days later the Tolstoys left. They were traveling in a large sleigh for which they had hired post horses, since there were no railroads at that time. And once more, as we had done after the wedding, we went out on the porch to bid them good-bye.

"Why should there be partings? Why should people know such sorrow?" I thought, resentfully, an ache in my heart.

"I won't see you now until spring," I said with tears in my eyes.

The driver gathered up the reins, and the horses moved away. Leo Nikolayevich shouted back at me:

"You shall come to us with the swallows!"

P A R T I I

I

At Home

SPRING CAME in 1863 with all its charms stimulating, warm, bringing new life It breathed of joyous hope, of something unexpected, of zest for living

I shall never forget that spring or summer My hopes for something unexpected weren't betrayed That spring and summer brought me happiness and grief

Nothing changed at home, everything went on as usual

Father and Mother were continually busy and preoccupied They impressed me as being some sort of indispensable, ever moving force Without them, everything would have collapsed

Liza evidently forgot her bitter past The Tolstoys' coming to Moscow had a salutary effect on her She became calmer, gayer, her bitter feelings for him lay dormant That winter drew me closer to her She read aloud to me, we went driving together In February, when all of us children caught the measles, she nursed me

After the Tolstoys left Moscow, we received youthful, happy letters from them, although when in Moscow Sonya complained to me that city life somehow drew a husband and wife apart Their interests diverged and she saw little of Leo Nikolayevich

I consoled her, saying that this was understandable In Moscow he belonged not to her alone, but to his many friends and acquaintances as well

"Yes, I know," Sonya said, "nothing is wrong here, but you know how intimately we live at Yasnaya One becomes accustomed to constant companionship, and here it all somehow seems strained"

I quote several lines from her letter to me of February 13, 1863.

Olga and Sofya Aleksandrovna just left us today

Olga dreams how she, Sasha Kuzminsky, and you will go horseback

riding when you come, and how jolly we will all be. We discussed this yesterday, when the two of us took a drive in the three-horse carriage in a terrible wind and frost. My husband wrote a magazine article at home—"On Training and Education."

We are very happy. He is constantly avowing that he could never love me a quarter as much in Moscow as he does here. What is the reason for this, Tatyana? And really he loves me so, it's frightening. . . .

At the end of the letter she writes.

We have become quite the farmers. We are buying cattle, fowl, pigs and calves. When you come, I'll show you everything. We've been buying bees from the Islenyevs. You can eat your fill of honey. Lyovochka and I long for the day of your arrival.

In another letter, dated February 25, my sister writes

Lyova has begun a new novel. I'm so glad. Is it possible that *The Cossacks* has still not come out? Its success will determine whether he'll continue with the second part.

And in a letter of November 11, 1862, my sister, in passing, confides: "Girls, I'll tell you a secret which I beg you not to repeat. Lyovochka may write about us when he reaches fifty."

Father, reading this, laughed and said to me:

"Well, Tanya, watch out, you'll hear from Leo Nikolayevich. He doesn't care for flirts—like you!"

"I'm not a flirt," I flared up, feeling injured. "I'm just lively."

Father seeing I was upset, called me to him.

"I was joking and you believed me just the same," he said tenderly. "Come kiss me."

Encouraged by his caress, I suddenly decided to speak to him about my long cherished wish.

"Papa," I began, "you said you would go to Petersburg after the holidays. Take me with you. I've never been on a railroad, I've never seen Petersburg. Please take me. Mama will certainly let me go," I begged, kissing him.

Papa became thoughtful. "We shall see," he said. "I'll talk to Mama."

2

Father's Letters

I REMEMBER the article "On Training and Education" interested Father very much. After he read it, he was distressed and affronted by it. In spite of his extensive activity, he devoted a great deal of time to reading, appreciated science, and believed in it.

I remember how, in the presence of Professor Anke, he condemned Leo Nikolayevich's views and the latter's outrageous words: "Lecturing is only an amusing ceremony possessing no significance. It is particularly amusing considering the gravity with which it is performed."

In another part of his article, Leo Nikolayevich writes that he was taken to task for his attacks on professors and universities: "You are forgetting the educational influence of the universities." To which Leo Nikolayevich replied: "What is called the 'educational' I call the 'corrupting' influence of the universities."

He writes further that people with a so-called university training—"educated"—are peevish, ailing "Liberals," and that the university, instead of preparing people for the needs of humanity fits them for the needs of decadent society. Having read the article, Father discussed it with his old university comrade, Nikolay Bogdanovich Anke. He couldn't find the "truth" in these pronouncements, and his feelings, apart from his will, rebelled against Leo Nikolayevich's judgments. The university gave Father so much—scientific education, good fellowship, and fond memories of youth. Some of the professors were both his friends and teachers. And suddenly a man whom he loves and respects as much as Leo Nikolayevich writes an article, and, as it were, profanes all his ideals.

Father wasn't the only one angered by this article. I will never forget how the whole scholarly world rose up against Leo Nikolayevich.

Father wrote to Leo Nikolayevich on December 1, 1862.

I read your singular article "Training and Education" very attentively. Reading it, I was torn with doubts and sad about accepting it as the truth. I have been accustomed to regard the university as a shining

star and a garden of enlightenment You have disillusioned me No, I don't want to believe you The spoken word, for all that you say, has great powers and serves as an inspiration to studies, especially if it is eloquently and coherently rendered

For a long time after reading the article, Father walked about disconcerted All he could speak about was the article

I was annoyed with Leo Nikolayevich "Why does he write such nonsense?" I thought "It's provoking everybody and has upset Papa He is always trying to act in an original and eccentric way . The other day he laughed at the opera—called it an affectation " I intended to write to Leo Nikolayevich myself about Father—I felt so sorry for him

Then Father advised my sister about her health and answered Leo Nikolayevich concerning his dream Leo Nikolayevich's letter has not been preserved

What you dreamed about, or was it that you heard it? is really quite true allopathy does more harm than good, because its remedies conflict with natural physiological processes But this can't be said for the remedies used by sound allopaths

Very many so-called medicines are substances which can be found as component parts of our bodies, and which we use for reestablishing their lost equilibrium These remedies do harm only when the doctor prescribes them imprudently, empirically, and unreasonably One can conclude from the foregoing that even food may do just as much harm as allopathic remedies, if the food conflicts with natural physiological processes How fervently you think and worry about everything, you unspeakable man, I don't believe you're a harum-scarum, L N , in your wife's eyes This is not what she feels or writes to us about you I think you're badly straining your nervous system with overwork I know that is unavoidable, but I'm sorry for you and fear that you'll damage your health

The life of the Tolstoy's always deeply interested Father Whenever possible, he helped Leo Nikolayevich with his domestic and literary affairs Leo Nikolayevich wrote that his school was gradually falling to pieces But Sonya wrote how the teachers, becoming infected with Leo Nikolayevich's indifference (however temporary) to pedagogy and the school, were leaving, one after another, and how Leo Nikolayevich, engrossed by the farm, couldn't cope with matters by himself Father answers this on May 22 (1863)

DEAR FRIEND,

For more than fifteen years, I have known a splendid man who managed Shalashnikova's property, and now manages Velvashov's (son-in-law of the Ryumins) affairs and mill. Whatever my pen may express about this worthy man is far from doing justice to his great merit.

There follows a detailed description of the man's character. In a postscript to this letter (of May 23) Father writes:

My Moscow grain-dealer has just brought me your letter of May 19, in which you write that your long-haired students have deserted you. I, myself, to be truthful, never believed in them. But you can hardly manage with the farm by yourself. My proposal about Fyodor Antonovich seems relevant—think it over carefully and make up your mind.

In the next letter dated June 2, 1863, Father writes to Leo Nikolayevich again:

It's a pity you don't decide to take the manager I've commended to you. This would please me for the simple reason that you would have an assistant in your numerous labors and at the same time you would have a trustworthy man around. If you change your mind, write, and I will try to secure him for you. I don't think his salary should exceed three or four hundred rubles a year. I understand very well that under the present conditions of agriculture, the exactions of the landowner should be quite different than before, and the trouble for the manager correspondingly greater. From this it follows that your exactions aren't illegal, but you landowners are placed in an illegal position as regards the peasants. The peasants can deceive and cheat you as much as they like, but you can't do anything with them. It's equally difficult for any manager to settle matters with them.

Perhaps later on everything will improve, even though at present everything goes wrong and everyone is complaining. *

In a letter of the same year, dated October 13, 1863, Father writes about the *Yasnaya Polyana* publications:

Your booklets sell best at Nikolskaya Street near the gate and not in the shops. The simple folk buy them there very readily, but the sale in the shops is slow. Sasha recently took sixty copies there (near the gate) and they asked him for your office address. Well, it seems that is everything I had to say to you. Let me add, I love you with all my heart, I

* After Emancipation.—Ed.

embrace you warmly Despite your poor aim, I consider you a praiseworthy hunter, although not yet an experienced shot Go out two or three times and you'll see the difference My regards to everyone, you're probably in Tula now—write to me more often—or best of all come to Moscow soon

In another letter (dated March 27, 1863) Father writes to Leo Nikolayevich about the magazine *Yasnaya Polyana*

I've just returned the money you received from the subscribers to the magazine for the year 1863 I enclosed the money in eleven packets addressed to the subscribers and enclosed notes to the effect that the magazine will no longer be published The total sum which I sent out is 76 rubles, 50 kopecks, and not 73 rubles, 50 kopecks The cost of forwarding is 3 rubles, 60 kopecks extra I'm very glad the task is discharged—you wanted the money sent out immediately yourself I'm happy too that you've finished with your magazine It cost you too much effort and anxiety and was a drain on the purse

In 1863, the tale *The Cossacks* appeared

Leo Nikolayevich was undecided about writing the second part. He had become indifferent to it and was already planning something else, but still he listened with interest to every opinion Unfortunately, I don't recall all the criticisms, but I do know that some reviews were enthusiastic and that the tale was read with great interest The story *Polikushka*, appearing almost simultaneously, wasn't as successful, although a few people considered it superior to *The Cossacks* I remember how Father, having read *The Cossacks*, gave his opinion to Sonya, in a letter dated February, 1863

I've finished reading *The Cossacks* Don't rebuke me if I state my judgment candidly Perhaps it's mistaken But it's mine I haven't spoken to anyone else about it nor have I heard any other opinions yet All the descriptive passages pertaining to nature, the daily life of the Cossacks, and so forth, are first rate and absorbing in the highest degree It is so well written that you can picture every character vividly There is nothing to say about the passages on nature—the description of the Cossack village, its neighboring forests, rivers, and gardens are so vividly imprinted on my imagination, just as though I saw everything myself . . . But—the episode with Maryana is somehow not as interesting and does not produce any impression. In fact, it has no development. The

author wanted to express something but he expressed nothing. It falls short somehow. Evidently, he had spent only a little time in a Cossack village, not enough to study a Maryana type. Besides, God knows whether it is even worthwhile studying such a character. I think all the characters are alive. Their nervous system is just as tough as their muscles, and as little accessible to tender and noble sentiments, as their mountains. The tale impressed me unfavorably only at the very end. I was completely delighted with the beginning and the middle.

Leo Nikolayevich appreciated father's candor and sincerity. I remember this particularly because I said to Mama, "Why does Papa write and criticize—he shouldn't!" Mother told me about Leo Nikolayevich's answer.

"You see, Tanya, you were saying he mustn't write openly, but Lyovochka thanked Papa for offering his opinion." I don't know if Leo Nikolayevich agreed with Father's judgment. The letter isn't preserved.

Kuzminsky likewise expressed some notable opinions about *The Cossacks* in a letter he wrote to me from Petersburg, May 22, 1863.

I read *The Cossacks* last week and never doubted for a minute that Olenin is Leo Nikolayevich himself. All his meetings with Maryana, all his letters, reminded me of him. There are readers who have found this novel indecent, and won't allow young girls to read it, because many scenes are of light moral character. Frankly, the novel pleased me extremely, because I'm a strong partisan of its poesy. But, I will add that it will never be particularly successful. For instance, there are some people who say that the novel's theme is scarcely stimulating enough for two hundred pages (and they are right). Others are not sufficiently developed to understand this lofty poesy. Finally, the third class finds the theme *trop mauvais genre* to read. These last are in the minority!

In the same letter (March 27, 1863) which discussed the *Yasnaya Polyana* magazine, Father writes of his intended visit to Yasnaya in April:

I've already begun to prepare for the trip to Yasnaya. I'm already provided with a suitcase and am making a list of everything I have to take along. With the greatest pleasure, dear Sonya, shall I look over and examine your whole farm. Even other people's estates used to interest me, you can imagine how I will enjoy myself with yours. But will you be in a condition to go walking with me . . . ?

Then Father writes about the tale Leo Nikolayevich wrote to me in one of his letters. The story concerns a wife who suddenly is transformed into a china doll.

Your Lyova wrote such a fantastic piece for Tanya, that even a German would never have thought of it. Amazing how fertile his imagination is. Sometimes it manifests itself in very strange forms—he managed to write eight pages about the metamorphosis of a woman into a china doll. He reminds me of Ovid, the renowned Roman writer, who was, I daresay, even more productive than your husband, since he wrote a whole volume *Les Métamorphoses d'Ovide* which has been translated into German and French. He even transformed a handsome youth into a narcissus.

The rogue Moguchy* has not lost the vicious habit of bolting. Do me the kindness—don't ride him. It wouldn't be amiss to give him a trot to Tula alone. I've almost forgotten to tell you that I've just received some copies of *Polikushka* from Katkov. I'll send them to you one of these days by post or coach, along with some copies of *The Cossacks*. The children have pilfered two or three copies from me . . .

3

In St. Petersburg

HOLY WEEK passed quietly for me. Kuzminsky was taking difficult examinations and couldn't come to Moscow. I wasn't very upset about this because there was a compensation—my forthcoming trip to Petersburg. The fact that Father was taking me with him was kept from me, probably in order not to excite me unduly beforehand, but Feodora, my dear Feodora, noticed my gloom and suspense and told me secretly.

"Don't grieve, Miss. Your mother told Praskovya to look over all your best dresses and gave her your pink silk sash to press, and said 'They're going to Petersburg on May 2.' Praskovya told me so."

"Can it be true?" I cried, kissing Feodora's pock-marked face for joy.

* The horse Father gave to Leo Nikolayevich—Au

"Don't you please tell anyone I told you," Feodora said, "or I shall hear about it."

"No, of course not, I won't let anyone guess that I know," I said.

"At last I'll see Petersburg," I thought. "I'll see our new relatives. I'll see *him* there, the place where he lives, where he writes to me, thinks about me, loves me! But Lyovochka and Sonya? They don't know I'm going. They would oppose this trip—Lyovochka doesn't care for Petersburg."

Although the thought about our Petersburg journey never left me, I was still interested in knowing how Sonya spent the holidays. I asked her to write about it.

The two weeks at Eastertide were considered by our family to be the best of the year. Passion Week and Holy Week inspired us with sincere and poetically religious feelings. All during the first days of Easter, I thought about Sonya, and then I received a letter from her—a sad one. Sonya pined for the old traditional holidays. She wrote to me, April 2, 1863.

I suddenly felt like writing to you, Tanya dear. My holidays were melancholy. You know how it is—one always feels everything more keenly on a holiday. So these days it is harder than ever to be away from you. Here we have had no gay painting of Easter eggs, no Midnight Mass with its tingling Passion gospels, no Veil, no Trifonovna hugging a tremendous Easter cake to her bosom, no waiting for matins—nothing at all. . . . I felt so low on the night of Good Saturday that I had a good cry. It seemed too bad that there was no real celebration. I'm ashamed of myself before Lyovochka, but I couldn't help it.

I sympathized with her, understanding what she had missed.

Mother's letter about our departure for Petersburg has been preserved. The day of departure drew near and my parents' silence worried me. Here's the letter Mother wrote to Sonya on May, 3-6, 1863:

I've let Tanya go to Petersburg with papa. He wants to arrange for Sasha's promotion to the rank of officer this year, for they don't usually graduate before eighteen, and Sasha is still four months short of that age. The night before leaving, Tanya was told she was going. She began to hop about, turned a somersault, and went to announce the good news to the entire household—she all but ran to the commandant. When we were saying good-bye, she began to laugh and cry at the same time.

On Wednesday we are moving, without them, to the country. It's about time—it's become so warm.

Grandma Marya Ivanovna is here and sends you her regards. She's knitted two swaddling bands for you—and your friend Annochka, and Liza—eight pairs of slippers for the baby.

I'll send Tanya and Petya to you at the end of May or in the first week of June. Good-bye and a kiss for you both. Regards to good Auntie and Natalya Petrovna.

L. BERS

Disorder reigned in our room. Underwear and dresses were strewn everywhere. Liza and Feodora packed the things. At my request, Mama sits on the sofa and lectures me. "If you're going to behave yourself as you do at home, and run and jump and squeal and answer in Russian when you're spoken to in French, then naturally dear old Aunt Yekaterina Nikolayevna Shostak and her friend Countess Aleksandra Andreyevna Tolstaya won't be pleased with you. And what's more, Auntie Yulia, Brother Vladimir's wife, will think badly of you. You must be very careful. Kuzminsky lives with them. Conduct yourself with him as you should."

"Mama," I said, flaring up, "why are you telling me all this? It's just as though I'm a little girl and don't know how to act in company."

"Of course you don't know how. Only the other day in front of guests you spoke foolishly."

"What did I say?" I asked.

"That I often tell the servants to say I'm not at home when I am."

"But you know it's true. What's wrong in saying that?"

"And the other day at your first introduction to the Dyakovs you climbed on top of the wardrobe and came in to meet him all covered with dust."

I became thoughtful. Perhaps Mama is right, but still it's so tedious and so much trouble to behave as she would like me to.

On May 2 we are in the railroad car. This is my first journey on a railroad. Everything is exciting to me—the speed of traveling, the whistles, the visits to buffets at the stops, the harpist at Bologoye Station, tall, pallid, with a long immobile face, and sitting beside her on his hind paws, a charming poodle. She idly plucks some endless waltz on her harp. Papa buys me Tver gingerbread and everything I'm fond of.

Being left alone with me was rather an exceptional event for him. He was unusually affectionate and thoughtful. In St. Petersburg, Father's brother, Uncle Aleksandr Yevstafyevich met us, he was like father, tall and gray, in military uniform. He had an enormous patriarchal family by his first and second wives, his daughter Vera was my age. We stayed at their house. But it wasn't they who interested me in Petersburg. I moved about in quite another world and therefore I won't say much about them.

The day after our arrival, I was taken to pay calls on relatives. The visits came off successfully, I sensed this.

The house I liked best was Uncle Vladimir's. He was married to Yulia Mikhailovna Kiryakova. She was then twenty-five years of age. The beauty of her black velvety eyes with their long lashes, and her creamy complexion, overwhelmed me. Uncle held some kind of important post under Minister Valuyev, but what it was, I don't know to this day. The Islavins were wealthy people and kept open house. Their home was regarded as one of the most agreeable and I met many people there.

I remember our first visit to the Islavins. I was sitting with Father in the drawing room and breathlessly waiting to meet Kuzminsky. For some reason he didn't come, and fancies, one more alarming than the other, passed through my head. At last Kuzminsky entered the drawing room with his brisk step and smiling happily. All social conventions notwithstanding, he came straight to me before greeting anyone else, and kissed me. I cast aside all my silly imaginings and felt lighthearted and gay.

Tante Julie, as I called her, was a very fashionable and charming lady. She immediately took me under her protection.

"Andrey Yevstafyevich, you musn't worry about Tanya. Leave her to me, and I'll entertain her and show her around Petersburg," she told Father.

Apparently Father was pleased to get me off his hands. He had various matters to attend to in Petersburg, and above all the business about brother Aleksandr—that he should be allowed to remain in residence in Moscow after his graduation from the Corps.

From that day on it was one continuous holiday for me. I was taken everywhere, to a soirée or to dinner, to the aunts, to the theater, to the Islands, and so forth.

Auntie Yekaterina Nikolayevna Shostak, headmistress of the Nikolayevsky Institute, was a most terrifying personage. She was a

tall, prim woman with the dignified appearance of her fifty years
She had an only son, Anatoly, a Lyceum graduate

Anatoly was considered a member of the Islavin family, and I often met him there At our very first meeting he asked Yulia Mikhailovna's permission to call me Tanya

"Of course you can," she said, "for you know you're near relatives Your mother is her mother's first cousin"

"Will you permit it?" he asked with a smile, looking at me intently

My thoughts were confused Papa he's strict and
Sasha They'll both be displeased

"I don't know," I said after a pause

Everyone laughed at my answer I realized I had been silly and was embarrassed Auntie Julie helped me out of the difficulty

"Leave her be She'll think it over And now let's go to the Islands I've already ordered the carriages"

We were riding in two open carriages since the Islavins had relatives staying with them It was a lovely May evening The newness of Petersburg entranced me the stately handsome buildings in which St Petersburg abounded, compared to Moscow, the beauty of the Neva with its islands, and in general all the glitter and splendor of the city, beginning with the carriages, horses, and the cleanliness of the streets, and ending with the inhabitants in their fashionable costumes so unlike the Moscovites

We stopped at the Strelka,* a place so named because the sunset on the sea could be seen there to best advantage The whole program of the trip was carried out I asked permission to take a stroll with my two cousins and it was granted We walked along chatting gaily Anatoly was bowing to the right and left It seemed as if he knew everyone in Petersburg Along the way he received several invitations and among others, one for that evening

"From here we'll go straight to Mother's," he said to me "She particularly asked Yulia to bring you If you consent to go, I will come too If not, I'll call on my friends who invited me"

Somehow this pleased me—his having refused an invitation for my sake

"Yes, Auntie Yulia Mikhailovna told me that we would go to your mother's But are you living at the institute?" I asked

* The "Point"—the end of Yelagin Island from which an excellent view of the Gulf of Finland may be had —Ed

"No, I'm not allowed to live in an institute for young ladies," he answered "It would be dangerous!"

"For whom? For you?" I asked in order to find out how he would answer

"They wouldn't have to worry about me. For me, such young ladies are no danger," he said

I didn't like his answer "How cocksure he is," I thought

"Why do you talk that way about the young ladies? You're so sure of yourself. That's not nice!"

He laughed good-naturedly "Mais vous êtes charmante avec votre franchise sévère!"* he rejoined

After half an hour's drive we reached the institute on the Moika River embankment. A large company had already gathered in the spacious drawing room by the time we arrived. The social whirl was in full swing. As far as I could discover, most of the guests were elderly. I didn't know a soul and was introduced to everyone. The younger group consisted only of the three of us and Olga Islenyeva who was visiting Nikolayevna. I attached myself to her.

After the introductions and greetings, General Arsenyev came over to us and presented himself as a relation through Nikolayevna. He spoke French to me and I was continually afraid of making a mistake when answering him. But I recalled Mama's reprimands and tried to speak like a grownup.

I caught sight of Father sitting with Countess Aleksandra Andreyevna Tolstaya in the corner of the drawing room. They were earnestly talking about something. Aleksandra Andreyevna was a kinswoman of Leo Nikolayevich's and a great friend of his. When I saw Father, I wanted to go to him, since we hadn't seen each other since morning. I watched Aleksandra Andreyevna point me out to Father and he signaled with his hand for me to approach. Throwing decorum to the winds, I quickly ran into the drawing room and embraced and kissed Father. Quiet indulgent laughter ran through the drawing room—such as usually greets a child's endearing naiveté in the presence of his parents. I guessed that this laughter was on my account. "What shall I do?" I thought. "But Papa isn't angry, because he kissed me. It's nothing then," I consoled myself. Olga took us into the adjoining rooms.

* You are so charming with your severe frankness

There, after the austerity of the drawing room, I wanted to laugh, jump about, run away, cry out, escape from this oppressive unnatural pretense. But this mood didn't last long. Father called me into the drawing room, where I was asked to sing. At first I refused but this made Father angry, and I had to comply with his request. I remember my inner torment as if it were yesterday. I sang three romances: the first, a current gypsy melody, "Tell My Fortune, Old Woman." My voice shook with fright. I sang through my tears and it seemed that there was no one in the whole world more miserable than I. No applause nor feigned praise could comfort me. After a request to sing something else, I sang Glinka's romance to Pushkin's words:

"I love you, although I rage,
Although in vain are effort and shame,
But to this wretched folly
I confess at your feet "

Olga accompanied me. She was a fine musician. My voice became firmer and my usual poise returned. This elegant melody pleased everybody, and I felt that this time the applause was sincere.

"Don't get up," Auntie Yulia cried. "Sing Budakhov's 'Kroshka' to Fet's words, the one you sang for us."

Olga struck up the introduction and I had to sing.

"If you like, Tanya, let's go into the garden," said Olga, noticing my sad expression, after I had finished singing. I still hadn't recovered from my first impression and was overjoyed at her suggestion. The door from the drawing room led to the terrace and out into the garden. I told Father I was going for a stroll and he consented.

"Only don't catch cold," he said. "Put something on."

The fresh spring air revived me instantly. The four of us walked together, Kuzminsky and Olga in front. They were planning how to spend the following day. I dropped behind and sat on a bench. Anatoly stood in front of me. Strange as it seems, this pale beautiful night made me feel unusually melancholy and unaccountably disturbed. Anatoly noticed this and understood my mood. Wishing to divert me, he said that everything had been lovely, that they all praised the timbre of my voice, and that there was no reason for me to be displeased with myself. Even though I didn't believe a word he said, it was still reassuring to think he understood

me I felt hurt that Kuzminsky showed no concern Anatoly sat down beside me

"Why, you're cold, and your hands are so cold," he said in a protective tone, putting his large hand on mine

For a brief instant this seemed strange to me and I wanted to withdraw my hand, but I was afraid of offending him His manner with me was very straightforward and friendly, so that I said nothing—only thought "Evidently this sort of thing is done in Petersburg" Kuzminsky and Olga had disappeared into another lane

"Tanya, you'll catch cold in your open frock," Anatoly said "You know your father told you to put something on, and I've brought your mantle" With these words he carefully put it around me I felt his hand touch my shoulders I wanted to leave but could not Why, I didn't know myself .

* * *

Later, at home, Vera and I had already gone to bed We slept in the same room I could not fall asleep and all kinds of thoughts kept passing through my head "If Mama were here with me, she would clear up everything for me, but now ."

"Verochka!"

"What is it?" she asked.

"You're not asleep?"

"No, what is it?"

"Were you ever in love?"

Verochka began to laugh and sat up in bed She hadn't expected such a question at all, and especially at such a late hour.

"Yes, a little," she said, after thinking it over.

"With whom?"

"With our drawing master Only don't you tell anyone No one here knows about it He is such a dear, so talented!"

Verochka was a pretty blonde, two years my senior Her eldest sister took the place of her mother and always thought of her as a child Verochka had been brought up very strictly and for this reason had developed a certain secretiveness

"Verochka," I pursued the question again, "do you think it's possible to love two people at the same time?"

Verochka laughed and took this as a joke

"What are you saying, Tanya? How do you mean—love two people at once?"

"Well, yes, both of them "

"How funny you are Of course not "

I didn't answer and we became silent "She wouldn't understand this," I thought "She's too pure "

The first rays of morning sunlight had sifted through the curtained windows and we fell asleep soon afterward But my difficult problem hadn't been solved

The next morning (May 6) Father wrote to the Tolstoy I quote a portion of his letter

Your mother has probably already written to you, Sonya, that I am in Petersburg to make arrangements for Sasha and have taken Tanya with me The child intends to write to you herself My endeavors on Sasha's behalf were completely successful I am extremely satisfied with everyone, and especially with Barantsev, the aide of the Chief Artillery Commander Now I am waiting only for the final papers from the administrator of all educational institutions, Isakov, and then will start back to Moscow I would have a great deal to write if I told you of all my negotiations

Now I'll tell you a little about another matter Yesterday morning, I continued to make my calls and was at the house of Stepan Gedeonov Jr., and at General Adjutant Ogaryev's The latter was telling me that either Prince Ivan or Dmitry Aleksandrovich Obolensky read *The Cossacks* to the Empress and that she liked the tale immensely It was read *dans un cercle de cinq personnes* * Gedeonov told me that all the Caucasians are completely delighted with it, and Gedeonov himself couldn't have praised it more

Yesterday I dined at Marcus' and in the evening drove to the Shostaks' She literally drowned me with questions about you and your husband I had to tell her down to the tiniest detail all about your moral and sentimental relations and about your everyday life, in a word, everything interested her to the highest degree, and it was very easy and pleasant to tell her everything Suddenly a good-looking lady with an open face, intelligent eyes and very agreeable appearance joined the company—Countess Alexandrine Tolstoy I was immediately presented to her and much fuel was added to our conversation Our talk, already very heated, was fanned to a flame She too was extremely interested in your life and confided to me finally *qu'elle est jalouse des sentiments que j'ai pour Léon*.†

* In a circle of five persons.

† That she was jealous of the feeling I had for Leo

"Is Sonya like Tanya?" she asked me

"Yes, there is a slight resemblance," I answered

They all imagine that Sonya is very pretty To dissuade them, I said that you yourself had once told your wife you didn't think her as pretty as her sisters Everyone burst out laughing and Countess Alexandrine said

"Comme je reconnais Léon, comme cela lui ressemble" *

I promised to call on her She is here for a short time and is living at Her Highness Marya Nikolayevna's palace I liked her a great deal. She is clever, amiable, and I think goodhearted, and is really strongly attached to you She asked about Brother Sergey too

I remained with them until midnight despite the fact that I was exhausted from my Petersburg journeyings Today I'm dining at Uncle Volodya's The moment I reach Moscow I'll make inquiries about *The Cossacks* and will send your husband Gedeonov's brochure entitled *L'insurrection polonaise—Réponse à Montalembert* The author gave me a copy himself, it has attracted notice here

I intend to leave Petersburg on May 11 or 12

Good-bye, my dears, I embrace you with all my heart Kiss Auntie Tatyana Aleksandrovna's hands Regards to Aleksey and Dunyasha. That imp of a Tanya has run off somewhere—she wanted to write to you.

Be more careful, old fellow, with your bees. I'm terribly sorry that they, curse them, sting you so . . ."

We dined at the Islavins the next day The first person to greet me was Kuzminsky

"Do you know," he said, "that today is our subscription day at the opera and that we are going after dinner?"

"Yes, I know, Yulia told me What are they giving?"

"*The Barber of Seville* My poor exams!" he added

"But when do you do your studying?"

"Late at night and I'm all worn out"

"I can see how pale you are You have dark circles under your eyes"

"But you're the one who's to blame," he said, looking at me gaily "It's wonderful that you're in Petersburg And how do you like *le cousin barbu*?" † he asked unexpectedly.

That was Anatoly's nickname, because he wore whiskers in the

* I recognize Leo, it's just like him

† The bearded cousin

latest English manner I didn't know whether I liked him or not, nor what to answer

"Both yes and no I don't know myself," I answered, having pondered a little

"He cannot speak of anyone else He's already being teased about you!"

A joyous and painful feeling stirred my heart "Why is he telling me this?" I thought

Preparing for the theater took rather a long time Yulia told the hairdresser to arrange my hair *à la greque* with a gold bandeau and a mass of ringlets as it was then worn at the balls She gave me a velvet ribbon with a pendant to wear around my neck She herself was dressed in spectacular style with an exposed bosom Olga, who accompanied us, and I were dressed similarly

Our box was on the third tier Father and Anatoly sat in the orchestra, Anatoly in the first row The impression he made was the same as at the Islands He knew everybody, everybody knew him In our box sat Uncle Volodya and Kuzminsky who had brought some sweets

I was completely absorbed in Rossini's splendid music which was so familiar to me For whole minutes at a time, I forgot everything and everybody During the intermission, Uncle and Aleksandr Mikhailovich left the box I got up and went to the rear of the box My beautiful gown, the music, and dear sweet Yulia brought on my usual high spirits "Most likely he will come to our box," I thought "But what concern is it of mine?" I don't want this! I don't want it I'm gay, pretty, carefree No, you want him to come, you're waiting for him," my merciless inner voice said to me, and in hearing it, it was impossible to fib

An usher opened the door and in walked Anatoly His whole person breathed a certain careless elegance Everything that he did—the way he entered the box, greeted us, kissed Yulia's hand—everything was exactly as it should be simple, effortless, affectionate, particularly to me, I thought He was dressed for a ball, and the attire became his height. Having exchanged greetings with Yulia, he sat down opposite me

"Have you rested after last night's party?" he asked me.

"I couldn't sleep for a long time."

"How touching you were with your offended child's sorrow"

"I am no longer a child I'll be seventeen soon."

"Is that so," he said smiling "Do you know everyone is asking me who is sitting in the third-tier box?"

"Really? Surely the Slavins are better known than that in Petersburg? Yulia gave me the names of many people who are sitting with you down in the first row," I said intentionally, as if I didn't understand him

"Yes, many people know the Slavins, but they don't know *you*."

I became silent

"Vous êtes délicieuse aujourd'hui, cette coiffure vous va à merveille," * he continued, fingering my fan and drawing nearer to me

I felt myself blush and I wanted to move away "Perhaps he'll feel offended," again flashed through my mind, and I didn't stir. Again I felt that inexplicable and terrifying attraction. Several minutes passed in silence. He looked at me intently and smiling, as if he were studying my gown, the expression of my face, my neck with the velvet ribbon "No, this is wrong. No one has ever behaved to me like this before," I thought, reproaching myself and accusing him, but of what offense, I couldn't quite make clear, even to myself. I arose resolutely in order to leave. But he stopped me so gently and simply

"Tanya, where are you going," he said, taking my hand "It's so pleasant here. Don't go away! Laissez-moi admirer ne fut ce que quelques moments" †

I stood before him without drawing my hand away

"Why are you like this?" I suddenly blurted out, almost in despair

What I wanted to convey by the words "like this," I could not make clear to myself, but Anatoly understood me

"Vous êtes adorable, ravissante. Kuzminsky a de la chance" ‡

The door of the box opened and Kuzminsky walked in. Anatoly didn't let go my hand

"Je dois vous dire adieu, Tanya," § he said rising

Kuzminsky passed in front of us and sat down near Olga. Anatoly said good-bye to us with his gay ease and turned to Kuzminsky

* You are charming tonight, this coiffure suits you perfectly

† Let me look my fill at you, if only for a few moments

‡ You are adorable, beautiful. Kuzminsky is a lucky man

§ I must take my leave

"Où soupçons-nous ce soir?"

"Je vais à la maison," * Kuzminsky answered drily

The next day, Father took me to Shostaks' earlier than usual on Yekaterina Nikolayevna's request Auntie had invited several institute girls of my age and left me to them We ran into the garden and quickly became friends After two hours I already knew which girl adored which teacher We went sliding down a big wooden slide, played blind man's buff, danced and sang An indescribable childish joy filled my heart Again I felt like shouting "I won't have it, I won't! Everybody leave me alone!"

Kuzminsky came just before dinner I was afraid of an explanation, but there wasn't any He was as even tempered and as calm with me as ever

"Did you have a good time last night at the theater?" he asked me

"Very good," I answered ecstatically "I do so love Ardit's waltz, which Rosina sang at the lesson," I chattered

He seemed not to listen to my prattling, something else occupied him or worried him I noticed this but I didn't want to understand it, nor did I want to spoil my own gay frame of mind

"Do you know, Sasha," I pursued, "a real hairdresser did my hair Auntie Yulia wanted it You didn't notice, did you?"

"I did notice something unusual"

"You never notice anything," I flared up a little "But Anatoly is another story He sees everything what I do, what I'm wearing, if I'm happy everything everything"

"Tanya, what was he saying to you yesterday?" he asked with a forced smile I detected a note of shyness in his voice, as if he were ashamed of his question

"He said that I was 'délicieuse' and that I was noticed at the theater and inquired about"

"And you believed him?" he asked mockingly

I knew this caustic mocking manner of his when something displeased him

"Of course, I believed him Surely he wouldn't think of deceiving me What kind of strange question is that?"

"Don't get angry Tell me when I came into the box and he was holding your hand, what was he saying to you?" Kuzminsky persisted

* Where are we having supper tonight? I am going home.

Naturally, I remembered Anatoly's every word but I didn't feel like answering him. These words were just the ones I thought about in solitude at home.

"Oh, nothing in particular. I don't even remember. You are odd today! Why are you asking all these questions?"

He didn't answer me. The bell rang and several minutes later Olga walked in, animated, beautiful, and as always, a dear. She was two years older than I and strongly resembled her father and my grandfather, Aleksandr Mikhailovich Islenyev.

"Here's a letter from Papa," she said. "He plans to visit Uncle Vladimir in Petersburg but will make a trip to Yasnaya first."

"Grandpa is coming? How glad I am!" I cried. "He'll visit us in Moscow and I shall see him!"

"Sasha, why are you sitting there so gloomy?" Olga addressed him.

"Me, I'm not gloomy at all, but I *am* tired from my studies."

"Olga, let's amuse him," I said laughing.

With these words, I quickly ran behind the armchair in which he was sitting, so that he could not see me, quietly stealing up, I threw my arms about his neck and kissed him on the head. Evidently, he didn't expect this. He jumped up from the armchair and smiling silently, pressed my hand to his lips.

My relations with Kuzminsky were not ordinary. Only recalling them after many years, did I understand them. They weren't sufficiently youthful for my lively, artless, and even flippant nature. He never praised me and rarely mentioned my appearance. I, on the other hand, was always too concerned with myself and very anxious about externals. He often spoke to me as to an adult, seriously and sometimes even severely. This last made me angry and I once wrote to him:

"Even Father was not as sharp with me, when I refused to show him your letters."

To this he replied: "Surely your papa doesn't ask about my letters every time? Surely it is possible to avoid these questions? I don't know the reason but it seems to me that I have certain rights with you. Why? I don't know myself."

But what reconciled me to him was the attachment, or was it the love I always knew he felt for me? In rare instances he spoke his mind to me with such energy and sincere feeling that it was

as if another man appeared before me And I forgave him for everything, so it was throughout my life He prized my candor, my trust in him, fearing to lose the only moral bridge uniting such contrasting personalities as the two of us

He was lonely, although he had two sisters who were educated at the institute His mother had a great many children by her second marriage Shidlovsky, his stepfather, sent him to the Pravovedenye School, while the family lived temporarily in Voronezh (during Shidlovsky's term as Marshal of Nobility) and later in the country and in Moscow The result of this was that Aleksandr Mikhailovich was in Uncle Islavin's charge He was deprived of family life with its habits of trust and candor He was strongly attached to our household and loved my mother very much

Some of his letters to me during our youth already showed a serious nature Sometimes I didn't even understand them properly

I remember one letter about Platonism I barely understood his meaning and pondered for a long time whether to ask Liza about it—she knows everything But I couldn't bring myself to go to her what if he writes something meant for me alone! But curiosity got the better of me and I went in to see my sister

"Liza, read Sasha's letter and explain to me what he means I don't understand it," I said vexedly, "only give me your word that you will never tell anyone about this"

Liza gave me her word, but it seems that laughingly she told Mother about it, because I noticed later Mama looked at me and smiled At that time I was not quite sixteen and Kuzminsky was nineteen

My conversation with Liza is preserved in a letter to my husband I wrote to him some time after our marriage, reminding him of my silly naiveté, and his inopportune moral philosophizing

"What is it you don't understand in Sasha's letter?" Liza asked me after she read the letter attentively.

"I don't understand what he is blaming me for and himself too. Here he writes *qu'il est insensé* in his conduct with me"

"Did something happen between you two at his last visit?"

"Well, just—" said I in embarrassment—"we made up, that's all there is to it."

I didn't feel like telling her the truth.

"Tanya, how can I explain it to you when I don't know anything? You know he blames only himself in regard to you," said Liza

"Well, what of it, but what does it mean when he writes about *Platonic love*?" I asked

Liza patiently explained Plato's teachings

"It is love based on ideals. One loves with heart and soul, and nothing physical must interfere."

"Yes, I understand. Is it absolutely forbidden and even sinful to kiss?"

Liza laughed gaily. "Absolutely forbidden," she said.

Liza was almost four years older than I and had already read a great deal.

"But I don't understand one thing," I said. "He laughs at the teachings of Plato and the German philosophers, and then he writes that the physical sets a seal of approval on a good relationship. If it's the seal of a good relationship, then it must be good."

"I don't know," said Liza, "I haven't thought about it."

"I like this Platonic love. There is more poetry in it," I said.

4

Our Last Days in St. Petersburg

I FOUND Uncle Aleksandr Yevstafyevich's house dull and spent time at the Islavins and at the institute. The cousins' way of life did not amuse me, it was serious, plain, and proper. From early morning the elder daughters, aged between twenty and twenty-two, busied themselves with the smaller children and the household. They were brought up in the foreign manner, their mother being an Englishwoman. Her water-color portrait, showing her long ringlets, hung in their room. Attendance to one's duties was the watchword of the house. The third daughter Talya (Natalya) was the prettiest and resembled her mother's English type. The elder sisters were not pretty.

Leo Nikolayevich used the story of Talya's courtship by her fiancé Mebes in *War and Peace*. Catching sight of her for the first time in a theater box, Mebes was captivated with her and

vowed to himself "Das soll mein Weib werden!"* and actually he married her, less than a year later

Father reproached me for staying home (at uncle Bers') so rarely, and I decided to spend the whole day with them

We went to the French theater in the evening I don't recall the play but I liked it and the actors immensely Kuzminsky accompanied us and I was very glad of that

Coming home after the theater we found Uncle and Polivanov The latter had not been in St Petersburg all this time We greeted each other in friendly fashion I found him changed for the better, he was untroubled and even gay, yet asked about Sonya's life with much interest We sat together apart from the others on a little sofa and talked in undertones He told me that he had become acquainted with a family whose young daughter he wanted to marry, but that this was a secret and far from settled I was delighted for him

He questioned me about Anatoly and if it were true that I was not indifferent to him I truthfully didn't know what answer to give, particularly that evening I evaded the question, and thus confessed to my childhood friend

We were called into the dining room where there was a large table set with cold supper, and a samovar Uncle's numerous family, consisting of five daughters and two sons, were already seated at the table The elder son Aleksandr was the favorite of the family and very handsome He was four years older than I, and served in the Preobrazhensky Regiment His brother was a thirteen-year-old schoolboy Cousin Sasha (as I called him), Vera, Kuzminsky, Polivanov, and I, all sat together at the foot of the table Father, not having seen me all day, called me over to him and affectionately asked how I spent the day

"How is it you were allowed to come to Petersburg?" Polivanov marveled "Your mama must be pining for you "

"I'll write her a letter to comfort her," said Kuzminsky

"Yes, yes, write to her this very evening," I said

Polivanov and I chatted gaily about the Kremlin days, and kept saying to each other "Do you remember?"

"Remember how well Sofya Andreyevna acted in our amateur theatricals, and how Marya Apollonovna Volkova dropped her lorgnette but didn't pick it up because she was afraid of missing

* This one will be my wife

something," said Polivanov "And how I danced with Obolensky, turning my uniform with the red lining inside out, remember?"

Verochka listened to us with interest, as if she were envious of our gay times

I suddenly felt the breath of the Kremlin about me, with its pure healthy air The earlier tenderness of young love, like a ray of sunlight, glowed in my heart That evening the Petersburg magic was scattered, but unfortunately, only for that evening I looked at Kuzminsky and saw the change in him too He was gay, natural, and animated

I quote the letter he wrote to my mother on that same evening The letter is filled with exaggerated praises in order to afford my mother pleasure

Petersburg, May 6, 1863

Your daughter Tatyana is creating such a furore here, dear Auntie Lyubov Aleksandrovna, that I can't deprive myself of the pleasure of telling you a little about her She turns people's heads wherever she appears

I am writing all this to you under the influence of yesterday's soirée at Mme Shostak's The Slavins, Andrey Yevstafyevich, the Countess Tolstaya, and one or two others whom you don't know, were there Tatyana sang and delighted everybody present, and bore up under severe criticism She found graceful replies to various compliments and twirled and swirled about the chairs

We are all, in groups and separately, showing her Petersburg Yesterday, for instance, before Mme Shostak's soirée, we drove out to the Islands in two open carriages Mme Kirakova, Yulia Mikhailovna, and Vladimir Aleksandrovich rode in one, and Tatyana, Anatoly and I were in the other Tatyana entertained us all vastly

She is in excellent health, I watch out for this more than the others She has the habit, when she gets flushed, of leaning out of the little window or going out on the balcony I get her away as much as I can.

I think she's bored at the Bers' Every day Anatoly and I come for her at two o'clock and carry her off for a walk or to the Slavins where we all spend the rest of the afternoon together In the evening I usually deliver her in the carriage to the Bers' to spend the night Today Andrey Yevstafyevich and Tanya dine at the Slavins'. In a word, she is enchanting and a darling and so forth Anatoly is insistently flirting with her. Who can vouch for the integrity of his heart after the cruel wounds Olga Islenyeva dealt it?

All this is being written by an unbiased judge, who cannot help but pay tribute to your daughter's charms. I cannot hide from you that these charms have the greatest effect on me. My poor exams are going to suffer badly. Yes, indeed, how can one think of studies!

But her sway is not felt by me alone. Anatoly is fascinated to such an extent by Tatyana, and by the pictures she drew for him of life at Yasnaya and Ivitsy, that he is doing his best to arrange somehow that he too should be invited for a week or so.

However the page is finished and with it must be finished these paeans of praise. Therefore I kiss your hand and remain your cordially devoted nephew,

AL KUZMINSKY

After reading this letter, I hardly recognized myself, and didn't recognize him at all. Had *he* written it? Never had he expressed to me either admiration or attraction or even paid me a banal compliment, and now suddenly to write such a letter! I read it in amazement and, of course, didn't believe it.

5

Our Departure

THE TIME passed quickly and the day of our departure approached. Anatoly's attentions continued. Nobody attached any importance to this, probably because of my youth. Even his mother, after she kissed me, said "My son has lost his heart to you and wants to follow you to Yasnaya."

Recalling Mother's admonitions, I painstakingly answered in French: "I'm sure that Leo Nikolayevich and Sonya will be very glad to make your son's acquaintance."

But in spite of my exemplary reply, I learned that Yekaterina Nikolayevna said about me: "She is very sweet, but doesn't know how to behave as yet."

Olga reported this to me and I was very upset. Apart from this I had a disagreement with Father. He noticed my infatuation with Anatoly and, alarmed, didn't know how to deal with me in Mother's absence. He scolded me and lectured me on the necessity of a young girl behaving modestly and with dignity. I soothed him,

saying that I wasn't doing anything wrong and that I simply liked him

Father wrote a second letter from Petersburg to the Tolstoy's. He was trying to intercede in Petersburg, on Leo Nikolayevich's request, for Tomashevsky, a former teacher at Yasnaya Polyana School. Tomashevsky was accused of disseminating liberal ideas.

Here is Father's letter of May 9.

I don't recall if I wrote in my last letter to you, my good friend, that I handed Valuyev a memorandum, requesting that he instruct the Tula administration to leave Tomashevsky in peace at his present place of residence. As a preliminary, I stated the causes which resulted in his being ordered either to reenter the university or return to his own home. Valuyev accepted the note from me with the utmost cordiality, a handshake, and showed me every courtesy. I will tell you all the details of this when we meet, if I don't forget. The upshot of all this was his taking my hand for the second time and asking me to call on him this morning for the answer.

His answer turned out to be completely satisfying. He had conferred with the chief of the gendarmerie and tomorrow will send a memorandum to the governor of Tula, instructing him to permit Tomashevsky to live at his house without any interference.

Probably your governor will not delay in informing the district police officer about it. Meanwhile it would not be amiss if you would pay a call on the governor, if an occasion offers.

When I told Valuyev that while staying with you at Yasnaya I was an observer of the young man's pursuits, and that he had dedicated himself wholeheartedly to agriculture, conscientiously carrying out his master's orders, Valuyev laughed and raised an objection.

"Yes, it's true, isn't it, that now *agriculture* has become the young man's ideal?"

"You may laugh at me, but believe me when I say that the country and a useful occupation make a man better and more sensible."

In general, Valuyev was very cordial and was glad to oblige you.

Last night, I called at Yekaterina Nikolayevna Shostak's again, and met your charming Alexandrine Tolstoy for the second time. The two of us sat apart from the other guests and talked about you the entire evening. She questioned me about all the details of your life—your frame of mind, your work, and so forth, and so forth. I told her everything I could remember. She exclaimed quite often

"What pleasure it gives me to see how highly you regard him "

"But, Countess, surely it couldn't be otherwise," I answered

"Fancy, someone told me that you weren't fond of him "

"I'm so convinced of our good relations with the count, that even if someone had told him what they'd told to you, he never would have believed it "

She also introduced me to her brother who serves at Orenburg We parted like old friends, I will keep the pleasantest memories of her She sent her regards to you and Sofya My Tanya is gadding about quite a bit —always at Yekaterina Nikolayevna's or at the Islavins' Everyone is very fond of her and will not let her go I have finished my business on Sasha's account very successfully You can congratulate him on his becoming a junior lieutenant in the artillery He will live in Moscow steadily and without a break for two years Tomorrow we return to Moscow, and this letter will travel with me as far as Moscow It seems my wife has already moved to the country Good-bye, my good friend, regards to Auntie and kisses for Sofya I'm interested in knowing the outcome of your plans in regard to the wine press

I wrote to Sonya "The week in Petersburg was a magic dream" Attached to Sonya's letter was Leo Nikolayevich's postscript "Tanya, why on earth did you go to Petersburg? You must have been bored there There is

* * *

We are at Pokrovskoye—our country home, where the whole family has already moved I'm so happy to see Mama! In the evening after everybody had gone to sleep, she and I had a long chat I told her everything about my conversations with Anatoly, about how I spent the time, and about my attraction to him Mama wasn't too pleased with this last, saying

"You aren't the first one he's run after You must be on your guard against him and not believe his protestations He has a bad reputation in this respect "

"Mama is saying this on purpose," I thought "She is afraid for me, but he is very nice."

I found two letters at home from Sonya In her first letter she hadn't yet learned of my departure for Petersburg Sonya complained about her ill health "And what will it be like in another month?" she wrote me on May 6

Here everything is farming, farming till the end of time And how many worries and difficulties are tied up with this for Lyova, and then of course for me—for all his troubles affect me

Lyovochka, once he starts something, throws his heart and soul into it This is very praiseworthy yet a little boring Lyovochka played "The Two of Us," and I felt still more lonesome and was reminded of you The nightingales are singing with all their might The night is lovely and warm Tanya, write to me as soon as you can I only have one wish now and that is to have my baby soon Pregnancy has become such a burden I'm terribly glad that you will be here in time for the little Tolstoy's arrival into the world I think that once I see your graceful figure, hear your cheerful voice, I won't feel the pain so much

In another letter, dated May 23, she wrote

I've just received your letters, Tatyana The main thing that distresses me is that poor dear Mama is ill What has she done to deserve it? It is right for me, a pregnant woman, to be ill, but not for her She has suffered enough

I've also just received a long, sweet, and plaintive letter from Sasha Kuzminsky Lyovochka and I had decided that he was a good fellow, but you, it seems, have supplanted him with that windbag Anatoly Even though I've invited him to visit us, to my mind, Sasha is so very much nicer and more likable But I'm going to give you all my definite opinion, here at Yasnaya Little girl, don't let your little head be turned, you are very young Come quickly, I nearly wrote "dear children" so old and dull do I consider myself You'll gladden my heart, perhaps I will become a little more youthful with you around

Lyovochka is still feeling unwell God knows what's wrong with him It's so depressing when he's ill, it's terrible His stomach is bad, he hears buzzing in his ear, but what's really the matter with him, God knows, and I can just guess

The weather is bad, and things aren't too gay with us But all this will certainly pass soon Don't you forget to drop me a line, little girl, when the horses are to be sent for you, and please don't change your mind about coming to us I'm waiting for you so . . . I very much want to see you soon, you will bring the spirit of home with you and will tell me everything about your life, about your trip to Petersburg, about Mama, and about your cousins You are wrong to hurt Sasha, he is a dear fellow Tell our Sasha that I congratulate him with all my might and at the top of my voice, that I kiss him and Lyovochka does

too Thank God, two of the Bers family are on their feet—are making a career, as Mama would say I, the sinful inhabitant of Yasnaya Polyana, and the comrade of my childhood—the stern artillery man May God bring peace and set to rights your wayward, giddy, but nevertheless dear little head It's a pity you've deserted Sasha, this troubles me mightily I will write to him again and we will carry on as lively a correspondence with him as you do with Anatoly. . . .

6

Yasnaya Polyana

WHAT LUCKY star shone over me, what blind fate destined me to know a man like Leo Nikolayevich, from the days of my youth until my old age? For what reason and with what intent was my life arranged thus? Evidently, it was so ordained

Life at Yasnaya Polyana provided me with much inner suffering, but with a great deal of happiness too.

I was an eyewitness of all the stages of development of this great man And he was my guide and the judge of my youthful follies and later on, my friend and counsellor In him alone I believed blindly, to him alone I listened from my youth onward He was like a pure wellspring for me, refreshing my heart and healing my wounds

June has begun Brother and I are already at Yasnaya, and so are Anatoly and Kuzminsky I am staying in the same room with Auntie Tatyana Aleksandrovna Brother and both cousins are in the other wing The school is breaking up, and of the teachers, Tomashevsky, now transformed into a steward, Keller and Erlenbein are left Sonya is gay and cheerful, but because of her ill health rarely takes part in our amusements We are so happy to see each other that there is no end to our conversations.

Leo Nikolayevich, even though he was all engrossed in farming—what with the bees and sheep and pigs and so forth—was very fond of young people He devoted some of his time to us, and took part in our picnics, cavalcades, and walks In the summertime he practically never wrote at all, but it appeared to me was jotting down a great many notes in his little book, which he always carried

in his pocket. Once I asked him "What are you always writing in your little book?"

He smiled and said "I'm taking notes about you."

"But what's interesting about us?" I persisted.

"That's my concern. The truth is always interesting."

Sergey Nikolayevich, Leo Nikolayevich's brother, often came over to Yasnaya Polyana from his Pirogovo estate. He was unaccustomed to the sight of such a large company of young people at Yasnaya, but with his usual sense of humor, made fun of the young, carefree liveliness reigning in the house, although he gladly participated in it himself. Sergey Nikolayevich was gifted with a subtle mind, great tact, and fine sensitivity. The family resemblance between the two brothers was very strong. One day during his stay in Moscow, Sergey Nikolayevich came to call on us. Nurse opened the door to him instead of the footman who knew the count. She announced to Mother with great excitement "Lyubov Aleksandrovna, Leo Nikolayevich is here, only he's dark now!"

First I'll describe how Yasnaya Polyana looked in those days.

The present large house was a wing resembling the other wing. Upstairs there were five rooms and a dark storeroom, and downstairs a vaulted room, the former pantry, and next to it a small room with a spiral wooden staircase leading upstairs. The original big house, standing between the two wings, was built by Volkonsky; it was sold for removal to Gorokhov, the landowner, and burned down in the 1900's.

The top floor of the present house was made up of a bedroom, the nursery, Auntie's room, a dining room with a large window, and a drawing room with a small balcony, where coffee was usually served after dinner.

The vaulted room downstairs changed roles many times to my recollection. It served as a dining room, a nursery, or Leo Nikolayevich's study. Natalya Petrovna Okhotnitskaya, the widow of an army officer, lived with Auntie, as I've already mentioned. She wasn't exactly stupid, but somehow rather silly. She used to relate that they had had a child, and that they went somewhere on a campaign with the soldiers. "I was riding in a van," she said, "with my baby—I was nursing him. And on the way my milk was spoiled. I began to feed him with the feeder. I used to chew bread and wrap it in a rag. He was getting used to it, but on the tenth day he died. How I missed him." Leo Nikolayevich was very fond of talking with her.

Sometimes after he had been busy with important matters, Leo Nikolayevich would stop in at Auntie's room. I could tell from his face that he wanted to play a prank, jump about, say something silly. But one day he asked me seriously

"Tanya, you still haven't told me what you did in Petersburg. I must know how you got along there," he spoke to me half in jest, half in earnest.

I thought that he was questioning me out of interest, and I eloquently told him everything I could. Auntie wasn't in the room and Natalya Petrovna didn't embarrass me. Leo Nikolayevich stopped me with frequent questions: "Didn't you feel that this wasn't right?" or "How did he behave with you?" and more of the same.

I didn't suspect then the object of his questions and answered him frankly. Usually he directed his questions to Natalya Petrovna. But I remember one time when he himself was telling stories.

"Natalya Petrovna, do you know I read in the paper that the zephyrote birds,* large ones, with the long beaks, have come to this country. No one has ever seen such birds before."

"Oh dear, oh dear," the old woman said, shaking her head. "That's a bad omen!"

"What does it signify then?" asked Leo Nikolayevich with curiosity.

"It means either a war or maybe a famine. You know it's not good to dream about birds anyway, it means a bereavement," Natalya Petrovna said thoughtfully.

Leo Nikolayevich smilingly listened to her.

Strangely enough, Leo Nikolayevich honestly loved these "God's folk" — the feeble-minded, the half insane, the wanderers, religious pilgrims and even the alcoholics. As he himself once expressed it:

"I'm terribly fond of the drunks. Such good nature and sincerity!"

Naturally, we, his listeners, questioned this good nature and this sincerity. The interest and hospitality he showed toward these people he inherited from his mother. (Princess Marya in *War and Peace* is modeled on his mother.)

The custom of offering hospitality to pilgrims was established long ago by his aunts and grandmothers. Many beggars, pilgrims, and wanderers came to Yasnaya Polyana while on pilgrimage to

* From *zefirót*, plural *zefiróte*, from the Greek *zephyrotes*, literally one who is of the breeze—a fabulous bird —Ed.

Kiev, New Jerusalem, and the Trinity Monastery of St. Sergius. They were fed and given alms.

One day a beggar came who had been at Yasnaya Polyana previously. He was half insane and would recognize no religion but his own. Leo Nikolayevich called me to listen to him.

"You listen to what he says. He has a most complicated religion. He is a peasant. They won't feed him at home, they say he's a heathen. So he wanders from village to village."

"Well, Grisha," Leo Nikolayevich said, "how are your gods getting along?"

"Yes, yes," Grisha began, "the God Ivlik brought forth the God Izlik, they are here, here with me!" he said, pounding himself on the chest.

His eyes with their white eyeballs stared fixedly at one spot. He was pale and thin.

"Why are they with you?" Leo Nikolayevich asked.

"They teach the good . . . the good," he said abruptly.

"What do they teach?" I asked.

"Not to drink, not to take what doesn't belong to you, not to envy."

"Where are you going now?" Leo Nikolayevich asked.

"The gods are driving me, go . . . go . . . to Kiev." He waved his hand, pointing into the distance.

"So you are obeying them and going to Kiev?"

"I'm going . . . going . . . to receive the blessing. . . Give me alms," said Grisha, addressing us.

He was fed and given money. But if he were given relatively much, say a ruble, he would refuse to take it.

"Too much, I don't need it!"

"And who forbids you to take more?" he was asked.

"God Ivlik and God Izlik command. You don't need so much!"

He would stay with us two or three days and go off again on his wanderings. A half year later he would return.

Another feeble-minded wanderer who used to come to Yasnaya Polyana, although at a later period, was also a peasant. He fancied himself every inch a lord and called himself "Prince Blokhin." His insanity was manifested in delusions of grandeur. He preached that life was given to gentlemen for "carousing," as he put it. There was nothing for them to do but be given high rank and stipends.

When Leo Nikolayevich laughingly questioned him

"Tell me, Prince, what rank do you have?"

"Me?" he cried gaily "I am Prince Blokhin I am above all ranks!"

This innocent was always gay Unlike Grisha, there was nothing of the martyr in him

"Soon the haymaking will start, and you will go and mow," Leo Nikolayevich told him pointedly

"It's absolutely impossible for a prince to mow"

Many years later, after Leo Nikolayevich had started to alter his views, and his children had grown up, he laughingly told us

"In this world everybody is mad The only sane one is Prince Blokhin"

I remember another conversation in the same vein he had with Mikhail Vasilyevich Bulygin, later on in the eighties Bulygin was a neighbor of the Tolstoy's Having read Leo Nikolayevich's treatise *What Shall We Do*, he became something of a disciple of his

It was a splendid May afternoon Leo Nikolayevich had been in Moscow and Bulygin dropped in to see him They sat at tea on the balcony overlooking the garden

"What is this large building behind the garden wall?" Bulygin asked

"They say it's a lunatic asylum But there's one thing I don't understand—why the wall?" answered Leo Nikolayevich, smiling at his last words

Bulygin laughed gaily

The simplicity at Yasnaya Polyana surprised me until I became accustomed to it There was no luxury at all, the furniture being rather simple and mostly unupholstered Plain knives and forks were used at the table Tallow candles were burned in the servants' quarters, and some other kind in Auntie's This simplicity extended not only to the household furnishings but to Leo Nikolayevich's habits as well For example, he always slept on a dark red morocco leather pillow, without a pillow case I can see it, as if it were yesterday, with stitched edges like a carriage cushion

When Sonya married, she kept silent about the pillow, despite the fact that it astonished her And only later, when the pillow was beginning to be worn, did she decide to replace it with a silken downy one, from her dowry.

"Lyovochka," she said timidly, "you know you'll sleep better on the big one."

In the old days the bride included in her dowry all the bedding

and twelve shirts for her husband. This custom was observed on all levels of society and among the simple people.

There were few servants in the house, only the maidservant Dunyasha, the footman Aleksey, a short, thickset, reticent, and honest man who was very attached to Leo Nikolayevich. When Leo Nikolayevich was thinking about getting married, he asked Aleksey his opinion of his fiancée. Aleksey giggled gaily in his usual way, and answered "Like mother, like daughter," and nothing more.

Dushka, Sonya's fourteen-year-old maid, lived in the house too. Varvara, the maid from Moscow, had grown lonely and returned home. The cook Nikolay Mikhailovich was an old man, a former serf of Volkonsky, and flutist in his house orchestra. When he was asked why they turned him into a cook, he answered as if offended "I lost my mouthpiece." I loved to chat with him about the old days. Sometimes he got drunk and didn't come to work. The assistant cook and porter was a semudiot "Aloysha the Pot," who, for some reason or other, was romanticized in such a way that reading about him I didn't recognize our own innocent and malformed Alyosha the Pot. As far as I remember him, he was a quiet, harmless man, who uncomplainingly carried out everything that was required of him.

Many servants lived outside the house: the laundress, her daughters, the cowherd Anna Petrovna (the maid Dushka's mother) and her daughters, Yermil the bailiff, a former serf and pastry cook, the redheaded coachman Indyushkin, and several others. My favorite was Agafya Mikhailovna (I have already written about her). Lanky and tall, she had been a maid in the day of Leo Nikolayevich's grandmother, Countess Pelageya Nikolayevna Tolstaya. Even while she walked, she was always knitting on a stocking. She rarely spoke and was very fond of animals, not having any other ties, since she was an old maid. When Leo Nikolayevich's favorite dogs had pups, they were reared by Agafya Mikhailovna, she used to wrap them in her clothes. Even when my sister presented her with a warm jacket, it received the same treatment from her.

She was the cause of many laughable incidents. I remember when my brother Stepan, who was then at the Pravovedenye School, was visiting Yasnaya Polyana. Agafya Mikhailovna was very fond of him because of his affectionate behavior toward her. In the spring, when she learned that Stepan's difficult examinations had started, she burned a wax candle before the icon of St. Nikolas, her favorite

and most deeply revered saint I was sitting and having a chat with her at this time, when someone knocked on the door. In walked the whipper-in, a lad who took care of the hunting dogs

"Agafya Mikhailovna, what shall we do? Such a misfortune!"

"What is it?" she asked terrified

"You see, Karay and Pobezhday, our beagles, you know, ran off to the forest this morning, and up to now they haven't been seen"

"Oh, dear me! What shall we do now? What will the count say?" Agafya Mikhailovna said anxiously "You, Vanyushka, go this minute on horseback to Zakaz. They surely must be wandering about there. Yes, and take your horn along and blow on it"

"I know, I know," said the whipper-in, as if offended at the lesson he was receiving

"You'd better go quickly, or it will be getting dark soon"

The whipper-in went out. Agafya Mikhailovna was pondering about something. I watched her get up, draw a chair to the icon, climb on it, snuff the wax candle, wait a little while, and then light it again

"Agafya Mikhailovna, what are you doing, darling?" I asked her "Why did you put the candle out and then light it again?"

"Because dearie, this one burned for Stepan Andreyevich, but now let it burn for the dogs so that they may be quickly found"

7

Farm Management

LEO NIKOLAYEVICH spent the mornings on the farm, he would make the rounds or remain at the apiary. This particular summer he had taken a fancy to bees. The apiary was about two or three versts from the house and the old beekeeper lived on the premises. He had a long gray mane and a long gray beard, and looked exactly like a character in the opera. We rode there in the spring to shoot woodcock.

Leo Nikolayevich was not only keen on bees. His enthusiasms were extremely varied. First he planted a tremendous quantity of cabbages, then he bred Japanese pigs and wrote to Father that he

couldn't be happy unless some Japanese porkers were bought for him from Shatilov, a well known breeder. Father fulfilled his request "What snouts, what eccentricity of breed!" Leo Nikolayevich wrote Father

That same summer he set out an apple orchard and planted coffee and chicory, he took a great interest in the planting of fir trees

At first I mistook his enthusiasm for the ordinary incidents of the farming business. I only understood later that this was no simple farming bent, but the creative enthusiasm of a genius, embodying in himself not one man, but many different people

The steward Tomashevsky, who was promoted to this post from teaching, didn't stay at Yasnaya Polyana long. Evidently, he had had more than enough of farming—he did not know much about it and didn't like it. He left Leo Nikolayevich

After Tomashevsky left, Leo Nikolayevich thought it would be much better if he and Sonya managed the farm alone, with occasional outside help

Sonya became a countinghouse clerk. She paid off the day girls and I helped her with this. She wore a heavy bunch of keys on a leather belt, with her thin white dresses

Leo Nikolayevich managed the field farming, and hired a fourteen-year-old lad, Kiryushka, one of his former pupils, to help him.

On May 18, 1863, Leo Nikolayevich wrote to Fet

I've made an important discovery which I hasten to communicate to you. Bailiffs, stewards, and overseers are only an obstacle to farming. Try dismissing all the men in authority and sleep until ten o'clock. Everything will run just as smoothly. I have made this experiment and remain very satisfied with it

But Afanasy Afanasyevich, being an excellent landowner, didn't follow Leo Nikolayevich's advice, he only laughed at his latest enthusiasm and unique counsel

Of course Leo Nikolayevich's experiment of having Kiryushka as an assistant to care for 2,400-odd acres could only work for a short time. For this reason, farming at Yasnaya Polyana always fared badly, and the results were lamentable. For example, without a steward to hire people with careful selection, Leo Nikolayevich himself hired out of pity a habitual drunkard to take care of his favorite porkers. The man had been a steward and had been discharged for drunkenness. Leo Nikolayevich thought he would help him with

this position, but matters turned out to the contrary. The drunkard took offense at his employment. The house servants began to laugh at him and he starved all the porkers to death, and told about it himself afterward.

"You go to the pigs and give them just a little feed, you see, to weaken them. And they get weaker, too. The next time you come, one is still squealing, well, you give it a little feed, and if it quiets down then—that's the end of that."

In this way the thoroughbred pigs gradually perished. Leo Nikolayevich worried, thinking an epidemic had killed them. He only learned the truth much later.

Once Leo Nikolayevich sent some hams to be sold in Moscow. But here was another fiasco. The ham turned out to be badly prepared and badly salted. Moreover, it was fast-time and a thaw had set in. The hams spoiled and were sold for a mere song and even then with difficulty.

Father writes a letter to Leo Nikolayevich on November 25, 1863, about the commodities sent to Moscow for sale—the porkers and the butter.

Your agent has probably told you already about his unsuccessful showing at the Smolensk market, and later on in the Okhotny row. Your products were rejected and the most derisory prices offered for them. I've personally checked this, having spent about an hour in the market place myself. . .

The butter was rancid and there was green mold on the edges of the tub, inside it proved rotten too. . . .

Further on in the letter he describes how the products were disposed of: the butter fetched barely six rubles a pood*.

At Yasnaya only the apple orchard and the tree planting flourished and immortalized Leo Nikolayevich's name in the field of agriculture.

Leo Nikolayevich and his neighbor Aleksandr Nikolayevich Bibikov embarked on the construction of a distillery on the latter's property, "Telyatinky." Sonya strongly opposed this scheme and thought it immoral, but Leo Nikolayevich said distillery mash was necessary for raising pigs.

Father wrote Leo Nikolayevich. "Will you and your Bibikov try

* About thirty-six pounds.—Ed.

to convince me that wine * is healthful? No, my friend, in my long practice, I have seen the harm wine can do, and have cured many people of heavy drinking."

Father wrote thus briefly, not wishing to expatiate further on this matter

But I found the building of the distillery very pleasant. I often rode over on horseback to Telyatinky with Leo Nikolayevich. He went to inspect the construction, and I simply for the diversion. I raced about the whole farmstead with Bibikov's son, a boy of about thirteen or fourteen, I gathered mushrooms and berries, and chatted with his companion, dear Anna Stepanovna, who looked after the household.

A N Bibikov was the true prototype of the old-time small landowner—hospitable, sensible, straightforward, practical, and good-natured. Thickset and of middle height, he was about forty-odd years of age.

I remember our whole young crew once went over to Telyatinky. Kind Anna Stepanovna bustled about, plying us with clotted milk, sweetmeats of various kinds, and tea. Smiling pleasantly, Aleksandr Nikolayevich said, "I'm terribly fond of young people."

Anatoly, who was not altogether familiar with the country and its native inhabitants, told me, "Mais ce couple est charmant. Et surtout ce butor me plaît beaucoup." †

On picnics and in company, Anatoly was brilliant, witty, and lively. He always found some pertinent story or, as it is said, *un mot pour rire* ‡. He knew how to listen too. For example, when Leo Nikolayevich spoke, he remembered every word and often discussed it afterwards.

8

A Talk with My Sister

OLGA ISLENYEVA was an addition to our young group. In the daytime, until the five o'clock dinner, some kind of general outing was usually organized. My sister and Leo Nikolayevich usually joined in it, and often Sergey Nikolayevich with his ten-year-old

* Wine ("vino") is a common name for vodka in Russia.—ED

† This couple is charming. I particularly like the fat fellow.

‡ Something to make one laugh.

son Grisha I felt particularly gay on these picnics I loved the horse-back riding and the general excitement Everything that was said seemed clever, kindly, and added to the animation, especially when Leo Nikolayevich was present, although at times I gathered by the expression on his face that something displeased him and I was afraid this meant Anatoly

Once on one of these outings, when I was in particularly high spirits, Leo Nikolayevich said to me half in jest, half in earnest

"Tanya, are you playing at grownups again?"

I don't recall my answer but I understood very well what he meant by this Once when he was engaged to Sonya, we had guests in the evening I found myself in the drawing room with Sergey Nikolayevich and Timiryazev, and considered it my duty to engage them in conversation

Sonya mentions this in her diary

Sitting on the small sofa with Sergey Nikolayevich, she capered elegantly, fanned herself like a grownup and was particularly lively Five minutes later, left alone on the same sofa, she had fallen into a sound sleep and was snoring slightly with her mouth open like a child

Leo Nikolayevich came over to me after I woke up and said

"Well, Tanya? Playing at grownups and then suddenly becoming a little girl with your mouth open!"

"But which is better, to be big or little?" I asked

"It's better to be little," he answered after thinking it over

Everyone began to notice Anatoly's attentions and my infatuation with him I never could hide my feelings, and hardly even tried I would walk into the garden because I knew he would follow me there When a saddled horse was waiting I knew that *his* strong hand would help me mount I listened to his flattering love speeches. I believed him and thought that he alone, only this dazzling, clever man appreciated and understood me Besides, I felt flattered to think he considered me grownup.

Anatoly Shostak was one of those people one often meets in society Self-assured, straightforward, and devoid of shyness, he adored women and they were fond of him He had the knack of approaching them simply, affectionately, and boldly. He knew how to suggest to them that the power of love has rights, that love is the supreme pleasure Barriers did not exist for him Without being good, he was good-natured. In money matters he was fair and

square and even generous. In society, he could be dazzling and witty. He had a fine command of language, and was regarded as a clever fellow.

Sonya said to me: "Tanya, what's come over you? Everyone is noticing your infatuation with Anatoly. Lyovochka said the other day: 'Ah, how sorry I am for her! He does not deserve her, he is a danger to such young girls!'"

"Why, yes, you are all against him, you don't like him, I see it," I said, flaring up. "He is nice, he is fond of me, and you are down on him!" I cried, almost in tears.

"Why wasn't anyone down on you and Sasha? Tell me, please?"

"Because . . . because . . . I don't know why. Because we didn't sit in the garden . . . you don't like it anyway," I said in a rush.

"Yes, you're always wandering off with him, everyone has noticed it. The other day Lyovochka asked where you were. Neither you nor Anatoly were with us, and he just shook his head and murmured: 'Oh, Oh . . .'. And see how Sasha has changed toward you. He is keeping completely away from you," Sonya continued.

"Yes, that's true and I'm sorry for it. I'm very fond of him."

"Did he ask you for an explanation?" Sonya asked.

"No, he didn't say a single word to me and didn't reproach me for anything. I'm keeping silent too."

"Yes, that's because he's an honorable man. He has withdrawn in silence. Soon he'll be leaving to see his mother and then going to his own property."

I burst into tears. This conversation had upset me. I felt regret for the past, regret for a love full of poetry, pure and unconscious. I went to Auntie's room, took out my diary, and wrote a few lines.

Why has he such a hold over me? When we are together, I feel both happy and frightened. I am afraid of him and do not have the strength to keep away from him. He is closer to me than anyone else! God have mercy and deliver me and deliver these two!

But from what I was to be delivered, and what I really wanted I couldn't clearly discern. I only felt that I had buried my pure first love and was possessed by something powerful, inexorable, and incomprehensible.

Auntie Tatyana Aleksandrovna came in and found me in tears. She asked me in surprise:

"Pourquoi pleurez vous, ma chère enfant?" *

"Je ne sais pas, pourquoi † I'm so miserable, Auntie," I replied
And indeed I couldn't explain the reason for my tears She stroked my head and silently kissed me This caress was a great comfort to me.

9

The Picnic

THE DÉNOUEMENT of my brief infatuation drew near It happened on a Sunday The weather had been fine, the evenings long and light, it was a shame to spend them indoors It was decided at dinner to drive out and have tea somewhere in the forest After conferring about a suitable place, we decided on Baburino, a village three or four versts from Yasnaya Sonya, apprehensive about the jolting of the carriage, decided to stay home, Leo Nikolayevich did too. He asked Sergey Nikolayevich to go with us, fearing to send the young people off alone, with the horses

When the "lineika" ‡ and the two saddle horses had been brought to the porch, Leo Nikolayevich came out to watch our preparations

"Seryozha," he said to his brother, "you are driving over the Kabatsky hill I advise you to get out of the lineika and cross the hill on foot I fear it will be too hard for the horses to drag you all up"

I was already mounted on my horse apart from the rest when Leo Nikolayevich came up to me He looked at me attentively with his piercing glance and said

"Tanya, watch out and don't be a 'grownup' "

"I'll try, but it's hard," I answered with a little smile

Sergey Nikolayevich, his son, Kuzminsky and brother Sasha rode in the lineika, Anatoly and I were on horseback

We left the lineika behind at the hill The horses went at full trot We rode across country There is no bird to equal the skylark at singing in full flight and that's why I love them

The speed of the horses, the open expanse of the field and my own youth put me in a bright, happy frame of mind.

* Why are you crying, my dear child?

† I don't know why.

‡ A kind of carryall where passengers sat sideways on a flat-cushioned seat.—Ed

I could not forget last night's talk with Sonya but assigned it to a comfortable nook in my heart, as so often happens when we try to suppress in every possible way something we don't like to admit is wrong. And in my own case I felt relieved to think that by last night's conversation with Sonya, I had, as it were, paid tribute to my past in praying and crying over it.

And now, riding past the lineika, I saw how gaily Kuzminsky was chatting with Olga, who sat next to him, and my mind was set at ease.

We let the lineika pass in front of us again and rode slowly, well behind the others.

"How pleasant it is in the country after Petersburg and how beautiful the field is," Anatoly said.

"Why, can you observe nature and admire it?" I asked in surprise, as this side of his personality was new to me.

"Inasmuch as I observe it, it gives me pleasure. And here I am riding with you, that is, with 'thee' (you know we agreed to speak in the familiar 'you'), and nature gives me pleasure."

"Do you know, I can't change to the familiar," I said. "It seems so banal and commonplace to me. No, I don't want to use 'thee,'" I added. "If you like, you may address me so, you are older than I am."

"Your saddle is loose, Tanya, the saddle girth is hanging down," he said, as if he hadn't heard me.

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"I see a grove ahead of us, we'll stop there and I'll fix the girth."

We rode slowly. The horses beat time with their hoofs along the hard trodden road. Our lineika was visible in the distance. Anatoly rode so near to me that his hand touched my shoulder. I didn't move away from him and this was to torment me later on.

"How nicely you sit on a horse and how lovely you look in your riding habit. Did you take lessons at a riding school?" he asked.

"No, Leo Nikolayevich taught me."

"I practiced at a riding school," he said.

We entered a young forest with some old stumps here and there. The sun was high, the grove was not yet quiet, there was life still moving in it.

I could not remain indifferent to the charm of the evening, but didn't say a word to Anatoly to share with him what stirred me so much. He would not have understood me—I sensed this.

We stopped near a large stump. He dismounted from his horse and tied it to a tree. His movements were leisurely and somehow hesitant. He seemed to be thinking of something or displeased with something. I didn't understand.

"Are you tightening the saddle girth?" I asked in order to say something.

"Yes, I will, of course, right away."

"Don't I have to dismount?"

"Yes, you'd better, I'll help you down now."

At these words I jumped down lightly, unaided. He led my horse to the tree and tied it there too. "Why is he tying it? The saddle girth can be fixed without that," I thought. I sprang onto a large, wide stump, hampered by my long riding habit, I wanted to mount the horse myself.

"Take my White Lip to the stump, I'll mount. We've lagged so far behind! Have you fixed the saddle?"

He didn't answer, but moved toward me without bringing the horse.

"How quiet, how lovely it is here. We are alone and you are hurrying off. We've never been alone at Yasnaya. I even think we're being watched. It is very unpleasant."

I was at a loss for a reply. My talk with Sonya had made things clear to me. We grew silent. He fixed his eyes on me.

"How beautiful you look standing here among the greenery," he said, drawing nearer to me. He took my hand and slowly began to take off my leather-cuffed glove, which I wore for riding. He raised my hand to his lips and began to kiss my palm. I was silent and didn't withdraw my hand. "What am I doing? This is terrible!" flashed through my head.

"Tanya, you don't seem to understand how much I love you, how long I've been meaning to speak to you and could not," he said, gently taking me down from the high stump and covering me with kisses. "Tout m'attire vers toi, tu es charmante, adorable. Je t'aime, depuis que je t'ai vu à Pétersbourg. . . ."

His compliments made my head spin. His emotion affected me too. I felt completely powerless to move away, to flee, to stop my ears from listening to his vows, so novel and unusual for me.

"Si j'avais seulement des moyens, j'aurais été heureux de t'épouser

* Everything draws me to you. You are charming, adorable. I've loved you from the minute I saw you in Petersburg.

si tu m'aimais, ne fût ce qu'un peu!"* he continued, holding me in his arms

Ten minutes passed, fifteen I lost count of time The sun was setting behind the trees In the sky to the left, I caught sight of the young sickle of the moon "That means tears" I thought, and recalled Leo Nikolayevich's parting words "Tanya, watch out and don't be grownup!" These words sobered me immediately I freed myself from his embrace and ran to my horse

"My goodness, let's go! What are they going to think about us?" I said

I thought that everybody, simply everybody was bound to find out that I had listened to his vows They would read his guilty kisses in my eyes And Lyovochka? Nothing can be kept from him We galloped in silence to Baburino

"Why did it take you so long to get here? What happened to you? We were so worried about you," they plied us with questions

We explained that we had stopped to resaddle the horse I saw by Sergey Nikolayevich's and Kuzminsky's expressions that neither one of them believed us Sergey Nikolayevich, I fancied, fixed his expressive gray-blue eyes on me searchingly and gazed at me with disapproval Kuzminsky, on the other hand, avoided my eyes and talked with my brother

A table and a samovar were brought out of the hut Olga busied herself with the tea A group of peasant women and girls stood staring at us from a little distance

"I'll have them sing and dance," I said I wanted to have gaiety and animation around me I wanted to forget myself and shake off the "grown-up" feeling

"Grisha, let's go and ask them to dance"

Grisha was glad of a change and we ran over to the women Five minutes later singing started and then the dancing The forty-year-old country women danced with such spirit, that each wave of their hands spoke to the heart Sergey Nikolayevich loved singing and called out the songs they were to sing Tea was ready and the wheel of liveliness was set spinning

In the evening, after we had returned home and were sitting at the tea table, they asked us about the picnic and if we had had a good time Leo Nikolayevich was not at the table and I suspected

* If I only had the means, I would be happy to marry you, if you loved me just a little

that Sergey Nikolayevich was telling him all about me. Several minutes later they both came in to tea. I was induced to sing and the evening passed quickly.

It was already late. Everyone had dispersed and I was on my way to my room.

"Tanya, stop a minute, where are you hurrying off to?" Leo Nikolayevich called to me, walking into his study.

"I'm not hurrying, what is it?"

"Why did you lag behind with Anatoly and dismount from your horse?" Leo Nikolayevich asked me directly without any preliminaries.

I kept silent. "Whatever I'll say will be a lie," I thought.

"My saddle girth got loose," I said.

He looked intently at me, and I felt as if his eyes pierced right through me and read all my innermost thoughts without difficulty.

"How do you know we lagged behind?" I asked.

"Seryozha told me."

"I thought he would tell you."

"Tanya, you are young, you do not understand people. Take care of yourself," he continued, paying no attention to my objection. "In your life you'll have many temptations to struggle against. Don't let yourself yield. Such slackness leaves indelible scars on your heart and soul."

"But what did I do wrong?" I asked abruptly.

"Wrong?" he repeated, and again he fixed his searching gaze on me. "You ought to know that yourself."

"He loves me as no one else has ever loved me," I said, almost in tears. "You . . . you all hate him for it . . ."

"But why doesn't he marry you, if he loves you so?"

"He hasn't the means," I repeated Anatoly's words.

"That's no reason not to get married. Many people marry without wealth and live very nicely."

"He told me it's absolutely impossible."

"Ah, my God," Leo Nikolayevich almost groaned. He had this habit when something took him aback, or worried him. "To talk to you so . . . and to talk like that!"

The words "like that" told me that I had not been mistaken—he suspected the truth. "Tell him everything, everything," I thought. "No, I can't . . ." I stood before him in silence.

"Tanya, go to sleep, good night, you're tired," he said quietly as

if soothing me. Of course he had seen my bewilderment and understood me better than my words could tell. I noted in my diary

Lyovochka knows everything. He disapproves of him and probably of me too. I'm uneasy after our talk, and I'm frightened after what happened in the forest. I meant to tell him everything but there are words one cannot utter!

"What is it you're writing?" Natalya Petrovna asked with her sly yet good-natured smile, coming over to me.

"A diary," I said.

"It's probably all about your Anatoly."

"Natalya Petrovna, how indiscreet you are!" Tatyana Aleksandrovna said, laughingly. "Leave her alone, my dear, she's upset about something."

10

Grandpapa and Anatoly's Departure

THE NEXT day both pleasure and pain awaited me. Grandpapa, my dear, darling grandpapa, arrived from Ivitsy to spend two days. He planned to return there on his way to Petersburg to see his son.

The pain was caused by Kuzminsky's departing for Voronezh Province to see his mother, and after that to visit his own property. My heart ached, and I wanted to cry, not because we were parting but because of our unvoiced farewell, and the recognition that an indescribable barrier stood between us and our pure childlike love. At the last minute we agreed to correspond and my feeling of misery was eased somewhat. My brother left with him.

Sashka, Grandpapa's servant, accompanied him everywhere. Even though he was now married, he was still the same "Sashka" to Grandpapa, and he still had the same wiry forelock on his head.

Leo Nikolayevich and Sonya always welcomed Grandpapa warmly, to amuse the old man in the evening they played preference. I sat by the card table in order to be near Grandfather and also to show everyone that, in spite of their reproaches, I wasn't with Anatoly all the time.

Every now and then Grandfather would get into a fury over a

move and raise his voice and twitch his shoulder. Despite his advanced age, he played cleverly and quickly, often turning to kiss me or to put some homemade marmalade into my mouth. Sergey Nikolayevich gazed at us and smiled.

After tea, at Sergey Nikolayevich's request, Grandpapa sat down at the piano and struck up an old-fashioned gypsy song.

"The green grove has ceased to rustle

And I, a young maiden, have not slept the night through."

His voice was old and faded but he sang with so much skill and with the real gypsy gusto, that he made our pulses beat.

"More, Grandpapa darling, more! I won't let you get up!" I cried.

Sergey Nikolayevich asked him to sing "I Am a Lonesome Maiden." Grandpapa did so and taught me the words, and then we sang it together.

"What vital energy there is in this Islenyev blood! It flows in all you black Berses!" said Leo Nikolayevich, turning to Sonya and me. Those of us who had dark eyes and black hair were called "black."

I remember Leo Nikolayevich questioning Grandpapa how he managed with the work without serf labor.

"Almost nothing has changed in the household, we've worked out an arrangement with some of the peasants in the village, particularly with my steward, but it is not too easy to get on. You know those rascals don't want to work, and drunkenness has increased considerably," Grandpapa said. I sympathized with him.

Grandpapa asked me to call Sashka in order to prepare for bed. Sleepy, disheveled Sashka had been asleep on the floor of the pantry on a felt mat and I had trouble awakening him. I took him to Grandpapa's room.

"Light up my pipe," Grandpapa said. "What are you standing around for, you sleepy booby! Do you hear?"

"I'm dead tired. See, it is after twelve!" Sashka answered.

"Did you eat, now? Have you had your supper?" Grandfather asked solicitously.

"We were fed all right," Sashka answered reluctantly. He did not like and would not allow anyone to take an interest in him. He considered such an interest to be beneath Grandfather's dignity. "There are many of us about, but he is alone," he said.

Sashka was morose, closemouthed, and liked to take a drop now and then. Grandfather thrashed him for this but he felt no resent-

ment and admitted himself at fault. When the serfs were liberated, Sashka stayed with Grandfather for a small wage.

Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich decided to send Anatoly away, without consulting me. Sonya had complained to Grandpapa about the two of us and Grandpapa very much disapproved.

"That Englishman (Grandpapa's name for Anatoly) has a reputation among us in Petersburg as the 'Conqueror,' but I don't understand how he allows himself to flirt at Yasnaya!

"And you, my little girl," Grandpapa said, caressing me, "don't let your head be turned by him. He isn't worthy of you."

Father wrote to the Tolstoys on June 24.

I think that you, Sonya, or both of you must be getting tired of the young people. As to Anatoly, I was certain before he came that he would stick in your throat and even more so, in your husband's—who is no admirer of this type. With his English style and his hair parted at the back of the head, Anatoly might make a hit on our English walk at Pokrovskoye. They would gape at him there, but at Yasnaya he is out of place.

I hope that Sasha is already on his way. I received a paper in his name today asking him to present himself tomorrow to take his oath.

Grandpapa stayed two days and then he and Olga left for Ivitsy.

I was upset over the references to Anatoly and of course didn't believe them.

About two days after Grandpapa left, Leo Nikolayevich ordered the carriage. Sonya told Anatoly that in view of her approaching confinement she thought it would be best if he would leave. Anatoly was disconcerted by his forced and sudden departure, of course he guessed the reasons behind it.

I was sitting alone in the empty drawing room. I knew that he was going away.

"Why are you sitting there and moping?" I suddenly heard Natalya Petrovna's voice.

"Anatoly is going away," I replied.

"Well, it's not worth your while to mope. Another young man will come and comfort you," Natalya Petrovna said. "It's not nice, the others may see you."

The door opened, Anatoly walked in and announced his departure. Natalya Petrovna left the room, and we were alone to-

gether Suddenly I recalled our outing to Baburino and the little grove and the new crescent moon on the left "That means tears" I began to cry bitterly

I won't describe our farewell, it was mournful I was angry at the Tolstoy's for the way they had treated Anatoly We didn't realize it but Anatoly and I were parting for a long time

We saw each other again sixteen or seventeen years later I was married and had children He was married to my husband's sister, Madame Shidlovskaya, and was governor of Chernigov

11

The Birth of the First Child

WHEN MAMA came to Yasnaya for Sonya's confinement, my sister told her everything Mama approved of Anatoly's departure and must have written to Father about it, because he wrote to the Tolstoy's (July 19, 1863)

As for Tatyanka, do what you think best, but you'll hardly keep her from fresh follies I've lost all faith in her She gave me a good lesson in Petersburg As she tells it, she takes cities, but in fact it all turns out to be nonsense Her head is full of silly daydreams She still needs a governess, but the majority of them are just as foolish as Tanya herself I don't know what's to be done with her.

I ask you earnestly, my good friend Leo Nikolayevich, take her in hand, she would rather listen to you than anyone else, give her a good talking-to You all think it is unnecessary, but I am telling you that it is imperative, please believe me What was the good of letting her go to Tula. You, dear little mother, are judging by yourself, and you imagine that she is like you There isn't a trace of similarity between you, you were always serious and reliable on all accounts, and she is a dizzy miss By God, I'm speaking to you in earnest, she will be seventeen soon. It is time for her to forget this childishness and become a little more responsible Gaiety in a young girl is always very pleasant and has its place, but giddiness and dizziness don't enhance her charm On the contrary they bring her unhappiness I urge you'll let her read this letter. She will understand me and perhaps might change her ways. . . .

Father's wish came true not more than two or three years later—I changed my ways No clever governess improved me, but life itself, as my notes will show

But what would not Father have given only to have back his imp, his giddy, merry Tatyanchik, as he called me then. I learned these nicknames of Father's later from Mother

On June 28 toward evening, Sonya felt ill, and at two o'clock in the morning, with considerable suffering, she gave birth to a son

The midwife, Marya Ivanovna Abramovich, attended her She was a Polish woman, about forty-five years of age, of medium height, with a pleasant face, skillful, obliging, and courteous Taciturn Dr Shmigaro, who also spoke with a Polish accent, stayed in the adjoining room

I was awakened by the commotion in the house

Auntie said to me "Le Bon Dieu a donné un fils à Sophie et Léon" *

I dressed hurriedly and went to the dining room There I found Mother, the doctor, and Natalya Petrovna Soon Auntie and Leo Nikolayevich came in His face was pale, his eyes red with weeping—it was obvious how distraught he was Mother wouldn't let me in to see Sonya Champagne was served and then they went to congratulate her I insisted on going in too Sonya's face was weary but happy

The house became silent I stayed with Mother a great deal, read, and went for walks with my little brother and Nurse

One day Nurse said to me "Well, now, Miss Saratov (that was her playful name for me), they say you have exchanged our Aleksandr Mikhailovich for another, a stranger from Petersburg"

"Who told you that?" I asked

"Everyone is talking about it, and Agafya Mikhailovna told me the other day when I was having tea with her"

"I haven't replaced him, Nurse I correspond with him and with Anatoly too, because I'm fond of them both"

"You're naughty and you cause your Mama a lot of trouble and your Papa too He was worrying about you when he came here from Petersburg"

"Be quiet, Nurse, let's talk about something else I've had enough of reproaches"

* God has presented Sonya and Leo with a son.

"Now Yelizaveta Andreyevna—she is a real professor. She's so levelheaded and doesn't worry her parents at all."

Nurse Vera Ivanovna had already made friends with everybody at Yasnaya. They all had been informed that she was not just anybody but that her family belonged to the clergy.

Natalya Petrovna sat on a garden bench with her and tried to extract all the details of our domestic life.

"And do many suitors come to call?" she questioned.

"To be sure—there were three marriageable girls at home," Nurse answered with pride. "We had all kinds of visitors. Now we're going to marry off Yelizaveta Andreyevna."

"Did officers come too?" pursued Natalya Petrovna, her mouth all screwed up, chewing tobacco.

"Two of them. One—what do you call him—is an aide-de-camp or something, that means a hussar," Nurse said. "And the other one is also an officer, a staff officer, they say. He wants to come in two years and marry our Tatyana Andreyevna, and he told her parents so. But they wouldn't consent because she's too young."

"Oh, dear," sighed Natalya Petrovna, "are there that many suitors in Moscow? There are always worries with daughters, always to think of their dowry—and it's hard on the fathers too. 'The house is upside down, master stand upright'."

"Of course," Nurse said, "everyone knows it's hard getting dowries ready and it takes time! We have a lot of sewing done and the lace is bought for chemises and blouses, and batiste and that kind of thing. Sister Evlampya, the one from the convent near the Borovitsky gate, you know? Well, she comes after Mass on Sundays to take tea with us, and it's her that the mistress gives the work to. And her stitches are as fine and even as you ever saw!" Nurse continued enthusiastically. "She quilted a blanket for your Sofya Andreyevna. That's her work too." In Nurse's opinion, Sonya already belonged to "them."

Sonya was making a poor recovery. The baby was troublesome and there was no nurse. Leo Nikolayevich disapproved of mothers who failed to look after their children themselves and didn't nurse them. Naturally, Sonya nursed the child herself and, to gratify her husband, didn't engage a nurse.

Marya Ivanovna left after ten days. Sonya was still quite weak and could scarcely stay on her feet. Mother insisted that they engage somebody, if only for the time being, to look after the baby,

and our Dunyasha's sister, a girl of twenty-four, was brought in from the farm. She was engaged to Ivan, the saddler, a former serf. She knew little about infant care and Mother had to show her everything.

Mother was very cross because there was no regular nurse. She said "Lyovochka is always trying to be original, he wants Sonchka's life to be like a peasant woman's. But infant care with us isn't the same as it is for a peasant woman down in the village, and you cannot compare their strength anyway. He doesn't want to understand this. Besides, the feeding is going badly and Sonya will hardly be able to nurse him at all soon."

Auntie and I listened to her and were very unhappy about it. There was nothing we could do, however, but bide our time and watch Sonya suffer. And, in keeping with Mother's prediction, her sufferings grew worse.

Leo Nikolayevich walked about disconcerted. Evidently he hadn't expected this turn of events and didn't believe Mother. But Sonya grew weaker, failed to improve, and suffered terribly.

After the great jubilation, silence and an oppressive atmosphere reigned in the house. Mama urged Sonya to engage a wet nurse, but Sonya wouldn't listen and neither would Leo Nikolayevich. Auntie pleaded with Sonya too, but to no avail. Leo Nikolayevich agreed to Mother's request to send for Shmigaro, however. They sent me to fetch him in order that I should bring him back without fail. After he had examined Sonya, the doctor forbade her to nurse the baby and advised her to engage a wet nurse. Leo Nikolayevich was very displeased with the doctor's advice and this added to his despondency.

On August 8, 1863, Father wrote a very long and disapproving letter concerning Sonya's illness.

Unfortunately, my dear friends, I must inform you that you are living without any sense. You cannot even humble yourselves before circumstances which you have brought on yourselves by your thoughtless actions. Your dilemma to engage or not to engage a wet nurse is put on a par with Hamlet's "to be or not to be," and you have been acting out this tragedy for six long weeks in spite of all requests and exhortations from those who wish you well. You have acceded to them only after you had endured the utmost in physical and mental suffering, which are still going on.

I couldn't read your heartbreaking letter of July 31 through for a second time, Sonya dear. Once was enough to set my nerves on edge. You think you are a thoroughly unhappy mother because you found yourself forced to engage a wet nurse, the husband comforts his wife by promising not to enter the nursery because its atmosphere disgusts him, and so forth. I see that you have both gone out of your minds and that I shall have to pay you a visit in order to restore you to sanity. Can it be unknown to you, good husband, that mental suffering has a harmful and injurious effect on the organism and especially on a woman after a recent confinement and who has, in addition, too much milk. Such a frame of mind as Sonya is now in, can lead to very bad results indeed. Stop acting foolish, dear Sonya, calm yourself and don't make mountains out of molehills. Aren't you ashamed to take to heart the most commonplace setbacks which occur so frequently in the course of a lifetime. Is it such a disgrace that you could not manage to breast-feed your baby, and whose fault is it? Your own and especially your husband's, who, without considering his wife's condition, forces her to do things which can only prove injurious to her. Be assured, Leo Nikolayevich, my friend, that your constitution will never be transformed into a peasant's, neither will your wife's constitution ever be able to endure what that Palageya's could, who had beaten black and blue both her husband and the tapster in a public house near Petersburg (No 165 or 166, *Moscow Vedomosty*).

It is a pity that you abuse your existence so irreverently and by doing it grieves us so deeply. There isn't another blessing in the world like good health and you just disregard it. You are both making a terrible mistake if you think that it is given to us free, like the air and the light. It is acquired and maintained only through sensible actions and by learning from our own experiences and the experiences of others, which unfortunately we profit by least of all . . .

Regards to Auntie and Tanya. I'm very glad that she is a comfort to you. Tanya, stay at your restless sister's heels and give her constant scoldings for indulging in fancies and angering God, as for Lyovochka, just wallop him with the first thing that comes to your hand so he may become wiser. He is a great master of words and of writing but when it comes to deeds, it is a different matter. Let him write a story about a husband who tortures his sick wife and wants her to continue nursing her baby, all the women will stone him. Give him no quarter and see that he comforts his wife to the utmost.

12

Sergey Nikolayevich

I FELT that my composure was returning gradually, and then my carefree gaiety This love hadn't taken root It had been an unconscious infatuation of youth, and like a wave of the surf it had overflowed and then set me free It is true that the frequent visits of Sergey Nikolayevich made the release easier He would come for one day and stay for two or three, and had not the strength to leave, as he put it himself I treated him like the older person he was, respectfully and trustingly Leo Nikolayevich often said of him "Seryozha is an exceptional man, he has a fine mind together with exceptional sincerity"

Sergey Nikolayevich had been living with a gypsy, Marya Mikhailovna, for fifteen years He had taken her from the gypsy encampment when she was quite young Marya Mikhailovna lived in Tula with her parents, and Sergey Nikolayevich on his property, Pirogovo He usually spent part of the year abroad with his sister, Marya Nikolayevna and her children

Sergey Nikolayevich had his own children Grisha was the only one I ever knew of or saw. When I asked who his mother was, I was told "His mother is a gypsy He is illegitimate" The word illegitimate meant to me "not belonging to anybody" My association with Sergey Nikolayevich began under these circumstances Sergey Nikolayevich felt that he ought not to come over to Yasnaya so often, and he told his brother so, but he continued to come all the same.

The warm July evenings set in It seemed impossible to stay home and often we went horseback riding Once Sergey Nikolayevich suggested we ride to the gorge, twelve versts away Mother gave me her permission To my surprise, the road we took was also the one to Baburino, I didn't like the thought of it I expected him to speak of our previous trip and I wasn't mistaken He asked me why I liked Anatoly and if I loved him I kept silent and quite honestly didn't know what to reply

"I don't know whether I loved him or not," I said at last "Perhaps

I did. You know I was sorry for him when he left. They insulted him and forced him to go. He felt so ill at ease and so downcast that I cried. Why did Sonya and Lyovochka humiliate him that way? That wasn't nice, that wasn't nice at all."

"Still I don't think Lyovochka would do it without a reason. Surely Anatoly himself was to blame."

"No, he wasn't," I almost cried out. "I'm the one who's to blame, you don't know."

"You can't be blamed at sixteen."

"I'll be seventeen soon."

"Or at seventeen either," he echoed, smiling.

"Papa says that it is the woman's fault when she is being flirted with."

He laughed. "When did Lyovochka send him away? For what reason?" he asked.

"Because—remember when we lagged behind in the forest? You know my saddle girth got loose and we dismounted from the horses." I was silent. "What can I tell him?" I thought. Sergey Nikolayevich looked at me intently.

"Yes, you didn't come for a long time," he said. "Why was that?"

"Because—you will blame him. I'm not going to tell you anything else."

"What was the reason?" he asked again.

"I can't tell."

We both kept silent. The horses moved ahead at a rapid pace.

"He is not worthy of you," Sergey Nikolayevich said, stressing every word. "There are many like him, but you are 'unique.' I see why Lyovochka sent him away."

We approached the young grove. I vividly recalled the wide stump, the crescent moon, and Anatoly himself. I thought that Sergey Nikolayevich couldn't help but know what had taken place between us—he understood everything.

I was wrought up and my thoughts were in a turmoil. Suddenly and peremptorily I whipped the horse hard, it started, and immediately made off. This was so unexpected that I could scarcely stay in the saddle. She galloped through the forest, carrying me farther and farther along the familiar beaten road, sweeping away my shameful infatuation, as I thought then.

"Easy, easy, take care!" cried Sergey Nikolayevich, racing after me on his tawny Karabakh horse which he had brought with him.

the day before from Pirogovo. He overtook me, bent over my Belogubka's* neck, and seizing the reins, he stopped her.

"How reckless you are! How can you take such risks and gallop like that with worn-out saddle girths?" he said.

"I didn't want to see this grove so I gave the horse the whip, she got frightened and galloped off. I couldn't hold her back. I didn't suspect Belogubka could gallop like that," I tried to justify myself.

"No, you mustn't ride out alone. You don't understand danger, and you don't know your own worth," he added after a silence with an affectionate look.

We reached the gorge and halted at the forester's little hut. The old man told us how he heard a roaring noise one night that nearly deafened him.

"I didn't realize what the matter was. In the morning I went to look in the forest and what did I see but water, a sort of a pond like. There had been trees there but you couldn't see them, and you couldn't touch bottom either."

The forester took us to the grove. I was very interested in seeing it all and wanted to stay longer, but it was late and darkness was setting in, so we had to hurry home.

"Mama will worry that something has happened to us," I said.

At home we found everything in order. Sonya was sleeping, but Mama was actually sitting up with Auntie and was alarmed about us. Auntie tried to calm her.

"Rien ne peut arriver à Tanya, une fois que Serge est là" †

Auntie was fond of Sergey Nikolayevich and trusted him.

Leo Nikolayevich stayed in his room writing. He said that he was getting into his stride at writing, his usual and favorite occupation.

After tea I went to see Mama off to "that house"—our name for the wing. She settled for the night, and I sat on the edge of her bed.

"Do you know, Mama," I began, "he kept asking about Anatoly."

"Whom are you talking about?" Mother asked.

"Oh, Mama, about Sergey Nikolayevich, of course."

"Well, what about it?"

"He kept asking me if I loved Anatoly. He says there are many like Anatoly but that I am 'unique,' and that Anatoly isn't worthy

* White Lip's

† Nothing can happen to Tanya if Seryozha is with her.

of me You know he's so nice, and he understands everything, everything!"

Mother smiled. "Do you say that because he flatters you?"

"How odd you are, Mama He didn't flatter me, but I feel that he understands me We have such good talks together"

"Watch out, Tanya, or you'll be in love again"

I didn't answer, I wanted to pour out my thoughts

"Mama, do you know what is bothering me? Here Sonya is ill, and I feel so gay, I'm in such a good mood, especially tonight I'm so happy! Why is it so? I love you so much When you go away, I just can't imagine what I'll do without you"

I laid my head on Mother's pillow and kissed her

"After you go, I'll confide in Lyovochka He's very nice, but he keeps on telling me not to be a 'grownup' I don't want to listen to him and to fall asleep with my 'mouth open' as he would like"

I laughed and felt even happier

"Tanya, I'm afraid you are reaching out for life too intensely for your years," Mother said "Be more cautious, child"

"Mama, can two brothers marry two sisters?" I asked without listening to her advice

"Certainly not, it's impossible Can you be planning to get married?" Mother asked, smilingly

"No, Mama, of course not Why do you say that? No, I was just wondering"

We said good night and I went back to Auntie's.

The next day, after morning tea, Tatyana Aleksandrovna asked Mama what she did to me because I had come to her so cheerful the night before While Mama was giving her a brief account of our talk, Leo Nikolayevich came into the dining room and asked to have it repeated I left the room (Mama sent me to fetch my little brother) and I didn't hear their conversation That morning Sergey Nikolayevich returned to Pirogovo.

I spent the whole day with Sonya She was making a poor recovery. She was feeling a little better at one time, but then as soon as she started nursing, her sufferings began again There still was no wet nurse, however Mama was already talking about leaving

I quote my letter of July 18, 1863, to Polivanov.

I received your letter and must admit I was very glad to hear your praises and read about the change which you found in our house with-

out me "The house has become dead" Is that possible? I can't imagine that I made it so lively But with Sonya's illness there is no liveliness here, either Our whole group has broken up

Lyovochka stays in his room most of the time He has set to work on a new novel Sometimes he has such a weary look, I think because he is worried about Sonya and the baby

I'm getting along gloriously here There is a large garden full of shade, a grand piano, music, and besides all this, a man like Lyovchka for an accompanist, but the best part of it all is that Mama is here!

The weather is bad Sonya is recovering slowly If only you could see Yasnaya! It is such an attractive place with its scenery, its people, and its memories I long to stay on here for a while.

Sergey Nikolayevich comes over rather often He is very nice While Anatoly was here, I thought he disapproved of me, but now it isn't that way at all I went horseback riding with him to the gorge, twelve versts away, and we had a long and pleasant talk We came home late and Mama was worried and angry, I threw myself on my knees before her still in my riding habit, and clasped my hands She laughed and forgave me I've been quite the equestrienne, I'm not afraid of anything! How I would love to go for a ride with you the fair young guardsman and the dark-haired young lady . . . how poetic! My usual escort here is the redheaded coachman Indyushkin, but it's still fun—I love horseback riding so much!

There are many magazines here and I read a great deal Now I'm familiar with all our Russian authors We also get the *Revue des deux Mondes* There are many charming things in it

Good-bye Write to me Soon we're going to Pirogovo and are expecting Auntie Pelageya Ilyinichna I'll write you a long letter then

Your friend,

TANYA

13

The Trip to Pirogovo

PELAGEYA ILYINICHNA YUSHKOVA was Leo Nikolayevich's aunt on his father's side In 1863 she was living in a convent She was childless In her early life she had been fond of high society, people, and luxury. She was what is known as kind-hearted but treated

everything lightly and was a direct contrast to Auntie Tatyana Aleksandrovna who took everything to heart and didn't care for society

We were waiting for Pelageya Ilyinichna to leave for Pirogovo together I had met her before, we went to see her in the St Sergius Trinity Monastery, where she lived at the time when Leo Nikolayevich was engaged to my sister

She always wore a black dress, a black tulle cap with ruching, and a beautiful mantle, she was much more elegant than our old Tatyana Aleksandrovna

The big carriage, seating four, was brought up Leo Nikolayevich, Natalya Petrovna, Dunyasha, and Aleksey saw us off at the gates In spite of the July weather, the aunties wore cloaks, gloves, and kerchiefs on their heads We took a wide byroad The distance between Yasnaya and Pirogovo was forty versts We drove almost twenty versts and then halted at the village of Korovy Khvosty * I asked Auntie if we would see Sergey Nikolayevich

"I hope we will, if he finds out we are coming, *ma chère Taninka*," Pelageya Ilyinichna said "*Il faut faire savoir à Serge, que nous sommes venues Je veux le voir*" †

Auntie almost always spoke French I silently thanked her for arranging that our coming be made known to Sergey Nikolayevich

At Pirogovo I wandered around Marya Nikolayevna's newly built house, the apple orchard, and all the nooks and crannies of this new territory "Soon my friends Varya and Liza are coming back from abroad" (Marya Nikolayevna's daughters) "That will be jolly!" I promised myself

When he had learned of our arrival, Sergey Nikolayevich came over to dinner He suggested that the two of us ride in his cabriolet to inspect his half of the property Auntie Tatyana Aleksandrovna gave me her permission

We drove very rapidly A wide deep river separated the two estates The horse, the cabriolet, and he himself, as well as his property all bore their special stamp

"Do you like it here?" he asked

"Very much I like the river especially I love living near a river Let me drive, I know how," I begged

* Cows' Tails

† We must let Seryozha know we're coming I want to see him

He gave me the reins and watched my driving

"Do you live here all the time?" I asked

"No, not all the time, although I love Pirogovo and never get tired of it," he said

"What do you do all alone?" I asked

"I read a great deal I'm very fond of English novels I learned English when I was a grown man, but now there's so much to do with the farming" He continued "Have you read Octave Feuillet's *La Petite Comtesse*?"

"No, I haven't," I answered "Is it good?"

"Very good You are described in it, you ought to read it"

This interested me keenly and I decided to read it so as to find out his opinion of me

When we arrived at his house, I ran into the garden It was rather a large one with shady avenues The river could be seen in the distance and this enhanced the beauty of the estate It started to rain and we went inside Suddenly a big black cloud covered the sky and a violent storm burst out I was afraid of the storm Before each roll of thunder, a flash of lightning illuminated the semidark room Sergey Nikolayevich stayed near me I sat in an armchair next to the window, wincing at the intermittent lightning Suddenly the entire room was lit by a blinding flash of light and the thunder clap was so incredibly powerful that the window frames rattled Terrified, I jumped up from the armchair and involuntarily rushed to him as if for protection Tears welled in my eyes He took both of my hands and tried to soothe me, his tenderness and care had a steadying effect After a while the peals of thunder abated, but it poured in bucketfuls Auntie, as we found out later, was very worried about us, but it was impossible to return to the other side of the river

That evening was one of the most poetic in my life, as it was for Sergey Nikolayevich, too, I learned this later from Leo Nikolayevich We said nothing significant, yet as it so often happens, everything that evening seemed full of meaning and of an intimacy new to both of us

Sitting at the window, I told him how we used to go hunting Sonya once sighted a hare through her lorgnette but when it bounded up and ran off she was very pleased

"She felt sorry for him," I laughed

Later still, under the spell of the storm and that terrifying roll of thunder, I told him how as a child while we were out looking for mushrooms I had lost my way in the forest and wandered about for a long time

"What mysterious spots and ravines I discovered, if you only knew," I said "We called that forest 'Switzerland' It was frightening and wonderful at the same time The birds flying out of the bushes startled me I saw a hare and a squirrel You don't understand the feeling," I went on, excited by these recollections, "I don't know how to tell you "

"No, I understand everything that concerns you But not everyone has the great good fortune to know you and understand you," he said

There was no declaration of love that evening, but we felt that intimacy and unity of heart when two people understood each other without words This was the birth of that strong faith in future happiness which inspires and ennobles a man and makes him better and kinder

We sat for a long time waiting for the rain to pass and found ever new topics for conversation

Tea was served and Sergey Nikolayevich asked me to play hostess Noticing how tired I was, he urged me to go to sleep after we had finished tea He brought all the bedding and made up the bed himself in an adjoining room I recall it vividly—it was a medium-sized room with a screen near the couch

But suddenly the lightning flashed again and there was a rumble of thunder I shuddered at the thought of staying alone in the empty house (His bedroom was on another floor) It was already a little after two o'clock

"I'm afraid to be left alone," I said

"If you like, I won't go downstairs until the storm is over and you have fallen asleep," he said "I'll keep watch over you behind the screen," he added half in jest

Without undressing, I lay down on the bed he had prepared I heard him turning the pages of his book, and I heard the approach of another storm Fatigue overcame me Happy, carefree and unconcerned, full of golden fancies and vague hopes for the future, I crossed into the dream world but I don't know which of the two was better . . .

Here is my letter to Polivanov (undated)

Beloved object, I received your letter. You ask about Sonya's health. She feels better now. She is up and about but is still pale. I went to Tula to fetch Dr. Shmigaro and brought him back. We rode in the carriage for fifteen versts and didn't say a word to each other during the entire trip. Lyovochka met us at the Main Avenue and I laughingly told him "Do you know that this is the first word we have spoken on the trip?" He began to laugh and told the doctor "What a girl, she stuck it out! You know it's her way not to talk on a trip."

Shmigaro is kindhearted, fat, awkward, and looks always half asleep. If I were sick, I wouldn't have any confidence in him.

Lyovochka is in a bad mood. Seryozha cries all the time and Nurse walks up and down and sings lullabies to him. Her doleful chant, something between singing and droning, carries me back to Pokrovskoye, where we used to live, remember?—near the nursery of the "three maidens," as Mama called it.

Let me tell you, dear friend, what took place at Pirogovo, with the two aunts. The big carriage was brought up. Aleksey, Dunyasha, and Natalya Petrovna came out to the porch. I jumped quickly up on the box and Auntie said "Tanya, descendez, ma chère, ce n'est pas bien pour une demoiselle de rester avec le cocher."*

Then Leo Nikolayevich came over and said "Let her sit there. Auntie. There are no laws written for her."

We left Pirogovo is forty versts from Yasnaya. On the way I treated our redheaded old coachman Indyushkin to candy and Sergey Nikolayevich found it very amusing when Auntie told him about it later. At Pirogovo we stopped at Marya Nikolayevna's house, it was vacant. Sergey Nikolayevich came over for dinner. The dinner was bad and Auntie complained that the compote was made without raisins.

After dinner I was allowed to go to Sergey Nikolayevich's estate. We rode in the cabriolet. After we got there, I ran to look at the house. It is large and old. Then I went to see the garden, it is old-fashioned and the river is visible in the distance. And then the thunder began to rumble and it started to rain, so we went indoors. Tea was served and I poured. He was rather pensive and seemed to observe me closely, and he said all at once

* Tanya, come down, my dear, it's not nice for a young lady to sit with the coachman.

"You must be bored with me. You are so young and I'm already an old man."

"I always feel gay and happy when I'm with you because you always understand everything," I answered.

He smiled and said, "I don't think they appreciate you enough at home or understand what you're really like."

Suddenly it began to grow dark. I ran to the window and saw a low black cloud. Then the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled—it was terrible. I cried out and ran to him. He settled me in a chair, soothed me, stayed by me all during the storm. Strangely enough, despite my fright, we had such a good talk. It was an unusual evening. He was a different man from the one I had known before. I told him about our childhood, about Pokrovskoye, and how I got lost in "Switzerland," remember?—and strayed off. Sonya and Petya searched for me and cried, while I wandered about for a long time, scared and happy at the same time. Some Nikoloskoye peasants showed me the right way. When I got home our governess Sarra Ivanovna scolded me.

He spoke about hunting. Sergey Nikolayevich asked me about Anatoly again but I said, "Please don't spoil the evening, don't let's mention it."

Oh, if I could only erase that period with Anatoly from my life!

We sat for a long time and it rained continually. I didn't feel like going to sleep. We lighted the lamp, the storm abated, and still we found new things to talk about. How I wish that you knew him. He is such a wonderful man and Lyovochka loves him. Yet I feel a little shy in his presence, sometimes, I'm afraid to talk foolishly, but I wasn't that evening at Pirogovo.

Good-bye and write. Don't show my letter to anyone.

TANYA

Here is what Leo Nikolayevich wrote to my sister Sonya from Pirogovo in 1864, after my break with Sergey Nikolayevich. He, brother Aleksandr, and Keller had gone there to hunt. Sergey Nikolayevich was absent.

After supper, I went over the house and studied it in detail. I recognized Seryozha's things (various little items) which I knew so well and hadn't seen since we were both boys, twenty-five years ago. I felt a great sadness, as if I had lost him forever, and it is almost like that.

They (Keller and Sasha) slept upstairs in one room and I slept downstairs, probably on the very couch that Tanya slept on and kept him be-

hind the screen I vividly imagined the whole poetic and sad story Both of them fine people, and both handsome and kindhearted one nearing middle age, and the other scarcely more than a child Both of them unhappy now I know that they both will have a most poetic memory of that night, alone in the beautiful empty house, because they were both dears, especially Seryozha

And so, lying on that couch, I felt sad about them, and about Seryozha, particularly when I looked at the box of paints which he used in this same room when he was thirteen years old He was a handsome boy, cheerful and open hearted He liked to draw and was always singing different songs without stopping And now it's as if he, that Seryozha, were no longer with us

14

Visitors at Yasnaya Polyana

AT HOME I found changes There was a newly engaged nurse, Natalya Fokanova, from Yasnaya Polyana village—an attractive, amiable woman of about twenty-two Sonya made difficulties about engaging her Mother did her best to comfort her

Dmitry Alekseyevich Dyakov came to dinner He was going to Moscow and dropped in to see us on his way through We all were glad to see him, even Sonya

At that time guests were a rarity in Yasnaya Polyana There were no railroads yet, and the country roads, as always, were impossible Moreover, Leo Nikolayevich did not even associate with any of the neighboring landowners He objected to their company, treated almost all of them with derision, and called them the “honorable nobility,” pronouncing these words in an especially funny way. Strange as it may seem, he was proud, and all his life fought against this feeling which he was conscious of, as well as of his propensity to censure He acknowledged the people of his own circle and the peasants, calling the villagers “le beau monde”—but of course this does not mean that he had no friends and acquaintances among other strata of society

Every year Yasnaya Polyana attracted a greater and greater variety of people. I can enumerate from memory all those who visited the

Tolstoy in 1863 They were the following A A Fet, D A Dyakov, P F Samarin, Rayevsky, Prince D D Obolensky, his mother Baroness E I Mengden, E L Markov from Tula, Auerbach with his wife and niece, Gorchakov relatives, the Tolstoy, the neighbor Bibikov, and later on, I S Turgenev and N N Strakhov

When Mrs Brand, a local landowner, or some other lady would come to pay a visit to Auntie, Leo Nikolayevich would make his exit with a book, saying "My address—in the greenhouse or—in Chepyzh "

In this forest Leo Nikolayevich had built a small hut where he at times found relief from the heat and wrote

Gossip often made Leo Nikolayevich unhappy

"Conversation always becomes animated when somebody is being censured," he said, "and everyone should know this and refrain from it "

Yet sometimes he himself censured others, but in such a witty and good-natured manner that everybody laughed and no one was offended Later, when his children were in their teens, they would occasionally begin to find fault with somebody, and he would come out of his study, hands thrust in his leather belt, and would stop before us and with a kind smile would say in one breath "Don't judge, don't judge, lest you be judged "

Once I jokingly replied "But it's such fun!"

"Yes, I know And how irreproachable you then seem to yourself, and you feel like saying 'Now look at me for example, I could never do this,' and so forth Women especially are apt to speak so "

At this point the women would protest, and he would retreat

Dyakov spent the night at our house After dinner the conversation turned to household matters and the new reforms * To my surprise Dmitry Alekseyevich quarreled neither about people nor the reforms He had been able to adapt himself, and his household was a model one

"All joking apart," said Leo Nikolayevich, "let me tell you this dismiss all your managers, and stay in bed until ten o'clock, and there will be no changes whatever in the establishment "

You should have seen how gaily and good-naturedly Dmitry Alekseyevich laughed at these words Apparently he had not expected to hear anything of that sort

* i e , Emancipation of the serfs and local self-government —Ed.

"And you have thought about this for a long time?" he asked Leo Nikolayevich, continuing to laugh

Dyakov had a very large estate, Chermoshnya, which was kept in first-rate order. Another estate was situated in the Ryazan Province. Dyakov's wife, Darya Aleksandrovna, did not like life in the country, and lived abroad for years with her daughter Masha. Left alone, Dmitry Alekseyevich often came to Yasnaya, grumbled about his loneliness and melancholy, but then, realizing that this was unnecessary, usually turned to something funny. That's how it was now.

"We have a little old priest, Father Tikhon," Dmitry Alekseyevich told us. "The other day he was officiating at a service held in our reception room, and then he asked about Dolinka. 'And where is the lady of the house?'"

"'Abroad,' I said, 'for a cure'."

"And standing in the middle of the room, he shook his head, began to look all around him, and sighing deeply said: 'Merciful God! What a life to give up!'"

"And he was right," added Dmitry Alekseyevich, smiling sadly.

At supper the conversation turned to Leo Nikolayevich's work. Dmitry Alekseyevich always was interested in the spiritual life and the writings of his friend. Leo Nikolayevich told how last year, that is in 1862, he had taken an interest in the period of the Decembrists, and in the kind of people they were.

"And how is it with the second part of *The Cossacks*?" asked Dyakov. "Have you already begun it?"

"I began, but it didn't go. I gave it up. *The Decembrists* tipped the scale."

And ever since then I remember his expression "tipped the scale."

* * *

"Aleksey, who was it that came to see us—the gray-haired monk in the tattered cassock?" I asked.

"That is Nikolay Sergeyevich Voyerikov," answered Aleksey.

"Yes, but just who is he?" I asked.

"He is a gentleman, used to be a landowner, who has become an inveterate drunkard, and now he sponges on his relatives one after another—a regular tramp. He drops in to see us too, stays here for awhile, and again wanders on. The count has known him for a long time," said Aleksey.

This was in the morning. I entered the dining room to drink tea.

The aunties and Natalya Petrovna were already having their tea I told them about the arrival of Voyeikov, but I did not surprise them with the news

"It's been a long time since he has visited us," said Tatyana Aleksandrovna

The door opened and Voyeikov entered with Leo Nikolayevich Leo Nikolayevich was very friendly to him

"Tanya, here is an escort to go riding with you in the place of Indyushkin A former cavalryman," jokingly added Leo Nikolayevich pointing at Voyeikov

"You'll see—he's such a drunkard," Natalya Petrovna whispered in my ear, nudging me

I at once understood how it was with Voyeikov, and that he was somewhat of a joke in the house Voyeikov respectfully bowed to Auntie and me and sat down at the tea table He was a man about fifty years old, tall of stature, broad-shouldered, and with long gray hair There was something biblical in his appearance, it was spoiled only by his bloodshot, blue eyes—probably due to drinking Voyeikov settled down with us, but where he slept and kept himself all day long, I have not the slightest idea

He used to wheedle from Dunyasha the "little herbal," as he used to call the vodka infused with herbs, and prepared at Yasnaya Then he would get slightly drunk, and begin his performance He recited

*"J'entends les tourterelles—moaning in the woods,
And I moan just as they—in the saddest of moods"*

And other verses All of this with such pathos, and so funny, that everybody except Sonya laughed

"And what's so funny? A drunken monk is playing the fool and that's all," she said

But Leo Nikolayevich continued to laugh with good humor "And I like all old-fashioned buffoonery and will encourage it"

But when he got drunk, I was afraid of Voyeikov, and begged Aleksey to hide him somewhere farther off

We saw Mama off She left for Pokrovskoye That wing of the house became empty, I no longer went there and looked sadly at the closed doors and windows Sonya was getting stronger, came down for meals, and already took part in our daily life, although she was still weak and thin

Leo Nikolayevich could not overcome his dislike for the nursery

with its wet nurse and the nurse, Tatyana Filipovna, who had been brought from Pirogovo, and who had reared Marya Nikolayevna's children. When Leo Nikolayevich entered the nursery, morose animosity appeared on his face. Sonya, of course, noticed this, and sometimes complained to me.

"Look how seldom he enters the nursery," said my sister, "and only because he finds the wet nurse and the nurse there."

"Sonya, how could it be otherwise? He is so completely engrossed in his work," I consoled her, "he doesn't want to tear himself away from it."

"No, no," she said with heat, "just look at the expression on his face when he is in the nursery. I see everything."

In the evenings Leo Nikolayevich would come to Auntie's room to play patience, speculating out loud. "If I win at patience, then I must change the beginning," or "If I win at patience, then I must call her—" but he did not say the name.

He always demanded that somebody take pity on him, and help lay out the cards. Natalya Petrovna was one of the most constant sympathizers.

Sonya sat at her writing desk evening after evening, copying *War and Peace*. She wrote in her diary, "I copied the same passages in *War and Peace* countless times." She liked this work, was interested in it, and never considered it a burden.

When my sister wrote that Leo Nikolayevich had started a novel dealing with the 1812 period, my father became quite excited and wrote to Leo Nikolayevich about it. Here is a fragment of his letter of September 5, 1863.

Last night we talked a lot about the year 1812 because of your intention of writing a novel dealing with this period. I remember how in 1814 or 1815 a huge illuminated shield was lighted up near Beketov's house in Tverskaya Street, it represented Napoleon fleeing from pursuing crows that were nipping at him and befouling him. There were innumerable people in the streets, and all were roaring with laughter. How glad I would have been if his nephew had been subjected to the same fate . . .

On September 18, 1863, my father wrote to Leo Nikolayevich:

. . . so it happened that my father began to tell us about the year 1812, indeed, that was a remarkable and interesting period. You have chosen a great subject for your novel—may God give you success. Only

yesterday I talked with Anke about this. He was ten years old in 1812. He stayed in Moscow all the time, saw Napoleon, heard the explosion in the Kremlin, and at the end was left without boots. During and after the conflagration our Lutheran church in the German Suburb was his and many other people's last shelter. He related several extremely interesting episodes of that time, and advised me to get for you *Les Mémoires du Docteur Macillon* who, it turned out later, was Bonaparte's spy, and had spent quite a long time in Moscow before 1812. I will inquire at Gauthier's and Urbain about this book for certain, and maybe will go round to Nikolskaya Street to see whether I can obtain something there. The court-physician, Marcus, is another living chronicle. We always listen to him with great interest. In 1812 he was a regimental physician and the trusted attendant of Count Vorontsov.

I have here an enormous biography of Count Mikhail Semyonovich Vorontsov, which was written by Shcherbinin and given to me. I will send it to you without fail. It contains a great many true facts about 1812, probably gathered from Vorontsov himself, who during his lifetime passed on a lot to Shcherbinin, the latter worked for him and was, it seems, some sort of relation.

And when are you coming to Moscow? I will not give you peace until you come to see us, and bring the little count.

At the request of Leo Nikolayevich my father arranged a meeting with Marcus when Marcus came from St. Petersburg to Moscow with the imperial family. What Marcus told Leo Nikolayevich I unfortunately do not remember or never knew.

Here is a fragment from another letter (undated).

Perfilyev sends his respects to you. Nastasya Sergeyevna, learning that you intend to reward us with a novel dealing with the 1812 period, proposed sending you a letter of Marya Apollonovna Volkova, written in 1812 to her mother Countess Lanskaya. Further, I obtained a novel in four parts under the title *Leonid*, also dealing with the 1812 period. And if you absolutely want to have newspapers of 1812, then it is possible, although difficult, to obtain them, they are located in the Rumyantsev Library. Moreover I also have been promised *Les Mémoires du Docteur Macillon* about which I already have written you, I will not get them before two or three weeks because they are in the country.

In the beginning of August an unexpected event gladdened all of us. Marya Nikolayevna arrived from abroad with her daughters. Her son remained in a Swiss pension.

Varya was nearer to me in age, and we were very good friends. She was living through that period when one begins to be a young lady. She was always lively and very pretty, with curly dark hair. The absence of conceit and coquetry, and a surprisingly good-tempered character, made her attractive and unusually pleasing.

Her sister, Liza, who was two years younger than she, was then still a girl promising to become beautiful with her typically southern features. Her large, black eyes, and her fine face framed by black hair reminded one of her mother. She was more serious than her sister, more practical and sensible. They hardly knew their father, since Marya Nikolayevna, who was very unhappy in her marriage, separated from her husband on the advice of her two brothers, and soon became a widow.

After their arrival Sonya also became livelier. They were to live in Pirogovo, and in the meantime they stayed at Yasnaya Polyana. Marya Nikolayevna left to attend to various affairs in Tula.

Leo Nikolayevich loved his sister and the girls very much, and was as glad as Sonya to have them, but still the entire morning he did not appear. He was working and did not leave his study, and nobody dared to go near him.

Sergey Nikolayevich began to visit Yasnaya still more often. Varya and I used to sit in the garden, in the shady avenue of lime-trees with some book or work. Stillness surrounded us, and the singing of the birds was no longer heard. Once in a while perhaps a light, fluffy squirrel would flash through the tops of the lime-trees. Sometimes we sat in a contemplative mood, and this quietness would bring us peace.

"Tanya, do you hear the bells?" Varya suddenly asked.

"Yes, that must certainly be Sergey Nikolayevich!" I exclaimed, and threw myself in her arms for my heart beat so happily.

Looking at me Varenka began to laugh. She knew and understood everything. We would catch a glimpse of a carriage among the birches of the "avenue," and already his somewhat stooping figure with a dark, soft hat would be coming into sight.

I can not calmly sit at my work, cannot go home. I run down along the avenue, away from the house, Varya with me.

"Tanyusha, how funny you are! Where are you running to? Wait a little!" she cried.

I stop and jump on a bench, raise my hands and pretend to fly away.

"Varichka, how I love you! Let us fly together, dear!" I cry Remembering the feeling in my heart at that time, I understood what happiness does It compels us to believe in everything good, obliges us to love everybody, and no longer does any kind of doubt steal into our heart

Usually when Sergey Nikolayevich came we went somewhere after dinner, either on horseback or in a carriage I took the coachman's place on the coach box, and Sergey Nikolayevich sat next to me and taught me to drive At the descent of a hill he took over the reins, showing me how to ease off the wheeler, and how to curb the side horses I soon acquired the necessary skill, and often drove instead of the coachman

Neither I nor Sergey Nikolayevich ever sought solitude Sitting in Auntie's room, or all together in the dining room, we understood each other without words I continuously felt his attentive glance on me, which spoke volumes Leo Nikolayevich and Sonya noticed this mutual infatuation, although to me it was something more serious, deeper than "infatuation" Leo Nikolayevich treated Sergey Nikolayevich with disapproval, knowing about the family of his brother and about his sixteen years of attachment to Marya Mikhailovna He did not believe a marriage possible, considering the serious obstacles, although at that time I did not think about marriage Leo Nikolayevich was right I did not understand this, and, as will be seen later on, I sometimes got really angry with him

I must say that Sergey Nikolayevich, with his continual attention to me, and my actions, songs and words, all perhaps unconsciously encouraged this feeling in me I could not be indifferent to this exceptional man, exceptional in comparison with those whom I had previously met Many times I asked myself What does he think of me? Does he love me? And these questions always remained without an answer But it was usually in his absence that I asked myself these questions, whenever he was with me they did not enter my head

"Did you read Feuillet's novel which I told you about?" he asked me

"I read it with great interest"

"And did you recognize yourself?" he asked

"You mean my character? Is that how you see me?" I asked

He began to laugh "Yes, just so"

"She is better than I am, she is brilliant," I said quite sincerely, remembering the description of the ball

"She is older than you are, but you will be like her. You are happier than she is, everybody loves and spoils you, even grouchy Dunyasha carries out your orders willingly and carries you pickaback, as the other day at Auntie's," he said, laughing

"But in this novel why is it that the man whom *'la petite comtesse'* loved, did not love her and refused to marry her, although she wanted it?" I asked "He was free, wasn't he?"

"He understood her too late, when she was at death's door. Such characters are rare. This novel draws from life. There's Lyovochka who is portraying you now," he said with a mocking smile "Let's see if he will be able to"

"What? Really? That's impossible!" I exclaimed "For God's sake, ask him not to tell about Anatoly" I besought him almost in tears "Oh please, tell him . . . and how angry Papa will be. You know, Lyovochka kept asking me all about St. Petersburg. And although I did not tell him all, he sees right through everything. I thought he had asked me out of sympathy. That really isn't fair."

Sergey Nikolayevich calmed me "I am sure that Lyovochka will not write anything that might harm you. Besides, nothing evil can be connected with you."

Of course, conversations like this only strengthened my feeling toward him. Once I asked my friend "Varya, tell me, how noticeable are our relations . . . our feelings?" I don't know what to call this."

"Well, what shall I say?" answered Varenka "There is nothing at all to find fault with in your relations. But of course there is something noticeable in you both. It is written all over your face. And Uncle Seryozha is coming too often, and keeps looking at you or talking about you. Lyovochka spoke about him the other day saying 'It's time he was leaving for the Kursk Province to hunt.' And then he added 'He'd better leave, his mind's befogged.'"

This conversation with Varya disturbed me. He is in a fog then . . . and what about me?

15

Autumn

AUTUMN WAS drawing on imperceptibly. The so-called "wives' summer" * had come from September 1-8. Varya, Liza, and I went out into the fields with the peasant girls to dig potatoes. Leo Nikolayevich sent us there for recreation, but we chatted more than worked. The sun was as warm as in summer. Gossamer covered the entire field like a smoky veil, and clung to our hands, hair, and dresses. I have never seen such unbelievably thick gossamer.

"Let's go bathing," I said. "We will quickly return to the field, it's so hot."

Varenka, Liza, and several girls followed me. After the swim we were running home along the avenue when we heard the tramping of horses, and a carriage drawn by three horses, which I immediately recognized, appeared at the dam. I ran ahead and all my companions after me. With shrieks and laughter we swarmed across the road so that the coachman had to hold back the horses in order not to run over us. Sergey Nikolayevich, smiling, raised his hat and drove past us.

"Varya, I'm not going back to the potato field, I can't," I said.

"Liza and I are not going back either, now that Uncle Seryozha has come."

They ran toward him, and I to Auntie's room. I appeared just in time for dinner. During dinner Leo Nikolayevich talked with his brother about hunting, and Sergey Nikolayevich said that within a few days he would go to his estate in Kursk Province, and would stay there until December. We did not look at each other when he said this.

Marya Nikolayevna came to dinner.

The evening and day passed in a dull manner. Sergey Nikolayevich spent most of the time with his brother. They went for walks together, sat in the study for a long time, and, it seemed to me, talked secretly about something.

I endeavored to spend all that day and the next with the girls, trying to be as gay as always, in order not to show him in any way

* Like our Indian summer.—Ed.

that I was surprised and grieved at his sudden alienation. After dinner I went horseback riding with Voyeikov. I did this deliberately, not telling him that I was going. I found out from Varya that he really had been surprised and had asked "But why did she go? Where to? Why didn't she tell me?"

When I returned he asked me "Why did you go, and where to? Who put you on the horse?"

"Indyushkin!" I replied, laughing, and moved aside.

On the third day carriages drew up in front of the house. Marya Nikolayevna with the children, and Sergey Nikolayevich were leaving for Pirogovo. We came out on the porch to see them off.

"Well, Seryozha, so you have made up your mind to go to the Kursk estate?" asked Leo Nikolayevich.

"I don't know, I suppose so." The horses started. I went into the garden.

"Tanya, where are you going?" Leo Nikolayevich called to me, probably noticing my troubled state of mind.

"I want to be alone," I answered.

"Find something to do," he shouted after me.

Not answering him, I went to the most secluded spot in the garden, named by us "the wilderness." Sinking on a bench, I cried bitterly, not because he had gone, but because of a vague feeling of injury. At this last visit he had shown an unaccustomed reserve.

"Not a smile, not an attentive glance, none of his usual tender and protective words," I said to myself, "and all this before parting! What was the use of it all?" And a feeling of offended pride arose in me. "But just what do I want of him? What rights do I have in him, and he in me? And what did happen between us? Nothing whatever. He is twenty-two years older than I, treats me as a child—that's all. No, no, I must forget everything. I am happy in Yasnaya with Sonya and Lyovochka. I need nothing more."

I went upstairs, opened the piano, and sat down to sing scales.

"That's a good girl!" I suddenly heard Leo Nikolayevich's voice behind me. He sat down at the piano, and accompanied me in the "Prayer" of Gerdizhiani and several things by Glinka, and thus restored my good mood.

"Sing and develop your voice," he said. "Live a healthy life, and don't be carried away by romanticism. You have everything ahead of you."

I went to Sonya and spent the rest of the day with her. We sat

in the nursery and chatted with the nurse. She told us about "Mikhailka," her boy, the foster brother of Seryozha—"My God, such a sickly fellow!"—and about how she had married a landless soldier against the will of her parents, and how therefore they had sent her away to work as a nurse.

Three or four days passed. I was sitting in Auntie's room, reading Druzhinin's *Polinka Saks* aloud to her—a novel recommended by Leo Nikolayevich—when the door opened and in walked Sergey Nikolayevich. Surprise and happiness made me blush violently.

"Mon cher Serge!" my aunt greeted him, "en voilà une bonne surprise. Je suis très contente de vous voir avant votre départ!"*

After the usual greetings, Sergey Nikolayevich asked Auntie where Lyovochka was.

"He is in Tula and will be back for dinner," she answered.

He asked for some tea, sat down with us, and started to read the novel which I had begun. And again I felt peaceful and content. Leo Nikolayevich was late for dinner, and we dined alone. After dinner I took the key of the bookcases and of "that house," and got up to go there.

"Where are you going?" Sergey Nikolayevich asked me.

From the expression on his face, and from his voice, I once again recognized the former Sergey Nikolayevich.

"I am going to get a book to read," I said.

"But is there anything sensible there?" he asked.

"The Russian magazines, the *Contemporary* and the *Russian Herald*. Lyovochka always teases me and calls them 'your trashy novels,' but I find them interesting."

I left, but he caught up with me on the little path running between the two houses.

"I shall go with you, and also get something to read on my trip."

"When are you leaving?" I asked, afraid of showing my agitation.

"I've got to leave in a few days without fail. I am afraid that the roads might get bad." There was no railroad at that time.

We entered a room with a large Italian window, in which stood high bookcases made by our household carpenter. A long schooltable adjoined the bookcase.

"Here, in this bookcase, are my favorite magazines. And what kind of a book would you like?" I asked.

"Suppose you choose for me? I leave it to you," he replied.

* My dear Serge, what a surprise! I am very glad to see you before your departure.

"I don't know anything except the 'trashy novels' "

He did not answer and seemed lost in thought. I fingered the bunch of keys that we had brought along, and was silent too. He sat near the table, helping me to select the key.

"When I was in Yasnaya the last time, why didn't you tell me that you were going for a ride?" he suddenly asked me.

"I didn't want to."

"Why?"

"You were 'different' and I was not used to seeing you that way."

"And for that reason you didn't want to go with me," he said slowly.

"I didn't want to. I couldn't." I continued to examine the keys in a show of being busy. This conversation was disturbing me.

"And do you know why I was 'different'?" he asked.

"Why?"

"Your vivacity, your merry childish laughter when, you remember, you crossed my path on the avenue, made me feel the great difference in our years."

"But what is there wrong in that? Even in Pirogovo, at tea, you spoke to me about this, asking me whether I was not bored being with you since you were much older than I. And I told you then that I always felt at ease and happy with you because you understand everything."

"A few days ago I talked with Lyovochka about you," he said.

"About me?" I asked, astonished, unable to hide my joy.

"Yes, about you."

"Just what did you say?"

"Just what I told you just now, and he understood me."

I was silent. He was sitting deep in thought and, it seemed to me, a struggle of some sort was taking place in him. I pulled a chair up to the table and, standing on the table, began to choose some books. Complete silence reigned in the room, only a large autumn fly buzzed and crawled along the glass of the window.

"If it crawls upward," I told myself on an impulse, "it will happen, and if downward—" I did not have time to finish my thoughts, the fly crawled upward.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Sergey Nikolayevich.

"Oh, nothing in particular."

"Tanya, you will fall. Don't stand on the edge of the table!"

Somehow these simple words, and his voice told me that something important, significant was going to happen in my life, apprehension and joy filled my heart

"What shall I choose for you?" I asked in order to say something

"Whatever you like—anything will do"

I selected two magazines and something for myself

"We must go home Sonya and Lyovochka will be displeased at my staying here so long," I said "Lyovochka must be back already"

"Get down off the table," he said quietly

I took the chosen books, closed the bookcase, and wanted to descend, but Sergey Nikolayevich was sitting on the chair from which I had climbed onto the table

"How am I to get down with you sitting there?" I said laughing "Let me jump" I knew that he would not let me

"No, you cannot jump—it is too high, and you will get hurt Step down on the chair!" he said quietly but in a determined voice

His tone was so firm that it was impossible to disobey him Carefully I stepped on the very edge of the chair, holding the heavy magazines in my arms "This is wrong" flashed through my head, but it was too late Losing my balance I staggered and fell into his arms

"My God!" I cried, frightened by my fall, "did I hurt you?"

He did not answer His face almost touched mine He gazed at me fixedly, still holding me in his arms I wanted to free myself, but he restrained me.

"Tanya," he said in an agitated voice which I had never heard before, "when I was at your house in Moscow—remember that evening? You fell asleep in the hall on the little sofa—I looked at you and said to my brother, although at that time I was only joking 'Wait with your marriage, and we shall get married on the same day to two sisters' Now I ask you—will you be my wife?"

16

Hunting

NEITHER SONYA nor Leo Nikolayevich were surprised at Sergey Nikolayevich's proposal They decided to have us wait a year, but this amazed and shocked me.

"A whole year? Why?" I asked. A year seemed an eternity to me.

"You are so young," Sergey Nikolayevich said to me, kissing my hands. "You are not yet seventeen, and it would be a crime on my part to marry you without letting you think about and examine your feelings."

"There is no need to test me," I said seriously and firmly.

"I must settle my affairs. That also will take some time," he continued.

The fact that I had to wait a year put a damper on my first blissful moments. As I found out later, Leo Nikolayevich and my sister encouraged this decision. At that time I did not realize what complications were brought on by his sixteen years of family life and his three or four children, of whom I knew only one. I remembered and was aware of only one thing—that I was confronted with a separation of several months.

The next day, before his departure, we went into the garden. We talked about our future life, about a trip abroad after the wedding, how we were to live in Pirogovo, and how, for the last time, he was going to hunt in the Kursk Province without me. Strangely enough he did not say a word about his family and his affairs.

During the last days of his stay he showed so much love and tenderness that it helped me to face the parting with confidence, agonizing though it was. The day of the departure came. I did not weep. My face burned feverishly, my hands were cold. A feeling of something hopeless, inescapable came over me when he bade me good-bye.

"Why are you leaving?" were my last words.

During the first days I was very sad, but the full realization of my future happiness and of my life in Yasnaya with Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich had a beneficial effect on me. And I was too cheerful by nature to lose my good spirits, and let myself go. Several days later P. F. Samarin, a man well known in the district as an intelligent, cultured, and wealthy proprietor of a rich estate, arrived unexpectedly. Samarin came to inform the Tolstoys of the arrival in Tula of the Heir to the Throne, Nikolay Aleksandrovich, and his retinue.

"The nobles are giving a ball for His Highness," said Samarin, "and we would like your family to attend."

Just then my sister entered the dining room. Hearing of the invitation, she simply and sincerely expressed her regrets at the impossibility of attending the ball because of ill health. I noticed Leo Nikolayevich's surprise at Sonya's regret. After Samarin's visit he asked her why she had wanted to go so badly. He forgot that she was only nineteen.

Leo Nikolayevich did not make any decision about going himself. The ball was announced for October 15.

During tea there was an interesting conversation with Samarin about robbery, reform, and laws. Samarin expressed his indignation at the existing licence in the villages, and at our absurd laws. Leo Nikolayevich blamed the landowners for the wildness and lawlessness of the people, but rejected all extreme legal measures. He spoke heatedly, and was disagreeable and bitter in the disputes. Samarin expressed his opinions calmly and briefly. Finally the controversy reached an extreme point—capital punishment. Samarin said, "In Russia the death penalty is indispensable."

Leo Nikolayevich grew pale and said in a kind of raging whisper, "You terrify me!"

But then Sonya intervened, serving tea and biscuits, doing her best to put a stop to this argument, she succeeded.

Then came the autumn days with a fine, warm rain. Leo Nikolayevich longed to go hunting. We discussed where to go. Orders were given to get the horses and dogs ready. Bibikov, our usual companion, was told where we were going. All this was done seriously and systematically, and I felt the whole significance of these preparations, and understood that a hunt is a serious business.

On one such occasion I had gone to Leo Nikolayevich's study in the evening, and asked him, "Am I going too?"

"You'll get too tired. You'd better stay. We are going very far, you know," said Leo Nikolayevich.

I knew that he answered thus because he feared that I, a girl, would be in the way in a regular hunt.

"No, no, I will go too!" I cried, and protested so violently that I finally did go. And then this became a usual occurrence, and I knew that I would not be in the way or interfere with the hunting.

We hunted two or three times a week. We would go through the fields to Tula to visit Pelageya Ilyinichna, or forty versts to Pirogovo where Marya Nikolayevna was now living with her daughters, or

we simply drove all around Yasnaya Polyana. My usual companion was a boy from the village, a pupil of Leo Nikolayevich, Nikolka Tsvetkov, a dark-haired boy, very lively and imaginative, with his mind full of textbooks. On the way he often recited various monologues that he had read. I remember an amusing episode which happened once at the hunt.

It was a real autumn day. There was a cold wind. The ground was softened by the rains, and fine for the dogs to run. We used to hunt in any weather, and so it was this time too. We left at seven in the morning. Aleksandr Nikolayevich Bibikov accompanied us. Leo Nikolayevich said that in such weather the hares would "freeze" in the field, frightened by the noise of falling leaves, and he thought that the hunt would be successful. The places we rode through were new and therefore interesting to me.

The hunt was indeed a success. We managed to run down several hares and see a fox in the distance. We went into a peasant's hut to get warm, and chanced upon a wedding.

This was the first time I had seen a village wedding. The bride and bridegroom were sitting side by side, silent and motionless. The girls were singing songs. When we entered the hut and sat down to rest, they sang songs in our honor.

But we did not stay long in the hut. I mounted the horse without checking the saddle girths, and Leo Nikolayevich later blamed himself for this, for I did get into trouble. Once in an open field we, as always, tried to maintain an equal distance between the riders.

I do not know how it happened that I was riding alone, ahead of all the others. Cracking my whip, and riding through a ravine, I did not notice that my saddle girth was getting loose. All at once I felt that the saddle, almost imperceptibly, was slipping to one side. But I did not stop. Suddenly I lost my balance and slid to the right, saddle and all. Without letting go of the reins I stopped the horse, and hung on the right side keeping my seat as well as I could. I could not jump off as I was entangled in my long riding habit. No one was to be seen in the distance. My shouts were lost in a strong wind, and I was terrified at my helplessness.

"My God," I thought, "if Belogubka moves, it's all over."

I again began to call Leo Nikolayevich, but my voice was lost.

in the wind, and I only heard the irresistibly exciting cry "Tally-ho! Tally-ho!"

And a few seconds later a huge hare flashed past me, pursued by straining hounds in full cry. My dogs, two English hounds, Fanny and Milka, dashed after them.

"Lyovochka! I'm falling!" I shouted with all my might as I saw him flying by on his strong, swift, white horse.

"Darling, wait a little," he shouted, galloping by.

I realized that he, a passionate hunter, could not act differently under these circumstances, and I waited for him.

"Did you get him?" I asked first of all when he returned.

"He got away!" he answered disappointedly.

"What luck," I thought much later, "that my horse stood rooted to the spot, and that I managed to hang on to the saddle for several minutes. What would have happened if she had galloped after them?"

Returning home I asked myself "Would 'he' have galloped past me?" and my thoughts, as usual, flew far away to the Kursk Province.

From my father's letter we learned that Uncle Aleksandr Yevstafyevich was visiting our family in the Kremlin, and that my father's health had grown worse, which alarmed us very much.

My father wrote (October 13, 1863)

I myself would have come to see you long ago, but I still feel unwell. Now I am somewhat better, but things were bad, especially at the time of your brother's stay. I quite upset the poor fellow, he used to get up at night and watch me. After his departure twelve doctors examined me. I have no special cure, I follow a diet, and observe various hygienic rules, and for the past twelve days I have been doing exercises. All this did me some good, but your arrival certainly will revive me. From your letter I see that Tanya has become a passionate hunter. This is not surprising. I only fear that, in her excitement, she may be thrown off the horse.

And your Dora [a red hunting setter, given me by my father when she was still a puppy] will become an excellent dog, you can be sure of that. The females are always more reliable, and will not run about the forest as the males do. Wait a little, you will yet have to hold her back, just now she has not found her bearings and is afraid of everything. But you must hold her back gently, and under no conditions

strike her. Unfortunately, her sister died of distemper on my brother's estate, they say that she was very intelligent and a beautiful creature

I shall never forget one of the hunts. This was at the end of September. One evening Bibikov, who was sitting with us, said:

"Tomorrow I must go to Tula, and it's a pity—this is the best hunting season."

"Let's go to Tula across the fields with the dogs," said Leo Nikolayevich. "You'll probably spend the night there, and Tanya and I will visit Auntie in the monastery, and from there go home."

This plan made me very happy, and I only feared it might be changed. Bibikov agreed. We decided to leave at eight o'clock in the morning, and began to prepare our provisions. Leo Nikolayevich painstakingly ground up a green cheese with butter, and stuffed this mixture into a hollowed-out loaf of white bread. Voyerikov offered to drive to Tula with the gig so that we could return in a carriage. My sister urged us not to entrust him with the horse, but after some hesitation Leo Nikolayevich decided to send him.

"Nikolay Sergeyevich," explained Leo Nikolayevich, "take the basket of provisions with you, and my gun, and leave your house to meet us at one o'clock. Drive straight to Trudnoye Village, near Tula, and wait for us there, at the bridge."

"Yes, yes, I know all the places there," said Voyerikov. "Don't worry, I'll find you."

We left at eight o'clock in the morning. The weather was perfect for hunting—a fine, warm drizzle. Passing Zaseky, the majestic, old government forest which I so loved, we began to ride at equal distances in the field. The dogs ran gaily alongside us.

"Tanya, you go through the little ravine," Leo Nikolayevich would shout. Or again, "Ride through the thickets," and I went, and soon I had grasped all the tricks of "raiding." Everything, especially nature itself, drew me to hunting. This time we came upon three "freezing" hares. Finding such hares afforded not only me, but also Leo Nikolayevich, and every good hunter, great pleasure. In such circumstances the hunter stopped, and with raised whip quietly said:

"Tally-ho!"

The dogs, on the alert, quivered, pricking up their ears, and the baiting began. After a successful baiting, noisy discussions would start, everyone trying to tell his story. And I expressed my happiness

with a shout that resounded through the entire field, that has been my habit since childhood

At three o'clock we reached the appointed place in Trudnoye Veyeikov was not there

"I wonder why Veyeikov isn't here," said Leo Nikolayevich "Probably he left late"

We came to a halt and patiently began to wait for him

"Maybe he has lost his way," continued Leo Nikolayevich, "or perhaps he is taking the longer route"

We were very hungry, but in spite of this an interesting conversation developed I said that I often was tormented by some trifle in my life—some trifle which I later analyzed Bibikov laughed good-naturedly and said that this was quite unnecessary, that it is not worth while thinking about what was past, that everything in the world is fine and beautiful, "particularly for you," he added, turning to me, and that one must never worry Leo Nikolayevich remarked that an analysis in one's youth is particularly painful, and that he himself had gone through that stage Sometimes some trifle, as for instance a mistake in French, worries one much more than some bad action

"And now it's simply hunger that bothers us," he said laughing "Let's go, perhaps Veyeikov will overtake us"

Still hungry, we had to mount the horses again and ride out in the field

We turned to the herdsmen with the usual question "Didn't you see any hares in the field?" but now we added "Didn't you see a monk in a cart?" But we received a negative answer to both questions

We reached Tula toward six o'clock in the evening Passing through the gates, we found ourselves on the main street—Kievskaya Street We kept the dogs on leash and rode on the side of the street Bibikov excused himself, and left for his brother's house Suddenly we saw an unexpected, horrifying spectacle

Our carriage with Veyeikov inside it dashed by in the middle of the street He had no hat on, and his gray hair was streaming in the wind His roving eyes were bloodshot, and he was shouting furiously "Have at them!" He was holding a rifle in his hands and aiming it at all the passers-by who were scattering in all directions Some were hiding under the gates, others jammed into the first door they came across Veyeikov had lost his reins, and the intelli-

gent, old horse, Baraban,* was tearing along Kievskaya Street at a gallop I glanced at Leo Nikolayevich He was shaking with laughter

"Tanya, turn off into a side street," he shouted to me "Quickly, quickly"

We turned into an alley in order not to have anything to do with him We reached the convent by some dark alley, and as it was impossible to leave the horses in the convent, Leo Nikolayevich ordered me to dismount and wait, while he and Nikolka took the horses somewhere—I no longer remember where But here another incident awaited me

It was already growing dark I was standing on the narrow sidewalk, when I suddenly heard a drunken voice addressing me "Mademoiselle, Diana, Majesty Excellent! Allow me to accompany you!"

With these words he was pushing up to me I raised my whip

"La cravache la cravache,"† he repeated in a drunken voice

I was horribly frightened Not a soul was to be seen

"Lyovochka!" I shouted with all my strength, uncertain whether he would hear my voice

But luckily Leo Nikolayevich was already hurrying toward me, and guessed what the matter was "La cravache," seeing him, immediately started to run

Finally we reached Auntie's Leo Nikolayevich, laughing heartily, told about the incident with Voyeikov To this day I cannot recall all this without laughing Pelageya Ilyinichna gave us tea We rested but had to return home on horseback, this was very tiring

Despite our fatigue, I liked these late trips back home We were riding along, swaying in the saddle The hares hung in a bunch tied on behind Darkness around—a starry sky overhead. I was terribly drowsy from fatigue Closing my eyes I dreamt of hares and green fields, and in my heart I felt so young and contented My dreams of future happiness merged with the present

"Tanya, are you sleeping?" Leo Nikolayevich called to me "Don't fall behind"

He was afraid that I would go to sleep and fall off the horse

* Drum

† The whip . the whip

Leo Nikolayevich rode in front, my horse continually lagged, and Nikolka on his little horse dragged along at the back. He did not remain quiet in the darkness, but shouted in a drawling voice "General Field-Marshal Prince Baryatinsky!"

Nikolka had read about Baryatinsky, liked the name, and he felt that warrior spirit in himself. Or, having heard the popular ballad "Tell Her" in our house, Nikolka began to sing in a loud voice "Tell her—" then he continued in a speaking voice, "that my pants are torn." Or "Tell her—that I'm stung all over by bees." And in the darkness I heard Leo Nikolayevich's hearty laughter.

The horses, evenly splashing with their hoofs in the puddles along the dirty road, were hurrying home. But the lights of the village could already be seen, the barking of the dogs was heard, and we were home.

My sister met us. "What made you so late? I was very worried about you."

We told her what had happened, but she interrupted us with the words "I told you that it was impossible to trust him with a horse, but you didn't listen—he is such a ridiculous, untrustworthy man!"

The next day Aleksey was sent to Tula to rescue the horse, the carriage, and Voyekov himself. Everything turned up at the police station. We found out that Nikolay Sergeyevich had opened the basket with provisions, and had drunk the whole bottle of vodka which Dunyasha, at his request, had packed together with the provisions.

On the days when we did not go hunting we played music. Leo Nikolayevich at one time had taken a great fancy to music and wanted to perfect himself. For two to three hours a day he played Schumann, Chopin, Mozart, Mendelssohn. I always listened to him with great pleasure. He was able to put something "of himself," something alive and invigorating, into everything he did.

Sometimes he read aloud to us. I remember him reading an English novel in translation, *Aurora Floyd* by Mrs. Braddon. He liked this novel and often interrupted the reading with exclamations "They certainly can write, these English! All these minute details draw a true picture of life. Tanya, have you recognized yourself in this novel?" Leo Nikolayevich asked me

"In *Aurora*?"

"Well yes, of course."

"I don't want to be like that. It's not true," I cried blushing. "I will never be like her."

"No, all joking apart, this is you," continued Leo Nikolayevich half joking, half serious.

"Mais c'est vrai, Léon," said Auntie. "Les traits du caractère sont les mêmes." *

This upset me still more. Leo Nikolayevich laughed and continued reading.

"Sergey Nikolayevich compared me with 'la petite comtesse,' but she, at least, is really charming," I thought. "But this is unheard of! To fall in love with a groom!"

The thought of a groom, like our Indyushkin, amused me. The plot of the novel was as follows: Aurora, the daughter of rich and proud parents, fell in love with her riding master, and gave herself to him, this brought misfortune upon her life, and also on her parents. The riding master was vividly depicted in the novel, sensual, base, handsome, and daringly ignoble. I don't remember the end of the novel. Afterward I tried to obtain this novel in order to see in it exactly which of Aurora's traits resembled Natasha in *War and Peace*. I remember well that both Sonya and I commented on this. But I did not succeed in getting this novel in translation.

Sonya was not able to relax for long. Wet nurse Natalya contracted mastitis, and we had to dismiss her. It was decided to bring Seryozha up on the bottle. Again worries, trouble, and work. I helped Sonya as best I could, but she felt more ill than before. And then, to make matters worse, Nurse Nastasya Filipovna fell ill, they found internal cancer, and she was sent to Pirogovo. Little Seryozha worried Sonya with his fretful crying, resulting from all these changes. I remember how I once came upon Leo Nikolayevich alone in the nursery. In order to quiet the baby, he was poking a funnel with his strong trembling hand into Baby's little mouth, and pouring in the milk with the other. I shall never forget this spectacle.

But soon everything was set right again. We took a nurse from among the house servants—Marya Afanasyevna, a woman of about forty-five. She was a perfect type of nurse. On her head she wore some kind of a headband or headdress such as was worn by the merchant wives and matchmakers in Ostrovsky's dramas. She always

* But that's true, Leo. The character traits are the same.

wore a folded kerchief around her neck. She lived with the Tolstoy family for a long time and nursed all the other children despite the fact that she sometimes liked to have a drink on a holiday.

Father wrote to Sonya about Moscow and the nurse (November 3, 1863)

Yesterday we received your letter in which you, my darling daughter, try your best to reassure us about your illness. I am not going to believe either you or your doctors in anything, and will not be satisfied until I myself have seen your breast. [Here medical advice followed.]

But in any case I think that nothing should prevent you from coming to us in Moscow. You can take Tanya back with you, back to Yasnaya if you are not tired of her, but only on the condition that you find her a husband, a dog-lover—one just as crazy as she is.

Last night Fet came to see me. He came to spend the whole winter in Moscow with his wife. I begged him to get a bale of tea from Pyotr Petrovich for us—the very same kind we had last year. I am so used to it that I do not like any other, moreover it is of excellent quality. He promised to fulfill my request. Don't you want a couple of pounds for yourself? Fet charged me to get you to come to Moscow without fail. He is very droll. He amused us very much with his original tales, and stayed with us until twelve o'clock.

Do come, my dears. Cheer up your old father who loves you more than anything else in the world, and who is wretchedly anxious and worried. How much peace and happiness is in store for me when I see you.

17

The Ball

It was the beginning of September, 1863. The day of the ball was approaching. Baroness Mengden came in order to persuade us to attend the ball. Her husband was Marshal of Nobility in the district where his estate was situated. This was the baroness' second marriage. Her first husband was Obolensky who was murdered by a serf, his cook, out of vengeance. She had a grownup son, Dmitry, and two daughters from her second marriage. The Baroness Yelizaveta Ivanovna was an excellent woman. She and my sister were

very good friends, and she kept up the friendship with us during her entire life

The baroness persuaded Leo Nikolayevich to go to the ball with me, and I was grateful to her for that. Sonya pleaded indisposition, although I saw she wanted to go, but this really might have been dangerous for her. Sonya promised to make me an evening gown, and begged Yelizaveta Ivanovna to accompany us, as it might not be quite proper for me to go alone with Leo Nikolayevich.

After the baroness' departure, I ran through the entire house, telling the joyful news to Aleksey, Dunyasha, Natalya Petrovna, and others. It seemed to me that everybody took an interest in my happiness, especially Dunyasha. I had already succeeded in making friends with her. Aleksey Stepanovich, giggling as usual, said "That's a fine business. It means that the count is going—and I must take his dress coat out of the storeroom."

The longed-for day came. Sonya and I packed up my ball finery—all white and light as gossamer. How pleasant it was to get dressed for one's first ball, and this was my first big ball.

Sonya was sad. I saw that she wanted to go, and I was sorry that she had to remain at home.

After two hours we were already at Auntie's where I was supposed to get dressed. Pelageya Ilyinichna took a great interest in my toilette. Her novice, sweet and kind sister Yevdokiya, dressed me.

"Auntie, I think this is the first time someone is getting dressed for a ball in a convent," I said, and laughed gaily together with the young novice.

"Never mind, my dear. You are young—amuse yourself. That is no sin," answered Auntie, fastening white roses on my bosom and my head.

"Tanya, are you ready?" I heard Leo Nikolayevich's voice at the door. "It's time. We still have to call at the Mengdens. May I come in?"

"Come in, come in! Please do!" I exclaimed impatiently.

He glanced attentively at the novice, at me, and, smiling, said something to her.

We are at the ball. I enter with the baroness and Leo Nikolayevich. The baron himself, a cheerful man of small stature, with a proudly raised head, and covered with medals, walks behind me. The light, the glittering, elegant crowd, the hall decked with flow-

ers—all this puts me in a festive mood and bewilders me I see Olga and Sophia Auerbach from afar Both are elegantly dressed and beautiful Olga is splendid in her pale-yellow, ethereal dress trimmed with field flowers and ears of wheat

Suddenly there was a stir The crowd parted, and the Heir-apparent, Nikolay Aleksandrovich, entered—a young, handsome man with an affable smile His brilliant retinue followed him The orchestra began to play the polonaise from the opera, *A Life for the Tsar* I was standing in the ballroom with Olga The dancing couples glided past us I was surprised that almost all of the ladies dancing were no longer young The tsarevich was dancing with the hostess, wife of the marshal, to whom I had been presented I wanted to take part in the polonaise, but this was impossible I saw Leo Nikolayevich He was surrounded with the tsarevich's followers Among them were some of his St Petersburg acquaintances At that time Leo Nikolayevich was already a well known writer, famous as the author of *Childhood* and *Boyhood*, *The Cossacks* and *Polikushka* had just been published

And now they began to play a Strauss waltz The couples were whirling around, and the violins were singing I wanted to dance, but glancing around the entire ballroom I did not find one familiar face It seemed to me that I would be a wallflower, standing near the pillar all evening long

"Why did I come here? Why did I get all dressed up?" I thought almost in tears "Nobody is going to notice me"

Olga said something to me, pointing to the dancers, but I did not listen to her In my grief I did not notice that Leo Nikolayevich was leading Prince Obolensky toward me I must confess that my joy was tremendous

After my waltz with him I danced all evening through with many others, and completely forgot my sad thoughts

In one of the figures of the mazurka Olga, Sophia, and I came up to the tsarevich The figure consisted of three ladies setting a riddle of three words, and then approaching one of the dancers He had to choose one of these phrases, and then proceed to dance with the lady to whom this phrase belonged Olga was *quid pro quo*, Sophia, *mal à propos*, and I, *à propos* These three almost nonsensical words are used in the mazurka because they rhyme The tsarevich chose *quid pro quo* and danced with Olga

After the Tula ball a very amusing episode was told about the tsarevich. He had maintained his staid, wearisome role of the "heir to the throne" (Etiquette required him even in a quadrille to dance with ladies previously selected, the wives of the governor and the marshals.) Returning home, and alone in the dining room with his adjutant, he grew merry and felt an urge to play a boyish prank. He asked for tea, and then hid himself under the table which was covered with a long tablecloth. When the footman entered with the tray and, surprised at not finding the tsarevich, asked the adjutant where to take the tea, the tsarevich jumped out from under the table, laughing.

"If this were only true, it's delightful," said Leo Nikolayevich when he was told about it. "I think it must be true. It is difficult to invent such a story."

18

Leo Nikolayevich and Sofya Andreyevna

THE NEXT day I told Sonya about the ball, and asked her what she had done without me.

"I cried all evening," she said. "It was such a shame that I couldn't go."

She wrote about this in her memoirs.

Lyovochka decided to take my sister Tanya to a ball, and I diligently set out to make her a beautiful outfit. All in all, many friends and relatives were going. When Leo Nikolayevich put on his dress coat, he and Tanya left for Tula and the ball, I started to cry bitterly and wept all evening. We were living a monotonous, secluded, dull life, and suddenly such an opportunity comes up and I (just nineteen) am deprived of it.

I sympathized with her completely.

"But you know, Tanya," she confessed to me, "I couldn't have gone anyway, even if I had been well."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, you surely know Lyovochka's views. Could I have worn

a low-cut ball dress? It's absolutely impossible. How many times has he censured married women who 'uncover' themselves, as he expresses it?"

"I know his views and perhaps he is right," I replied, thinking of Sergey Nikolayevich. We were silent.

"It's his jealousy," she said, quietly, as if to herself.

"Sonya, you yourself are jealous, and you must not accuse him of it. Remember how jealous you were when Olga Islenyeva played duets with him? And who could he be jealous of—after all there is no one here with us."

"The other day," said Sonya, "when we were all having tea I had a lively argument with Erlenwein. I don't remember what about—something quite unimportant. Well, he was jealous then and there."

"What! Jealous of the teacher? Good God, who would expect that! They are all so serious."

"I did not immediately understand this jealousy," continued Sonya, "could not understand, and asked myself. Why was he so caustic? Why had he grown so cold all of a sudden? And I wept and could not find an answer. I attributed this to my silliness and because, intellectually, I am not up to his level, I thought that he was bored with me, angry at me—"

At that point I could not contain myself and interrupted Sonya: "Sonya, why are you humbling yourself? You shouldn't. You must realize that you have your own personality, just as he has. Be unaffected, just as you are, and all will be well, this is your own way of being clever. Why try to match his intellect? You won't succeed in that anyway. He is one type—you another, and that's all there is to it. No, I couldn't live so."

"Perhaps you are right, but I love him too much. And if you knew, Tanya, how depressed I sometimes get."

"Sonya, my darling," I said to her, wishing to comfort and assure her that Leo Nikolayevich found her intelligent and loved her, "drop this notion of your being silly. You are interested in everything, and you passed the examination extremely well, better than Liza. Papa writes about you. 'Ah, you are so warmhearted, so sensitive. How I love women like you!' Remember, he wrote that to you."

Sonya smiled and grew pensive. "And you know, I read in

Lyovochka's diary what he writes about me and I copied these lines" Sonya took out her diary and read to me

"She is so impossibly pure, good, and candid. In those minutes it's not I who possess her. I dare not, she possesses me." And still further on he writes about me "She is reforming me."

"Well, there you see! How fine it all is!" I exclaimed happily. "And we will live just as harmoniously, Sergey Nikolayevich and I, only—" but I did not finish my thoughts. Doubts often tormented me, and I tried to suppress them.

Whether it was due to her youth or just her character, Sonya, as far as I can remember, saw everything through the eyes of her husband. She even feared to have her own wishes, her own opinions. For instance, in the early days of her life at Yasnaya Polyana, she sadly pointed out to me the burdocks and other weeds that were growing around the house, and where the servants threw rubbish. After about two years she decided to have these places cleared, to have the little paths sanded, and some flowers planted.

Leo Nikolayevich looked on tolerantly on several occasions and remarked in an offhand manner "I don't understand what all this is for. We were getting on very well without this."

But then Auntie intervened on Sonya's behalf. "Mon cher Léon," she said, "c'est très bien que Sophie a fait nettoyer autour de la maison, c'est si agréable de se promener maintenant." *

But what surprised us was that Leo Nikolayevich, affected by this example, had the benches in the garden painted and the walks in the avenue cleaned.

In general Leo Nikolayevich did not like any innovations. The bridges on the roads were in a damaged condition, people had to make detours, and in spring carriages or carts got stuck there more than once. When kerosene, instead of oil, came into use, he criticized it. Much later, when the airplane appeared, he said "This is complete nonsense. God created man without wings, and it does not become men to fly like birds."

When the Duma was established, he said with displeasure that it would "lead to nothing" and was "perfectly absurd. In order to come to any important decisions everyone must think over such matters in his study, and this public exhibition will lead to nothing."

* My dear Leo, it is very good that Sophie has had the grounds cleaned up around the house. Now it is pleasant to go walking there.

ing sensible Much chatter is unseemly and in the Duma there's nothing but prattle and abuse "

He disapproved of higher education for women, courses for women, universities, and so forth. He said that a true woman in his eyes was a mother and a wife.

"And if she does not get married?" he was asked.

"If she does not marry, then she can always find a job or position for herself where she is needed. Help is needed in large families."

Usually this theme brought on a heated argument. Everybody exclaimed: "Yes, to nurse somebody else's children, darn stockings . . . always mess around the kitchen . . . no, that's insupportable."

Leo Nikolayevich, smiling, listened to everyone, and he remarked once: "Here is what Kaiser Wilhelm said: 'A woman's life must consist of Kirche, Kuche, Kinder.' And I say: Wilhelm gave the most important things in life to the women. Just what remains for the men?"

But I am digressing from the story of my past.

After my conversation with my sister I thought a lot about Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich. I began to observe them and their relationship. It became clear to me that both were morbidly jealous, that this was poisoning their life and spoiling their fine, loving relationship.

I remember one strange incident, hardly deserving attention, which yet had caused some unpleasantness. A young man known to us all—Pisarev, a man of good breeding, and kind, but of a most average character, once came to Yasnaya. He seldom visited us. Sonya, sitting at the samovar, was pouring tea. Pisarev was sitting next to her. This, in my opinion, was his only sin. Pisarev helped Sonya pass the tea cups, and rendered her other small services. He was joking gaily, laughing, and sometimes bent toward her in order to say something.

I was watching Leo Nikolayevich. He was pale and troubled, got up from the chair, walked up and down the room, went out, came in again, and unwittingly infected me with his anxiety. Sonya also noticed this, and did not know how to behave. The end of the whole matter was that next morning Leo Nikolayevich ordered the carriage, and the servant announced to the young man that his horses were ready.

Leo Nikolayevich writes about his jealousy in his diary

I understand that another man and the most insignificant one can be pleasing to her

This must not seem unjust to me, however unbearable, for I myself have been a most contemptible, weak, powerless, commonplace person during these nine months

Today I felt uplifted by the moon

Sonya, as always, calmed him, and as she felt in no way guilty, it was easy for her to do that. His lack of self-confidence, an unfounded jealousy and contempt for himself often caused him suffering. I happened many a time to be an involuntary witness to his state of mind. Some years later, when I was married and living in another wing of the house, Leo Nikolayevich would often see me home in the evenings. In the moonlit or bright, starry autumn nights which he particularly loved, he used to stop on the path running between the two houses, draw my attention to the loveliness of the night, and say "Will you just look! What beauty!"

And from the expression on his face I could see that he had shed all that was vain, worldly, and banal, and that, as he wrote, he felt uplifted.

The brief notes in his diary in 1862 after his marriage are interesting

Morning Coffee Awkward. The students were embarrassed. I went for a walk with her and Seryozha [Leo Nikolayevich's brother]. Dinner. She was too forward. . . After dinner I slept. She wrote Incredible happiness! And again she is writing by my side. Can it be that this will last as long as life itself?

October 15, 1862

All this time I was busy with those things that can only be called practical. This idleness is beginning to depress me. I can not respect myself, and therefore I am discontented and confused in my relationship with others. I decided to stop the magazine. Also the school. Everything annoys me, my life and even she. Must work.

October 30, 1862

I do not recognize myself. All my mistakes are clear to me. I love her as much as ever if not more so. I cannot work. Today we had a scene. I am sad that we are no better than the others.

All of Leo Nikolayevich was expressed in these last words. Neither jealousy, nor a difference of opinion, nor anything that

might lead to a quarrel was as repulsive to him as the trivial quarrel itself—the type of quarrel that happens to everybody

About one or two months later Leo Nikolayevich writes

I am working steadily, but it is nothing much I finished the first part of *The Cossacks* The character of my present life—the complete absence of dreams, hopes, consciousness On the other hand, the fear of remorse for my egotism The students are leaving, and I am sorry Auntie had a new senile expression which touched me.

Despite his temporary fancy for the management of his estate and for profit, he suddenly became melancholy and disillusioned with what he was doing and absorbed in The question, "What is all this for?" began to torment him, and at that time he could find no answer He was silent and went about in a bad humor, and Sonya, attributing this to his being unwell, became disturbed herself He wrote in his diary as early as 1863 "It is awful to connect one's happiness with material conditions Terrible nonsense! A wife, children, health, wealth! That madman was right Maybe you could have it different, yet not thus"

And despite what he thought and wrote in his diary, he continued with all the household business that he had begun, as well as his preoccupation with the enlargement of his fortune One had to know him in order to understand that the banal picture of happiness—a wife, children, wealth—could not satisfy him, as it satisfied the majority of people of Berg's type in *War and Peace* The demands of a man such as Leo Nikolayevich were exceptional But he, like every man, wished for happiness, love, prosperity Having attained all this he looked back at himself The forms of this happiness seemed trivial to him He felt himself enchained to these attained ideals, and he suffered

He could not help but love his wife—the mother of his children, devoted, loving, and sacrificing herself wholeheartedly for her family He could not relinquish his desire to spend several months in Moscow for the sake of his work, as we shall see from his letter And despite himself, all this was cast in a trivial, ordinary form—an almost bourgeois happiness

How many times in his life did he repeat "No, it's impossible to live this way This is not real happiness!"

But what is? During his entire life he sought this happiness as a bluebird, while he had it right there in a cage. Yet, we can trace

this idea of the renunciation of material things and torturing self-analysis through his entire life from his youth on. The struggle with pride, luxury, censure, and passion often made him displeased with himself. His friend Aleksandra Andreyevna Tolstaya wrote him "A force d'analyser, vous ferez de votre coeur une éponge sèche" *

Levin in *Anna Karenina* was Tolstoy himself. He clearly characterizes himself in Chapter XXVI of the novel when he tells about Levin's return from Moscow.

In Moscow he was overcome by a confusion of ideas, dissatisfaction with himself, a vague feeling of shame—but when he got out at his own station, and saw his one-eyed coachman, Ignat, Levin felt that little by little his confusion was clearing up, and his shame and self-dissatisfaction were melting away.

Sonya jokingly remarked "Lyovochka, you are Levin plus your talent. Levin is an unbearable creature."

Without denying this, Leo Nikolayevich listened to her with a smile. He always regarded Yasnaya and Auntie Tatyana Aleksandrovna as a purgatory, and said "Only when I come to Yasnaya can I see myself clearly and cast off all that is superfluous."

Since his childhood he had harbored a love for the common people. I was surprised with what gentleness he treated his pupils, his little boys (as I called them). He looked after them with such care, was so interested in them. And once he drew my attention to Vlasova, an old woman who was living in the village. For ten years she had been lying paralyzed, without the use of her legs, in a crowded, dirty hut. I was struck by her waxen appearance, and she reminded me of Turgenev's wonderful story, *Living Relics*. I visited her and took her what I could. She was in possession of all her mental faculties, and told me interesting things about old times. But upon leaving her and going out into the fresh air, I felt how the odor of onions, baked bread, dung, and so forth clung to my dress, and frequently I carried away with me a horrid red cockroach, or something else, worse than a cockroach.

When I complained of this to Leo Nikolayevich he said to me laughing "Ah, that's fine! Please, go more often."

* With your continual analyses you will turn your heart into a dry sponge.

19

My Illness

I WAS ill and moved downstairs in order not to disturb Auntie I had fever Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich were alarmed I sent for Agafya Mikhailovna, knowing that she was good at taking care of sick people, and that she liked me She had frequently told me "My dear, when you get sick, send for me"

But this time the servant returned with the answer that she was very sorry she couldn't come as she had just returned from the bath house Never mind, I thought, Dushka is with me But upon getting worse and worse I sent for her a second time

"Tell Agafya Mikhailovna that I will buy her a dress if she will come"

The servant returned without her

"You offended Agafya Mikhailovna very much She already had dressed herself to come to you but "Tell Tatyana Andreyevna that since she promises to give me a dress I will not go Do I go to her only because of a dress? She ought to be ashamed of such thoughts!"

I was left with Dushka who soon fell asleep, and I felt very unwell Not more than half an hour had elapsed when the door opened quietly and Agafya Mikhailovna entered all wrapped up in a shawl

"What's the matter with you, dearest? Ill? You did offend me, though!"

"Agafya Mikhailovna, I feel so miserable, I am so glad you came," I said

"Now you must not worry I will fetch you some lemonade from the countess Indeed, here she comes herself"

Sonya was bringing me tea, lemonade, and medicine for the night

"Will you look after her, Agafya Mikhailovna, but if Tanya should get worse, then call us," said Sonya

"Don't worry, Little Countess, I will sit up the night with her," said Agafya Mikhailovna. "I am used to this and she, God grant it, will sleep"

But I was not able to sleep that night With every hour the

fever mounted Neither the lemonade nor the medicine was of any help I was suffering terribly, something suffocated me, and I was gasping for breath, and poor Agafya Mikhailovna did not know what to do One, then two hours passed Everybody in the house was asleep My groans and ravings frightened Agafya Mikhailovna, and she went to wake my sister Within ten minutes, I am told, Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich came Being young and inexperienced, they also were frightened at my condition

According to Agafya Mikhailovna, I got up out of bed and in my delirium walked around, not knowing where I was going and why I did not recognize anybody Asthma caused my chief suffering I remember how Sonya and Agafya Mikhailovna tried to put me to bed, but I would not go.

The next day, when my delirium passed, Leo Nikolayevich asked me what I had imagined Scarcely able to talk, I told him in a weak voice that I had imagined an endless field, partly covered with white, thick gossamer Wherever I went the gossamer crawled after me, winding itself around my neck, feet, chest, and I could not breathe nor escape it

"That's why," said Leo Nikolayevich, "you kept repeating in your delirium 'It's pulling me down, pulling me down, take it off' and Sonya asked 'Take what off?' and you were so pitiful and again repeated 'Pulling' but you did not mention gossamer"

In his novel *War and Peace*, Leo Nikolayevich had Prince Andrey suffer from that same delirium

How many times later on, when Leo Nikolayevich felt unwell and people asked him what was the matter, he would answer in my mournful voice "It's pulling me down"

Toward morning they sent for the doctor—always the same Shmigaro I had to stay in bed ten days, and grew very thin and weak According to the doctor I had a bad quinsy "with a feverish condition."

Dear Agafya Mikhailovna stayed at my bedside during my entire illness, only once in a while leaving me to look after her dogs. Mother sent her material for a dress and she accepted this present since it came from Mother in Moscow and not from me

As I grew better I longed for Sergey Nikolayevich So little time had passed, and our reunion was still a long way off. My weakness affected my mental courage

But time passed, I recovered, went out, and even drove with Leo Nikolayevich through the newly fallen snow

In his letters my father tried to persuade us to go to Moscow because of Sonya's illness. He urged Leo Nikolayevich to spend some time there to arrange about the publication of his novel, and he wrote about me "The other day Laborde came to see us and she is impatiently expecting Tanya in order to give her lessons, but Tanya, I see, has no intention of returning. I am very glad—let her live with you, she will be the wiser for it" (From a letter dated September 18, 1863)

Leo Nikolayevich answered

I often dream of having an apartment in Moscow, in the Sivtsev Vrazhek Lane, of sending the baggage by sleigh, and of spending three or four months in Moscow in the little world which I will have transported from Yasnaya, with the same Aleksey, the nurse, the samovar, and so forth

You, your world, theater, music, books, a library (lately this has become most important for me), and sometimes a stimulating conversation with a new and intelligent man—all of this we are deprived of in Yasnaya

But the hardship that is perhaps greater than all others is—to count every kopeck, fearing that the money will not suffice for this or that—to want to buy something, and not be able to—and worst of all to be ashamed that my home is ugly and disorderly. Therefore until I am in a position to put aside so much for the trip to Moscow, at least 6,000 rubles—until then this dream will be only a dream

In spite of this letter, the Tolstoy's made preparations to go to Moscow on account of Sonya's health, and my parents so obstinately urged me to come, that I had to go too

With sadness I entered upon my last month in Yasnaya, when I received an unexpected invitation for a three-day festival from Madame Auerbach, an aunt of Sofya Pavlovna, and the head of a girls' school. This meant a ball, theatricals, and other amusements. Yulia Feodorovna and Sophie used to visit us in Yasnaya

Sonya, wishing to turn me aside from my after-illness melancholy, provided me with dresses, and sent me off to Madame Auerbach in Tula.

After I had spent a few hours with them I remembered that I had left my bag with the dresses where the horses were stabled,

and I went to get it Natalya Petrovna, who had accompanied me from Yasnaya, met me with a happy smile and with these words "Your gentleman is here, so they say, he went off to Yasnaya and you weren't there!"

She was so understanding and pleased that she even addressed me with "thou "

"Who? When?" I asked, and my heart stopped

"Yes indeed, your—Sergey Nikolayevich arrived from his hunting, yes, and he made straight for Yasnaya "

"Really? Is it possible?" I repeated, not believing my own happiness "Natalya Petrovna, I am coming with you Wait for me," I said

I went to offer my excuses for not being able to stay in Tula Two or three hours later we had reached Yasnaya Without taking off my coat, I ran upstairs and opened the door of Auntie's room Sergey Nikolayevich, Varya, and Liza had not expected to see me, and met me with cries of joy

I remember distinctly how, with the help of the girls, Sergey Nikolayevich took off my endless shawls and kerchiefs And once again his eyes, with an expression so well known and dear to me, looked at me closely, closely, as he took the veil off my face As usually happens at happy meetings, we were all talking and interrupting one another

Sergey Nikolayevich had hunted down forty-four foxes and presented them to Sonya Leo Nikolayevich was in good spirits and was glad to see his brother He asked him all about the hunt, estate matters and conditions in the villages

Sergey had come for three days and had brought his nieces with him.

"Have you already been in Tula?" I asked

"I—no, but I sent one of my men there They found out from him that I had arrived, I came directly from Pirogovo Soon I am going abroad, and I had to see you before my departure," he said "How many times I thought of you during the hunt—how you would have enjoyed fox hunting You need a good, thoroughbred horse instead of Belogubka "

"But I love my Belogubka So many dear memories are connected with her," I said "And then you must know that she could have killed or crippled me, but did neither "

And I told him the incident of the hunt, how my saddle slipped,

and how Belogubka, realizing the danger, stood as if rooted to the spot. Sergey Nikolayevich was beside himself with horror.

"And Lyovochka galloped past you? That's just like him!" he said slowly, shaking his head.

Sergey Nikolayevich spent three days in Yasnaya. He told me that we would have to get married on the Kursk estate, and that he thought about this while he was there. But again he said not one word about his family, and I had no notion of any possible impediment, as I did not know that he already had three children, and that Marya Mikhailovna was expecting the fourth.

We were almost inseparable on the day before our approaching, long separation, and his attitude toward me dispelled all my doubts—if there were any doubts to be found.

20

The Christmas Holidays, 1863

As I said before, my parents were continually urging us to come to Moscow—Sonya, on account of her health, and me because of the letter in which I had written about Sergey Nikolayevich's proposal. My father was opposed to this marriage. He knew about Sergey Nikolayevich's family, and did not believe in the possibility of a happy life with him. Mother understood my passion but recognized that my father was right, yet she did not reveal her thoughts to me and relied on fate and the "will of God," as she said. And she was right. Everything that was said against my marriage grieved and offended me prematurely. I wrote to Father about this, and he answered (December 3, 1863):

I often think about you. Everybody loves you, and this is a great guarantee of happiness—this comforts and calms me greatly with regard to your future. It seems to me that you need to tame somewhat your overlively character, and in general not to let yourself be carried away, otherwise you will have to suffer disappointment in many things.

In this same letter Father wrote to Sonya how sorry he was that we did not go for his nameday in spite of our promises to him.

It cannot be helped that my pleasant dreams did not come true, I hope that they will be realized later on. Your letter, Sonya, is just as

sweet as you are, and it seems to me that I could smother you with love, so much do I long to see you and your Seryozha, who probably looks very intelligent and has a gay smile, but how could he be like his parents otherwise?

And just when shall I have the happiness of seeing you with us in the Kremlin? Let us know by wire if Tanya is coming with Madame Auerbach so that we can send the carriage for her, it is high time for my little bird to be put back in her little cage

I got very angry when I read about Auerbach

"Does Papa really think that I might leave Yasnaya even one day before you?" I said

"Why worry so!" said Leo Nikolayevich "Of course you are going with us"

Upon seeing my alarm he calmed me good-naturedly, he stood before me in his characteristic pose, hands thrust into the belt of his blue flannel blouse—this was his customary attire while at home. In Moscow, however, he wore ordinary suits made by a French tailor—Charmeur—one of the best

We arrived in Moscow

The Tolstoy's came for a short time. Sonya consulted and was treated by Drs. Deutsch, Anke, and Koch. They helped her very much and she ceased to suffer. Her cheerfulness returned.

Leo Nikolayevich frequented the libraries and stayed there for hours on end. He was gay, in good spirits, and I saw how necessary it was for him to have a change from an atmosphere of sickness, worry, and "the nursery." I reflected also "Only we women have the strength and patience to endure the long, drawn-out fuss with diapers, nurses, the children's and our own sickness, such as Sonya and other true good women have endured."

Leo Nikolayevich saw all his friends again. Aksakov, Zhemchuzhnikov, Grigorovich, and others. They all visited him. A messenger from Katkov called on him. I do not know what was discussed, but I think it was about the novel. At that time Leo Nikolayevich had not yet decided whether to print the novel himself or whether to give it to a magazine.

To my great pleasure the house during the holidays became animated with the arrival of friends and relatives. Brother Sasha came from Poland. Cousin Gorstkina, born Kuzminskaya, the sister of Aleksandr Mikhailovich, was staying with us. Klavdiya, now a

young girl of eighteen, pretty in a typically Russian fashion, was on vacation from her orphanage school. And Kuzminsky came quite unexpectedly from St. Petersburg, he had at first refused our invitation.

"How good of you to come and spend the holidays with us," said Mother when she greeted him—"and both of your sisters are in Moscow too."

"Yes, yes," I interrupted Mother, "I am so glad that you came to spend Christmas with us as before. We will have a gay time," I exclaimed, hugging Mother impulsively.

I wanted somehow to pour out my profuse zest for living. I felt lighthearted and in my own element, and my heart was beating so happily.

"You know," said Kuzminsky, "I got so bored in St. Petersburg that I decided to spend several days with you. At first I wanted to go and see Mother in Voronezh, but then I decided to come to you. Now I'll have a chat with your sisters—but where are they?"

"Sonya is not at home. She went out with Liza," I answered.

Sofya Mikhailovna Gorstkina was married to a wealthy Penza landowner. She was a little older than Sonya and a very dear friend of hers. Beautiful, lively and gay, she good-naturedly and candidly looked at the world with her large black eyes, and the world smiled back at her.

I never could understand where and how we put up all our guests. What an extraordinarily long table was set in the dining room! And how much roast beef, veal, and other hot courses the butler Grigory carried upstairs along the interior staircase, gaily mounting the carpeted steps. And Father's valet, the phlegmatic Prokofy, importantly bided his time until Fedka brought him the sauces and salads from the kitchen, which he had to serve at table. He did not mind doing this in the least.

It seemed to me then that everybody was carefree and happy, just as I was, and that everyone served us, and especially me, with the greatest of pleasure.

Seventeen-year-old Fedka had been taken into the house at the request of his father, the watchman Pavel from Pokrovskoye, my father's orderly. He was really a wild boy.

"Andrey Yevstafyevich," beseeched Pavel, "take Fedka for one winter—let him learn service. The boy is running wild."

And my father, unable to refuse, took him as a helper to our servants

Of course Leo Nikolayevich immediately noticed him and entered into conversation with him

"Can you read and write?"

"N-n-no," drawled Fedka

"You might study with Yelizaveta Andreyevna "

"Ain't no need," answered Fedka, giggling with a vague, silly smile as if he heard something funny and impossible

"And you probably like it better in the village?" continued Leo Nikolayevich

Fedka grinned silently I became annoyed

"Where do you like it better? Answer!" I said

"It ain't too bad here," stuttered Fedka

Our servants liked him for his meekness, and often were amused at his unexpected and laconic answers Once, at supper, they asked him "And how is your father in the village? Is he a good man?"

"He's chasing pigeons," was his answer, and he said nothing more

Another time a funny incident happened with him The butler, Grigory (who also performed the duties of a footman), fell ill Liza and I had to go somewhere, I don't remember where now, but in Mother's opinion it was impossible for us to go without a manservant I protested and said laughingly "Mama, let's dress Fedka up and have him accompany us It's just today that we want to go there "

Mama agreed When Liza and I came out into the hall, Fedka was ready, standing there all prepared, with a proud smile But oh, God! How he looked The livery coat reached to his heels, and the hat in spite of the newspaper stuffing (and it probably took more than one newspaper) came down to his ears I could not keep from laughing, especially his proud, contented look amused me

"Fedka, my dear fellow," I said, "just how are you going to climb onto the coach box? You'll surely get entangled "

"Never mind, I'll climb up all right," he answered

Prokofy, the Ukrainian, who saw us off, chuckled quietly

"Never mind, he'll pull himself together," he said "He's just a crow in peacock feathers!"

As we were getting into the carriage, Fedka climbed onto the box first, not paying any attention to us

"Where are you heading for, before the young ladies?" Prokofy exclaimed

"Leave him alone," said Liza "Let him take his seat"

We stopped at a shop on the Kuznetsky Most * I lightly jumped out of the carriage, Liza after me Fedka very comfortably remained seated on the box until the coachman, Afanasyevich, instructed him to get off, and ordered him to stand by the carriage After a few minutes, when we came out of the shop, Fedka was not to be seen

"Afanasyevich, now where is he?" we asked

"Well, I don't know I didn't notice where he went He was here a minute ago"

Liza and I stood on the sidewalk, watching to see where Fedka might come from Finally we saw him coming out of a neighboring entrance gate, waddling, and getting tangled up in his livery The passers-by stopped to look at this comical figure, his hat had somehow curled up, and came even further down over his ears

"Fedka, where have you been?" I asked him

"I went off on my own business," answered Fedka with a good-natured smile Then he climbed up on the box and paid no further attention to us

Kuzminsky knew that I was engaged to Sergey Nikolayevich I had written him about it We at once arrived at a good relationship It was simple and friendly, as if each one of us had decided that our former love had been childish, not justifying any claims to constancy, but rather it could serve as a basis for our present friendly relations And we believed this, and got along easily and pleasantly

Once he asked me when and how Sergey Nikolayevich had proposed to me I told him how we had gone to the wing of the house to get some books and repeated our conversation, but kept quiet about my fall from the chair.

"And why wait a year?" he asked

"I am told it is because of my youth, yes, and besides he has various affairs to look after—both he and Lyovochka have told me

* A fashionable shopping street The name shows its origin, it means Blacksmiths' Bridge—En

that And you will graduate this spring, and then what?" I asked in order to change the subject

"Then I will go to my estate, occupy myself with its management, and enter the service I'll try to get appointed somewhere in the south I love the Ukraine"

He told me this without looking me in the eyes, in an indifferent tone of voice

"He is leaving? And don't I really mind? Strange this is unusual" I thought "He ought to be quite a stranger to me now, quite a stranger"

Every day some sort of entertainment was organized in our house theater, parties, a Christmas tree, and even a pleasure ride in the three-horse carriage Liza seemed shaken out of her apathy, she was happy to see me and the guests Besides, Kuzminsky's younger sister was spending the winter in Moscow She was married to Eduard Yakovlevich Fuchs, who during the winter had been appointed the public prosecutor of Moscow

Elena Mikhailovna was a great friend of mine We spent the larger part of our married life together, since subsequently Fate brought us together in St Petersburg, where we lived for twenty-five years and where her husband was a senator and later a member of the state council Elena Mikhailovna was two years older than I She was a woman of tall stature and had a "well-bred" elegance in her appearance as well as in her whole personality Gifted with a fine mind and tact, she seemed swiftly to grasp something that others perhaps could never quite understand Until the end of my life I maintained a fine relationship with her

After our arrival from Yasnaya, and when her brother and sister came, she participated constantly in our noisy activities She loved her brother very much When she found out that I was engaged to another, she said to me "Tanya, it might be very difficult for you to marry Sasha in any case My mother and your parents, especially your father, would be against such a marriage How many times have I spoken about this with Mother! And what's more, you are cousins"

"Lenochka," I said sadly, "why am I so unfortunate that everyone who loves me encounters such serious obstacles? Just look how long I am to be separated from Sergey Nikolayevich And they tell me that there are various reasons, but what they are I cannot find out"

"But it seems that he has a family," she said

"What family? He has Grisha and a gypsy who is said to be Grisha's mother. He certainly lives alone in Pirogovo."

"I don't know, dear," she said, "I only know this from hearsay."

"If you knew what kind of a man he is, then you would understand and appreciate him," I said.

I did not want to destroy our happy mood, and spoke no more about it.

In spite of all our amusements, I liked to spend an evening at home. The Tolstoyes were still with us. We sat in the dining room around the tea table, or in the small living room partitioned off Mother's room. The conversation varied. We would talk on "frightening" subjects—dreams, spiritualism, apparitions (and later spend a sleepless night), or we would touch on more interesting, abstract themes.

I remember once someone remarked that the greatest injustice in the world was—happiness. Leo Nikolayevich, who was with us, said: "The happiness of people is like the water in a pond or lake—it is distributed absolutely evenly up to the brim."

Many objected, saying that one man is rich, another poor, one sick, another healthy, and other comparisons poured forth.

"Yes," said Leo Nikolayevich, "it only appears to be that way. If you look a little closer, you will see something else: the rich one has a sick wife, his children are a failure, or his conscience is not clear. The poor one has—health, peace of mind, a good harvest—why, many things! And I have noticed that in life it is as I have said. In order to be happy we must only listen to our inner voice—that never deceives us."

"Oh, but it does!" I said with conviction. "You like a man whom you must not like—and you are unhappy, you are sick—and unhappy, you get angry and offend the people around you—you are again unhappy. And there are many such examples."

"I say," continued Leo Nikolayevich, "that we first of all must discriminate between good and evil, and decide which side to take. But if you cannot evaluate these things, then don't be surprised that you are unhappy. One thing you can achieve in yourself—that is calmness and kindness which, unfortunately, I have little of. We never have control over our physical side, morally, however, we have full freedom always. But unfortunately a wall often separates people from the truth!"

All of us felt drawn closer together on such evenings. Even my fourteen-year-old brother, Petya, a remarkably sweet and attractive boy, took part and listened attentively to Leo Nikolayevich's words.

These conversations were usually interrupted by the noisy appearance of my younger brothers—Styopa and Volodya—ten and eleven years old. This was the hour when they came upstairs. The rest of the time they studied or played with their French tutor, Hubert. They ran straight to Leo Nikolayevich, he encouraged their coming, and they knew this. He romped with them, taught them gymnastics, put them up on his shoulders and ran around with them. Soon Petya and I joined in and a scurry around the house began, we played races. We would all get a start over Leo Nikolayevich, but he would always win. The nurse, Vera Ivanovna, appeared with the three-year-old Slavochka. He also headed straight for Leo Nikolayevich, and demanded to hear the story of the seven cucumbers. This story about a boy eating seven cucumbers was illustrated by Leo Nikolayevich with action.

"The first cucumber," said Leo Nikolayevich softly and opened his mouth as if he were putting a small cucumber into it. "The second," he said, repeating his performance but in a slightly louder voice and opening his mouth a little more—an uproar! And in that way he continued to the seventh cucumber—his voice growing louder and louder, his mouth opening wider and wider, and, coming to the seventh cucumber, which Slavochka was expecting with trepidation, he simply roared, and his open mouth resembled that of an animal's. And little Vyacheslav, waving his arms and legs, in his excitement also began to yell like Leo Nikolayevich.

But soon the whole company went off to bed. Leo Nikolayevich went to the piano and began to play the trio, "With You I Am Happy." I sang the first voice, Klavdiya, the second, and Sasha, the third. Leo Nikolayevich hummed. After that came choral singing and still later we sang a great variety of musical numbers which, at my request, usually ended in a mazurka. I loved to dance it with my brother who had learned to dance the genuine mazurka in Poland.

"Let's all dance," I cried, "we can have a figure."

Leo Nikolayevich played in such a way that it was really impossible to remain in one place, and everybody danced.

Trifonovna appeared in the door in her cap and an old-fashioned

tippet, a gift from Grandmother Marya Ivanovna Trifonovna came to get the cold supper from the pantry, set up the table, and look after everything

"Greetings, Stepanida Trifonovna!" came from all sides

All our relatives knew her, respected her steady character, and sent her presents Trifonovna was very much a woman of the world, had an appropriate answer for everyone, valued relationships, and knew how to be useful and agreeable

"I guess you have enough to keep you busy," said Leo Nikolayevich "There are so many of us here together"

"Never mind, we can manage," answered Trifonovna with a good-natured laugh "The more you come to see us, the better Everyone is so happy to welcome you All is fine here, only Andrey Yevstafyevich's health is getting bad," she added

We entered the dining room where tea and supper awaited us Mama poured tea and Father usually sat at the other end of the table on a tall chair

"Lyuba, give Trifonovna a cup of tea," said Father

"Don't trouble, Andrey Yevstafyevich," answered Trifonovna, "I will have some later"

"Why later? Sit down, sit down"

And Trifonovna would sit down a little distance away from the table, near the window, and drink her tea with us, and was very pleased

Knowing that we were at home, people dropped in for supper after the theater almost every night, and everybody was cordially and hospitably received They all felt comfortable and at ease in our home It must be said that I have rarely seen a more patriarchal household, in its extraordinary simplicity and lack of pretension in the ways of the house, due mainly to my father's character He never imitated anybody or anything, and was absolutely indifferent to luxury or grand names He treated the Greek photographer, Kukuli, with whom he picked up an acquaintance during a walk in the Aleksandr Garden, on an equal basis with a Count Shermetyev He loved to have open house but without luxury, as I have said before.

To our great regret the Tolstoy left soon, but the rest of the guests stayed until January 15, 1864, and celebrated my name-day with me

My father wrote the Tolstoys (January 12, 1864).

Today is Tatyana Aleksandrovna's nameday I beg you to congratulate her for me and offer my excuses for not having written earlier And my Tatyana got herself a guitar and raves about gypsy songs, but she does not want to hear about Madame Laborde, you have quite spoiled her in Yasnaya

Tonight they persuaded my "old lady" to go to a masquerade—we took a box to listen to gypsies, and now they've sent for the dominoes, although it is already eleven o'clock These youngsters are ready for anything—they are emancipated and no mistake Worse than the Poles!

How often later on I remembered my mother With how much patience and love did she enter into everything that touched us! And this was hard for her with a sick husband Mother understood that this time of my life was, and would be, unforgettable

This was the last happy winter and gay Christmas holiday that I spent in the Kremlin In January, 1864, I wrote to Polivanov

I do not envy you—you are living in the past, and I am enjoying the present Probably I shall never be happier than in this last period of my life I feel this

I shall always write to you, come sadness or joy, because you feel deeply about everything, understand everything .

A few days ago Mama received the news from Marya Nikolayevna Tolstoy that her husband had died I think the loss will be little felt in the family.

21

Letters from the Tolstoys

A WEEK has passed since everyone left Quiet reigns in the house.

It is evening and I am restless The stillness depresses me I roam through the whole house alone Mama is in the study with Papa Father's health is bad Liza is working at an English translation

"Lucky girl," I think, "she's always busy, not like me"

My tour of the house continues The boys are playing chess downstairs with their tutor, Hubert I wander on. Voices in the

maids' quarters attract me Praskovya and Feodora are laughing about something, but at my appearance, they become silent This is disappointing I want to have a share in their interests, want to know how they live, and have their confidence

"Feodora, is your life happy?" I ask My solitude has brought on a philosophic turn of mind Feodora laughs

"Not so bad," she answers

"What are you grinning for, you blockhead Tell the young lady why you are so pleased," said Praskovya

"What is it? Do tell me," I ask Praskovya

"Well, today some matchmakers were sent from Pokrovskoye to Stepanida Trifonovna "

"That means that they have found a bridegroom for our Feodora? And who is he?" I asked, surprised

"Well, he's the watchman who lives in Khimka near the bathing huts," answered Praskovya "And why are you laughing about that, fool? Tell us yourself," she said, turning to Feodora

But Feodora only smiled to herself

"Well, what about those matchmakers? How many were there?" I asked

"Two of them—relatives of the suitor His mother had sent them They're fine respectable men," said Praskovya

"And what happened then?" I asked

"We smartened up Feodora and showed her to the matchmakers They had some tea in Stepanida Trifonovna's room Well, it seems they liked her all right "

"And why didn't you invite me?" I asked half jokingly

"Well, why embarrass the girl! The matchmakers, too, can't make up their minds properly when there are people about," said Praskovya

"Come now, Feodora dear, what have you decided?" I asked

"Maybe I'd better ask Lyubov Aleksandrovna, see what she says," she answered, blushing

"Why, you are 'free' now, Feodora," I said

"Never mind, let her ask," intervened Praskovya "Lyubov Aleksandrovna was as a mother to her "

"Mama will certainly give you her blessing if you want it," I told her.

But Feodora would neither express her opinion of the bridegroom nor speak of her own feelings She just tittered shyly and blushed

"How simply and easily they take these things, no courtship or falling in love All is plain and clear And why this year's delay?" I thought, involuntarily comparing Feodora's situation to mine

A few days later we received the first letter from the Tolstoys I shall quote a passage from Sonya's letter to my parents, and a postscript from Leo Nikolayevich (December 16, 1863)

Our trip to Moscow has left us with very good, very pleasant impressions—if only papa had not been sick He must go abroad without fail When I recall the Kremlin, a large, animated picture presents itself—the many beloved faces, the long table, the bright lights, and one face after another with such distinctive and charming expressions And with us there is quiet, solitude and peace I am so used to this life here that I had quite forgotten my former life in the Kremlin with its atmosphere that now has made such an impression on me I can still hear Mama's voice when you were seeing us off in the sleigh, and I can still see and hear all of you And how is everything with you now? Are things the same as when we were there? Sonya Gorstkina must have left too If not, kiss her warmly for me Lately I have come to love her still more We see eye to eye on so many things Liza was especially sweet and brighter somehow I have never seen her that way Give a very special kiss to Tanya, also It is not the same at Yasnaya Polyana without her It has become so quiet and empty The aunties have no one to play bezique with, and they get bored God willing, we shall kidnap her again this spring I shall write to her soon Tell her that I love her very much as ever and that I am her unfailing friend Do you hear, Tanechka?

Further in her letter Sonya asks for advice about little Seryozha Here is Leo Nikolayevich's postscript

I am so pleased with my strict adherence to schedule for the Moscow visit that I intend to be as punctual in everything, and to write to you as regularly as M. A.* Now, although it is late, I just want to add my confirmation to all that Sonya has written The only thing we disagree with Gorstkina about is that one should be jealous of one's husband, on the other hand we agree that she is delightful and charming

* I don't remember who M. A. is (Probably Tolstoy had in mind Marya Apollonovna Volkova, who carried on a correspondence with Countess V. I. Lanskaya.)—*Att.*

After some time I received a half-joking, half-serious letter from Leo Nikolayevich (January 1864).

MADemoisELLE!

Aimer ou avoir aimé cela suffit . ' Ne demandez rien ensuite On n'a pas d'autre perle à trouver dans les plus ténébreux de la vie Aimer est un accomplissement *

You play upon the psaltery of thought,
And I shall sing you a little song

La jeune fille n'est qu'une lueur de rêve et n'est pas encore une statue †

In the center of the earth is the stone Alaty, in the center of man—the navel How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! Oh, younger sister of the wife of her husband! Objects can sometimes be found in the center All these objects are subject to the law of gravity in inverse relation to the square of the distance But let us admit the opposite . Natalya Petrovna cannot eat cold herb soup The horse returns to his stall. The game of chance pursues the son of earth Take hold and carry him higher.

And then comes a farcical description of our trip in the spring with my brother and Cousin Kuzminsky

I had a dream two pigeons were driving in a mail coach One pigeon was singing, the other was dressed in a Polish costume, and the third was not so much a pigeon as an officer smoking cigarettes Not smoke rose from the cigarettes, but oil, and this oil was love.

Two other birds were living in the house They did not have wings, but there was a bubble, and in the bubble there was a navel, and in the navel there was a fish from the Okhotny Market In the Okhotny Market Kupferschmit ‡ was playing the French horn, and Katerina Egorovna § wanted to embrace him but could not. On her head she wore 500 rubles salary and a hairnet made out of calves' feet They were not able to slip out, and this grieved me very much

Tanya, my dear friend, you are young, you are beautiful, you are

* To love or to have loved—that is enough . ' Don't ask for anything more There are no other pearls to be found in the sombre folds of life. To love is an accomplishment.

† A young girl is but the suggestion of a dream and not yet a statue

‡ The concertmaster in the theater, a hunting friend of my father —Au.

§ My German teacher —Au.

talented and sweet Take care of yourself and of your heart Once you have given your heart away you cannot take it back, and the traces will always remain in your tortured heart Remember the words of Katerina Egorovna *It is never wise to add sour cream to a schmant-kuchen* * I know that the artistic demands of your talented nature are not like the demands of an ordinary girl of your age, but Tanya, I am telling you the truth as a man of experience who loves you not only because of our relationship Tanya, remember Mme Laborde, her legs are too fat for her body so that with a bit of attention you can always notice it when she comes out on the stage in man's attire

Life will alter many things Excuse me, dear Tanya, for giving you advice and trying to develop your mind and your great abilities If I take such liberties, it is only because I love you sincerely

Your brother

LEO

This letter, where nonsense was mixed with earnest advice, was yet understandable

My father had written and had said to Leo Nikolayevich that he should talk to me seriously and that I would listen to him alone Having read this in a letter, I told Leo Nikolayevich "I can't stand these moral maxims from *The Mirror of Virtue*,† and am not going to heed them "

In his letters Leo Nikolayevich made a reference to this book Unfortunately the majority of these serious letters were lost, at my brother's request they were forwarded to Poland where he was stationed

I wrote to Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich that I was moping and did not know whom or what to believe, that Papa, although discreetly, made me feel that this marriage was bound to meet with almost unconquerable obstacles, and that Sergey Nikolayevich had not once written me about them

Leo Nikolayevich wrote to me (a postscript in a letter to S A Tolstoy, February 20, 1864)

Yes, be sensible, dear Tanya God knows if it is better so One cannot escape fate Life arranges everything as it seems best, and not as we want it, and we must not get angry about this, but wait patiently,

* A sweet cream cake —Ed

† This was a book with stories about all manner of mischief and wrongdoings, and at the end of each story there was a "moral"—AU

intelligently and honestly. Sometimes you think that life does every thing against all your wishes, but then we see that the outcome is exactly the same, only life did it in its own way. All this goes to prove that a stupid loss always profoundly affects, changes and excites a person. I know this from experience. If he goes abroad now (which I hope very much), he will come to his senses there, and what he says and decides there will be right. When you see Seryozha—if you see him—make him promise to write you from abroad. And believe what he will write from there. Most important of all, however, be sensible, and don't be carried away by romantic notions . . . You have your whole life ahead of you—a life promising great happiness. Farewell.

Such letters gave me moral support. February came—the dreariest month of the year. I was keeping up my spirits and endeavored to spend my time profitably, however, I studied music and singing, took English lessons, and read much. But when spring was again in the air and the Holy Week, my favorite time, approaching, I longed to be back in Yasnaya.

22

Spring

"MAMA, when will you let me go to Yasnaya? I can't stay in Moscow any longer, I'll miss everything—the coming of the birds, and the buds opening in 'Chepyzh,' and 'Zakaz' and on the lime trees in the garden," I said, almost crying.

"Wait a little longer, the snow is still lying in the gullies," said Mother. "Look, it's only the beginning of April. There is no rush. Besides, Sasha is coming, he wants to go with you."

"I'm bored, and Moscow is stifling me. And I want to go to Yasnaya," I continued, near to tears. "I want to see Sonya."

"You're just being naughty, and that's not good. Besides, you are engaged and it is unseemly for you to hurry to Yasnaya."

"Why? It's very important to me! After all, he's abroad. Lyovochka and Sonya urged me to come to Yasnaya in March."

"That's all very well," continued Mama, "but people will think it queer that you are hurrying off to Yasnaya just when he is expected to return, they will criticize you."

Suddenly it seemed odious to me that I was still waiting, that I had to consider the proprieties of a fiancée's position, while he was free (as it seemed to me then) and living abroad. The thought of missing the blossoming of the spring depressed me—and for what? "And I am not going to Yasnaya just for the sake of seeing him. Besides, he isn't there!" I said to myself.

"Mama," I suddenly said firmly, blushing with agitation, "I despise this sham decorum you have been talking about."

"You have no reason to. This is no false decorum, but propriety, and a certain modesty befitting a young girl."

"No, no," I cried, "this is not modesty, but hypocrisy and pretense! I won't have it!"

April 16, 1864. My brother and I are in Yasnaya. My brother had a short leave. He told me on the way that Father was transferring him to the Guards, and that life in the wilds of Poland and the alien atmosphere were weighing upon him.

"There are some good comrades in the regiment though, and it will be a pity to part from them," he added.

Leo Nikolayevich met us in Tula. He was in fine health, merry, charming and full of spirits, and I was glad of that. Sonya had written that he was moody and coughing, and I was afraid to find him ailing.

A three-horse katki* awaited us. And there was the same Indyushkin with his nearsighted eyes and a kind smile, and Baraban as shaft horse, parts of the harness tied together with bits of string, and dear Belogubka and Strelka† as side horses. . . . Oh, what joy quickened my heart at the sight of all this!

Nothing was changed at Yasnaya. Auntie met us with the words: "Notre chère Tanya nous revient avec les hirondelles"‡

"Our own, our own dear girl has come," exclaimed Natalya Petrovna, embracing and kissing me.

I found Sonya well and happy, and we resumed our endless talks.

"Tanya, you asked me to put you in the little room downstairs alone," said Sonya. "I got it ready for you. Come, let's have a look. Without your request I would not have dared to lodge you in such a tiny room."

* A kind of carryall.—Ed.

† Arrow.

‡ Our dear Tanya is coming back with the swallows.

"You know, I'm afraid to be in your way—what with the addition in your family," I said

"What nonsense you are talking!" exclaimed Leo Nikolayevich "You can never be in our way! Besides, do you really think you are living with us free of charge? I am putting down everything about you in black and white," he said half joking, half serious

Sonya took me downstairs I did not recognize this little room with the single window The floor was covered with a rug The bedspread, the dressing table, everything was white net with pink ribbons the draperies and walls white again I was delighted

"And next to you will be the nursery with Marya Afanasyevna, Seryozha, and the baby Tanya whom I am expecting in October," said Sonya

At this season the flight of the woodcocks was at its height, Leo Nikolayevich and all of us went that same evening to watch We stopped not far from the apiary, in a forest of young trees Everyone took his place The red setter, Dora, was lying at Leo Nikolayevich's feet, as a puppy she had been given to Leo Nikolayevich by my father, and was now grown to a big, beautiful dog

The silence was complete Even Sonya stood still, who as a rule was unable to be without occupation and always found something to do, even in the forest Everything grew deadly hushed at the approach of the woodcocks with their characteristic cries and whistle Dora, cocking her ears, crouching on her haunches, was all ears The woodcocks came flying in pairs or singly, swiftly, as if swaying in the air There was a snap as the guns were cocked and then the report of the shots But fortunately or unfortunately, the shots seldom found their mark

I had been in the forest before, but I would not have recognized it, so beautiful was the light, feathery spring finery at the setting of the sun The hares were crying in the distance, and we heard the neighing of our horses

"Tanya," Leo Nikolayevich hailed me "What an evening! Ah, and what fragrance! Better than your 'Violettes de Parme'!" *

"Yes, yes, glorious!" I answered with enthusiasm "And you don't know what I am feeling—what a paradise after the city dust and stuffiness and the rattling pavements"

I saw spring in the country for the first time and it affected me deeply It was indeed the kind of spring that Leo Nikolayevich

* Violet scent.

described much later in his novel, *Anna Karenina* "A spring beautiful and vigorous, without longing and disappointments, it was one of those rare springs which delight plants, animals and people alike"

What could be added to this description?

Brother Sasha told Leo Nikolayevich that the morning flight was not as good as the evening one. This touched my father to the quick and he wrote Leo Nikolayevich (May 3, 1864)

I have still in no way had enough of Sasha's stories, however, he is a clumsy fellow and it is not easy to get a detailed description of any event out of him—especially of hunting. By the way, he talked about the woodcock flight, and I see that he had told you a lot of nonsense that involved me too. He assured you that on the morning flight the woodcock does not cry. The woodcock flies almost the whole night through, but less frequently in the middle of the night than at twilight. At dawn they start out before it gets light and fly until sunrise—they cry just as they do in the evening, but they fly more calmly and evenly. They can be heard from far away, but they start their flight so early that you cannot always see them.

I used to always stand facing the east so that I could see them better, but it often happened that I killed a woodcock without seeing where it fell. Sometimes the dog would bring it in, but most of the time I picked them up when the flight was over and I was already leaving my place.

The morning flight is delightful and is often much better than the evening flight. In May we would return after the evening flight, drink tea, have some supper, lie down for a while, have a little chat sometimes or take a nap, and before we knew it it was already time to go—in May we would leave the cottage at half past one, not later than two o'clock, the more so if it was still the beginning of May. Usually after the morning flight I went into the woods with my pipe* after hazel hens, or to decoy grouse by imitating their cry.

Blissful and unforgettable times! Nothing has brought me more enjoyment in life than hunting, not hunting like a professional, but as an admirer of nature and an observer of its hidden wonders.

After all this, imagine how happy I would be if I could have the benefit of this pleasure with you, in your company!

I do not like this noise and fuss, the inevitable attributes of hunting with hounds. For me there is nothing more pleasant than the calm and leisure which inevitably belong to shooting. With a good dog and a gun

* A little pipe used to lure the female—an imitation of the grouse—Au.

on your shoulder—you are not bored even if you are alone. Don't be lazy, try the morning flight once, but take a guide without a gun with you, who can stand by and bring in the woodcocks that you might succeed in killing. It is always better to have a trusty companion along with you, you might come across a wolf, and he will drag off your dog, especially if the dog runs far away from you. We always used to beware of such an encounter, and at night kept the dog near us, and the young ones on a leash . . .

After reading this letter, Leo Nikolayevich said "Only a genuine hunter, who understands and loves nature, can write thus."

I was proud of my father. "That is true," I thought.

I remember an incident where I was the guilty party. One day we went shooting in the three-horse carriage. There were six of us, two of them being guests who had come from Tula. Keller and Michurin, the music teacher. Michurin was often at our house, played duets with Leo Nikolayevich, and later on gave the children music lessons.

This time we decided to cross the river, beyond the large forest. The location was beautiful and the new site delighted me. I was driving in the coachman's place as usual. Sergey Nikolayevich's lessons had been of use to me.

It was one of our most successful hunts and we tarried. I had found a little fallen nest with birds' eggs, and pored over it. Sonya alone was in a hurry to get us started for home. We did not even notice how quickly it was growing dark, and that a large cloud was covering the sky.

"Tanya, it is dark. Will you be able to drive us back?" asked Leo Nikolayevich.

"I'll manage. I have good eyes."

"Well, I'm leaving it to you only because I myself don't see much."

I cannot say that I mounted the box without fear, but I was ashamed to admit it, and mustered up all my courage.

We crossed the dam over the Voronka River without mishap, although the young side horse pricked up his ears because of the noise of the water, and strained against the shaft horse just as we were on the bridge. Remembering what Indyushkin did in such cases, I gave the side horse a slight whip. Clever old Baraban restored order and brought us safely to the forest edge.

"Now comes the most difficult part," I thought, "the dark forest"

A wind had risen which disconcerted me. We entered the forest. At first I could not make out anything in the darkness. Trusting to the horses, I let them go freely.

"Tanya, can you see at all?" Leo Nikolayevich asked in alarm.

"That's all right I see," I answered reluctantly.

The forest road was about one verst long. The spring mud, the swampy clay soil with deep, uneven ruts and mounds obstructed the wheels and shook us from side to side.

It began to rain and lightning flashed. My eyes had grown somewhat accustomed to the darkness by now, and I could distinguish the road. The horses were walking at a pace, and all I had to worry about was not to get the side horse caught in the branches nor the wheels in a stump.

"Oh, Lord, deliver us!" I prayed, under my breath.

The road seemed endless, but at last we were clear of the forest and coming out on a fairly wide road which led past the threshing barn.

"Home, home!" I thought happily and put the horses to a jog.

"What a coachman!" said Leo Nikolayevich. "She did bring us home."

Scarcely had he uttered this praise when the front wheel of the carriage bumped against some tall, looming object which neither I nor the others could identify. The carriage lurched heavily to one side, I was the first one to fly off the small narrow coachbox, releasing the reins—an act about which I was teased for the next two years. Even now I am unable to forget my shame—how could I have let go the reins! The horses, sensing their freedom, headed for the stable. Leo Nikolayevich jumped off after me. The horses were tearing along at a zigzag course. One by one all the men with their loaded guns fell off. Only a long, heavy cushion remained in the carriage and Sonya was clinging to it. Leo Nikolayevich was running after the carriage and shouting in a despairing voice: "Sonya, Sonya, stay seated. Don't jump!"

But Sonya could not keep her seat either. That long heavy cushion dragged her off, and she was thrown down, just by the ditch in the apple orchard.

Both coachmen, hearing the stamping of the horses and the

shouts, were waiting at the doors of the stable and stopped the horses

Sonya had been only frightened. Of course our fears had been solely for her, but there were no bad consequences. All of us were interested to find out just what had been lying on the road. It turned out that while we were at the shooting, one of the workers had swept rubbish and dry branches into a pile right in the middle of the road. In the darkness it had been impossible to distinguish it.

It is terrible to think what might have happened. All the guns were loaded. But even the little nest of birds' eggs was brought to me by Keller, intact. My father mentions this incident in a letter to the Tolstoy (June 8, 1864). I shall quote only the part that deals with Leo Nikolayevich.

Darling, why do you worry about the congestions which, according to you, are affecting your husband? Judging from the noise in his ears and by the drowsiness that overtakes him at times, I attribute this simply to retained perspiration—surely he goes out barefoot every day and too lightly dressed, especially in the mornings, and chills the perspiration of his feet or even gets them wet. Watch him so that he doesn't do this, and don't let him drink any vodka or beer (which he probably doesn't drink anyway). All this stuff would only excite his nervous system further—which is in an over-active condition as it is.

I know his nature, and know that his brain is continually at work, he ought to rest more and keep away from all excitement, both mental and physical. Does he sleep well?—I noticed that sleep has always been beneficial to him. As far as I can see, he is unable to treat estate matters as a cool matter of business—he always acts *con amore*,* and whatever he does, he must, as the Germans say, "*durchsetzen*" †

Well, old man, and did you receive the shot-bag which I sent you with Ofrosimov to the apartment of Karnovich? And does it suit you? Please don't worry about the money. I will tell you should I need it, and I never will put you in the position where you will have to look for some, or sell something before the proper time. It is always easy for me to obtain some 500-odd here in Moscow quicker than you could. And now I would like to give you a good lashing as between hunters, the idea of returning home at night and trusting the reins to Tanya! We were simply horrified to read what Tanya had written us. Let us hope such

* With love, enthusiasm.

† Carry it through.

a misfortune will never happen to you again Tanya is not to be blamed —she is a silly girl who does not understand a thing, but where were your wits? Please don't mind this candid and heartfelt scolding, I am a terrible coward when it comes to that kind of adventures, I myself have been in such difficulties, and I also know several cases in my family My father broke a leg and my brother a hand, and you risked even more . .

In the mornings Leo Nikolayevich continued with his work as usual

I asked him "Are you writing? You are going hunting so often!"

"I am torn between both One should distribute one's time properly, but I often get carried away and break all rules And here you are reading your trashy novels again," he added, jestingly

"Then you'd better write one that isn't 'trashy,' I will read it, but I cannot stand your serious books," I said, deeply offended

He laughed so gaily at my answer that my indignation vanished

"No, seriously, when do you think you'll have it published?"

"In the winter, I guess," he answered

"But, in that case you surely must go to Moscow," I said

"Of course Well, that's all right, we shall go "

This conversation remained in my memory as a token of the complete futility of our plans for the future, a future concealed in the darkness of time

23

Leo Nikolayevich's Comedy

AT THE beginning of May, 1864, we had guests in our house the Dyakov family and Marya Nikolayevna with her daughters How glad we were to see our closest friends!

As I have said before, the Dyakov family consisted of husband and wife and a thirteen- or fourteen-year-old daughter A girl of twenty or twenty-two, Sofya Robertovna Voitkevich, a former institute* pupil, lived with them in a position halfway between a governess and a friend of the daughter

Dmitry Alekseyevich said about her "Sofesha," that's how they

* School for daughters of the nobility —Ed.

called her, "is living with us as a good example for Masha—so that Masha should at all times do the exact opposite from Sofesha "

But he meant it good-naturedly as a harmless joke Darya Aleksandrovna, Dolly for short, was a woman of about thirty-four years of age She was tall and graceful, serene and leisurely, frail in health and amazingly kindhearted The two parents loved their daughter to adoration She resembled her father with her fair golden hair, while her graceful figure was like her mother's

I don't remember how we accommodated them all, but I know that the entire wing was transformed into living quarters, and that I moved in with them in order not to be separated from the girls

Dmitry Alekseyevich returned to his estate to supervise farm work, and promised to come back in a week

Sonya and I could not do enough to entertain our dear guests! Leo Nikolayevich good-naturedly participated in all our amusements Once, while watching a performance of charades, he said "Why don't you put on a small play?"

"But where would we find one? And there is no time to write to town for it," said Sonya

"You write us a play," I said

Several voices joined in chorus

"Oh, yes, Leo Nikolayevich, Uncle Lyovochka, write us one!"

"Very well, I'll try," he consented

Three days later he brought us a finished comedy, *The Nihilist*—as far as I remember, it was in one act We distributed the roles and rehearsals began

At that time "nihilism" had just begun to make its mark Turgenyev's novel, *Fathers and Sons*, had created a great stir Nihilism, like weeds, was spreading and growing roots Leo Nikolayevich's views on this new trend of thought were clearly defined in this comedy

The plot of the play was as follows a loving couple are living in the quiet and seclusion of the country Their mother-in-law, cousins, young girls, and a student with ideas, come to visit them unexpectedly

A noisy and gay life begins The turmoil upsets the couple's regulated existence At first they are very pleased and happy But the husband begins to dislike the student who propagates his ideas at every convenient opportunity, contradicting all conventional

principles and beliefs. He is young, handsome, free and easy in his manners, one of the young cousins is captivated by his eloquence and falls in love with him. It seems to the husband that his wife is also charmed by this student. He becomes jealous, and their peaceful life is disrupted by jealous quarrels. The wife, feeling herself in no way guilty, is driven to despair and indignation.

Unfortunately we had no one to take the male parts, and it was too late to write to someone. My sister Sonya took the part of the husband, and Liza Tolstoy the part of the student. The role of the wife was given to me, Sofesha was the mother-in-law, and Varenka and Masha, the two cousins.

When Marya Nikolayevna was invited to take part in the comedy she refused, but Leo Nikolayevich told her, "But Mashenka, there is the pilgrim, she is indispensable. What shall I do? Nobody can play it except you."

"Very well," said Marya Nikolayevna, "I agree, but don't you write a part for I'll never learn it. You just indicate my entrances and I myself will think of what to say."

And that's how Leo Nikolayevich did it.

There were many preparatory and many cheerful rehearsals during that week. Leo Nikolayevich enjoyed himself at our rehearsals. He suggested improvements, laughed, and taught the girls how to act.

This comedy was his first attempt at writing for the stage.

I remember that he said, "What a pleasure it is to write for the theater. The words fly on wings!"

Marya Nikolayevna did not take part in our rehearsals but attentively followed the course of the play.

We constructed the stage in the dining room, and for two days the dining room was moved downstairs. Dmitry Alekseyevich came from his estate and quite an audience gathered on the appointed day of the performance.

How nervous I felt, and how my heart beat when the curtain was drawn aside after the second bell!

The first scene pictured the arrival of the guests, the general confusion and joy. Then there were several scenes between the student and the cousins, an eloquent sermon on nihilism, and the daring and cynical courtship of one of the cousins. A conversation with the mother-in-law followed, her perplexity and light censure. After that came a jealous scene between husband and wife. Then

I was on the stage alone, sitting in tears at the table set for tea, bewailing my misfortunes—the injustice and jealousy of my husband. The door opened and in walked Marya Nikolayevna.

I had not rehearsed with her and had not seen her dressed and made up as a pilgrim. Had I not known that this was Marya Nikolayevna, I would not have recognized her. Her clothes, make-up, and gait, the knapsack on her shoulder, were an exact copy of our wandering pilgrims. Only her large black eyes were her own. How she bowed, staff in hand, how she presented a holy wafer to me, and, at my invitation, sat down at the table! All of this was so real, natural, and unstudied. I glanced at Leo Nikolayevich, he positively beamed with delight.

I asked the pilgrim where she had come from, and what she had seen.

The wanderer at once began her narrative while sipping tea, and nibbling at a piece of sugar in an inimitable way, unhurriedly as if appreciating every swallow, every little bite of sugar. Marya Nikolayevna played her part not only with words but with her whole expression and being. She told about her wanderings, and about her dream that a bird flying down from the skies was pecking at a frog, and that this bird was her mother superior pecking at the enemy that was disturbing her. And that this enemy was the priest from the neighboring church.

Marya Nikolayevna had found such appropriate intonations, such characteristic gestures that, hearing the uncontrollable mirth of the audience, and especially the infectious laughter of Leo Nikolayevich, I could not remain sad in spite of myself, covering my face with my handkerchief so that at least I would not see the pilgrim, I pretended to wipe away tears of sympathy drawn forth by her stories, and all the while I was shaking with laughter and hiding myself behind the handkerchief.

It was as if Marya Nikolayevna introduced into her story everything she had heard from pilgrims during the course of many years. It was all poured into one long, comical, and faithful narrative: how myrrh trickled day and night from the cheek of the Blessed Virgin, how a monk was deprived of his tongue because he fell in love with the girl Gashka.

When I went off and the pilgrim remained alone, she hurriedly began to gather from the table little pieces of sugar, rem-

nants of rolls, and bread and, glancing at the door, quickly shoved it all into her knapsack. This pantomime was magnificent and called forth great amusement and applause.

The door opened and the student entered. As soon as he had cornered an attentive listener he would begin his preaching, and so it was now. It must be said that the most successful and striking scene in this comedy was the sermonizing between the student and the pilgrim. (Unfortunately I cannot quote the words.)

Usually the speech would begin with a few words about the rights of women—that a woman must put herself on an equal footing with a man, and, above all, must start by cutting off her long tresses.

"How now, my dear gentleman, Christ be with you! We shear the braids of our girls for misbehavior, and now you want to disgrace the innocent ones just like that—for no good reason. No, no, we cannot have that!" said the pilgrim, shaking her head.

But the student was not appeased, he repudiated the veneration for parents and called a pilgrimage an aimless stroll. The pilgrim listened to him with horror. But when matters came to a comparison of God to oxygen, the terrified pilgrim seized her knapsack, and crossing herself and spitting with disgust, ran away from him as from an unclean spirit.

Applause and an uncontrollable peal of laughter came from the audience.

In the end the pilgrim's influence proves beneficial to the whole family. In the next scene the husband makes peace with his wife.

Sonya was unrecognizable in a wide canvas coat, her only difficulty was to cope with her thick hair. She was excellent in the part of the husband, but then she was always a great success in all our theatricals.

The play had a happy ending, the student with his ideas was shown the door, the amorous cousin consoled herself. The play ended with a comic song which the wife sings to the tune of Glinka's romance, "I Love You Although I Am Raging." I even remember the last verse

To forget all that's past I will try,
To pardon what was between us
My thoughts are only of you,
It is only you I can love

When I asked Leo Nikolayevich at the rehearsal "Why do we use the formal 'you' if we are reconciled?" he answered

"Never mind, sing it that way—I couldn't do it differently "

To think that no one of us took the trouble to write down this comedy! The copied parts were thrown away as waste paper, we attached so little importance at that period to what Leo Nikolayevich was writing. We were not living for the future then, but in the present—we were young and self-centered

This little comedy gave Leo Nikolayevich the idea of writing a play for the real stage, and he wrote one and took it to Moscow with him. I know that Leo Nikolayevich was very eager to have it produced immediately. He called this play *The Contaminated Household*. I have never read it

In spite of all his efforts, Leo Nikolayevich did not succeed in having it accepted in the State Theater. There were many obstacles: censorship, The Fast, "not sufficiently finished for the theater," and so forth

In Moscow Leo Nikolayevich read the play to Zhemchuzhnikov and Ostrovsky. Ostrovsky approved of it, but said that there was "little action, and it needed reworking." Leo Nikolayevich expressed his regret that an immediate production was impossible as he thought the play had contemporary interest, but Ostrovsky answered half in jest: "Are you afraid they will grow wiser in one year's time?"

Leo Nikolayevich later lost interest in this comedy and did not revise it. Sonya managed to collect odd sheets of the play that had been copied by various people. Furthermore, A. A. Fet in his letters dissuaded Leo Nikolayevich from writing in the dramatic form

My father, learning that Leo Nikolayevich was writing a comedy for the real stage, was delighted and wrote him on December 27, 1863

At last, my long-standing wish will be realized—you will create a comedy that will be played on the stage. The artists you have chosen have already had their benefit performances, the next will be for Director Bogdanov's on January 21. Only try to send in your work as quickly as possible—it will be gratefully received. But you can also offer it to the management and receive your royalties for each night's performance. This morning I talked with Stepanov about all this, and he is also very glad that you are getting started in this field. I will put my head on the

block if you do not bury all of our present dramatic writers You are our Thackeray, there is much logic in you, you will not aim at easy effects, and just because of this, the work you produce will be genuinely effective by its truth and simplicity And how is your novel coming on? I worship you as an author no less than Sukhotin does, and you can laugh at me as much as you do at him I always have been and always will be an admirer of men of letters, composers of music, and all artists, I see in them the *feu sacré* * which has always warmed me

Farewell, I embrace you with all my heart—

Yours,
GRANDFATHER ANDREY †

The fame that my father had predicted for Tolstoy as a playwright did come, but Father did not live to see it "The Power of Darkness" towered over everything and everybody

24

The Fast of St. Peter and St Paul

AT THE end of May, 1864, I wrote in my diary

Everyone has gone There is silence in the house, garden and forest Everything is green, even the young oak trees in Chepyzh He will come in only three months How happy I have been! Strange—even without him And Lyovochka said "That is good and as it should be" I cannot be sad I don't want to

Sergey Nikolayevich arrived unexpectedly at the beginning of June All my interests, occupations, thoughts, all I had achieved through self-discipline during these six months—all suddenly vanished Everything in me was focused on one single "tremendous, tormenting and happy" question Sergey Nikolayevich, whom I loved and had waited for, was now with me He told my brother that he would like to get married on his estate in the Kursk Province, he did not propose to say one word about it to Marya Mikhailovna

At that time there were still no railroads and we would have to

* The sacred fire

† These lines are on a sheet that evidently is the last part of a letter, the beginning of which was lost The date therefore cannot be established —Au

make the journey in a carriage Leo Nikolayevich offered us the traveling coach which he had bought before his wedding I saw the coach brought out from the carriage house and greased Sergey Nikolayevich stayed with us practically all the time I felt a new lease on life, and abandoned myself wholeheartedly to happiness When luck smiled on me I always knew how to enjoy it, this was my nature, as I was told at home

But this time my happiness did not last long—something which in my youth and inexperience I was in no way able to foresee

Nurse Marya Afanasyevna, knowing that we were going off to be married, said to me "How is it, Tatyana Andreyevna, that you are planning to be married during the fast? Why, whoever would agree to that?"

"That's right—now is the time of the fast! No priest would marry us!" I said in horror

It seemed to me that with these words I was there and then pronouncing my own verdict This obstacle had not occurred to any of us I was very disturbed Why? I don't know After all, the fast lasted two weeks, and that really was not so long—

I wrote a letter to my father (undated)

Dear Papa, I can only write to you today when I am slightly calmer. Seryozha has gone to Pirogovo I was afraid to write you all this time. You were ill, and I was afraid to upset you It is so difficult to talk about these things in letters Apparently it is my fate that all this should have to take place without you We are in a great hurry, Papa, and are just waiting for the end of the fast

For God's sake, send me all the papers I need quickly—you yourself know best which As soon as the fast is over we will have the wedding right away I am writing you so frankly because I know that you have given your consent, you have told me earlier that you would not be against this plan Please write me everything, dear Papa your opinion, your consent, and how you do feel about all this I shall so impatiently await your letter, and I will have no peace of mind till I get it He has gone to Pirogovo for a week What a shame, dear Papa, that you won't be able to come I am going to prepare for Communion now, and he too If you could only see how happy I am now. In the fall we shall go hunting Remember, you always wanted me to marry a hunter He suggested going abroad, but I don't want to, in the beginning I want to stay quietly in the country.

Farewell, please forgive me for writing so little, and such stupid things too. Everything is jumbled up in my mind, and I only wanted to confide in you as soon as I could, and receive a letter from you.

I kiss you warmly—

TANYA

Here is Sonya's postscript to my letter.

My dearest Papa, I am so pleased that I only want to talk about Tanya's happiness and ours as well. She has loved for a long time, and finally God has granted her wish and I imagine how pleased you will be too. It is wonderful to look at them. We are not worrying about the obstacles that the relationship might present: there are so many such cases in which everything has gone extremely well. It is terribly sad that you won't be there, then our happiness would be complete. We are impatiently waiting for your letter.

I kiss you warmly—

SONYA

I had already written Mother about Sergey Nikolayevich's arrival and his decision to get married on the Kursk estate. Leo Nikolayevich had also written to my parents about his brother's forthcoming wedding. He said that the sight of our happiness made him feel glad for his brother and for me, but foreseeing complications with Marya Mikhailovna, he could advise neither for nor against it. He wrote that of course it would be best to go away and get married on the Kursk estate. Unfortunately, Leo Nikolayevich's letter hasn't been preserved.

Father answered that he was happy for me, and that he would do all I asked. He wrote on June 21:

My heart bids me to attend your wedding, but common sense tells me not to do this. By doing this I could harm you and our entire family. Since such a marriage is not considered quite legal until the Synod's dispensation is obtained, it were better for me to stay away in order not to incur the anger of the authorities and of the Tsar himself, who, of course, will be informed of this. Therefore I advise you to hold the wedding as quietly and modestly as possible, and by no means petition the bishop for an authorization of the wedding now. This will have to be done later, especially if you have children . . .

To my expressed regret for the absence of my parents at my wedding, my father wrote consolingly: "Apart from me, you have

another father there, he loves you as much as I, and Sofya, I dare say, is both a mother and sister to you "

Leo Nikolayevich also wrote to my father concerning the dispensation from the bishop or the Synod, and asked his advice And Father answered (in the same letter of June 21)

Just now I again read through both of your letters, my dear friend Tolstoy, and *refexion faite* * I still abide by my conviction that we should under no circumstances ask for the dispensation for the marriage now

I am quoting these lines to show how much interest Leo Nikolayevich took in our marriage

Sergey Nikolayevich returned after a week The fast was not yet over I found a change in him—it distressed me, he was thoughtful and somewhat preoccupied, although his attitude toward me, even more intimate and tender since we were engaged, was unchanged What was the matter with him? What had happened? I asked myself with melancholy persistence

Getting up in the mornings, going to bed, or wandering with him in the garden—my spirits knew no peace I could not cry Perhaps tears would have helped my overwhelming heaviness of heart I looked in his eyes with an earnest inquiry trying to read in them that "incomprehensible" something that was slowly taking my happiness away

He left and came again, but now not quite so often

One day Leo Nikolayevich decided to talk openly with me and called me into his study He began by saying that the wedding could not take place after the fast as Seryozha had wanted We had to wait "Seryozha had planned to marry you secretly, without letting Marya Mikhailovna know But rumors of it have reached her, and it is no longer possible to hide anything They have reached an understanding The decision to separate was a heavy blow for her, yet she took it meekly, which made it still harder for him "

"How many children does he have?" I asked

"Three He must first of all provide for his family, sell his Kursk estate, he told me, and only then he can get married "

I was silent—all this was new to me

"Why hasn't he spoken to me about this?" I asked finally

"He was afraid to upset you You are still so young He is hoping to settle his financial affairs Why should he discuss it with you?"

* Having reflected

"Well, what does he want in the end?" I cried out, almost hysterically

Leo Nikolayevich looked at me attentively and with surprise

"To marry you, after his personal problems with Marya Mikhailovna, as well as his property affairs are settled," he said softly
"Tanya, all of this is going to be very difficult and complicated"

"What should I do, then?" I asked, forlorn and perplexed

"Wait, if you love him. But you should know that their liaison has lasted fifteen years"

Again there was a silence

"Wait for what? And perhaps he has said the same things to Masha too? Of course it's hard for him"

"Talk it over with him when he comes," said Leo Nikolayevich
"That'll be the best"

"Yes, yes, that's the best. But you see, I won't know how to, and then it will look badly, as if I were in a hurry"

Leo Nikolayevich smiled, without speaking

I went to my room. I felt both an urge and a reluctance to talk of all this

When I remained quite alone with myself, I could reason like an adult. I told myself "What am I doing? I have to refuse him. I should be ashamed that I have distracted him even temporarily from his family, that I have taken him away from a woman who has lived with him for fifteen years. Why didn't he tell me before? Why did he deceive me like a child? They have treated me like a fragile toy that might be easily broken! Yes, and he has broken me by his deceit!"

Indignation and resentment seethed in my heart

And yet—when I vividly recalled in my imagination everything that had passed between us—his frequent visits, the evening strolls along the avenues of lime trees, our endless conversations about the future, and the many subtle things that drew us together—then I could not help wondering "And all this will be lost to me, and still I will go on living?" I felt myself weakening, felt that my decision to "refuse" him was fading away, and that I was beginning to loathe and despise myself.

At my parents' request, Leo Nikolayevich took me to Moscow. Liza and I were to go abroad with Father. Leo Nikolayevich was in a hurry to get home, fearing for Sonya.

After his return, Sonya wrote me on September 14:

Imagine my chagrin, dear Tanya! Lyovendopulo [Leo Nikolayevich] has lost his wallet with money, Mama's accounts, and most important—God knows what a pity!—your letter! Tanechka, be sensible, don't mope, pour out your heart to me . . .

I answered Sonya on September 18, 1864

I received your letter just now, Sonya dear. It is a pity that Lyovochka has lost his wallet with his money. I am sorry, too, for my letters. I had written to you very frankly about the Kremlin and Yasnaya. I am writing down all about the summer I spent with you. I don't know how to use my energy. I have to get myself in hand. I must keep myself taut as a violin string, as Lyovochka says. And don't write, or even suggest that I could be brooding. I am strong and young, I want to surmount all obstacles, scale eight octaves, run forty versts, I feel this more than ever. It is good and comforting to pull oneself together. I shall come to see you again, at my dear second home, and will have new stories to tell you. . . .

Your next letter will probably be sent to me abroad. I shall let you know the address immediately. How nice it was to be with you hunting, and our last trip to Pirogovo, and how we said good-bye.

Well, Sonya, farewell. Give a kiss to Auntie and Marya Nikolayevna for me. Regards to Lyovochka. When shall I see you again? I keep mustering up all my courage, and yet there are things I cannot get rid of entirely. When I feel particularly low, I run away somewhere to have a good cry, and then I am ready once again to put up a front for my parents and everyone else.

Your,
TANYA

P A R T I I I

I

Father's Operation

AT THE beginning of October, 1864, we were in Petersburg staying at Uncle Aleksandr Yevstafyevich's, Father's brother. Father's health became worse, and we called in the best doctors. We did not go abroad. It was decided to perform a tracheotomy. Father wanted Rauchfuss for his surgeon. (At that time Rauchfuss was a young man who was just beginning to acquire a reputation.) The choice was a fortunate one. Rauchfuss was not simply a good surgeon—he was gifted. Later he became a celebrity, but this did not prevent him from being modest throughout his life, from leading a full, active life, from doing good wherever possible.

Father caught a cold and the operation had to be postponed. It was at this time that we learned the bad news of Leo Nikolayevich's fall from his horse. I wrote about this to my brother. Here is a fragment from my letter of October 11, 1864.

Lyovochka went hunting alone, with a couple of hounds, on an unbroken horse called Mashka. A hare darted out. Lyovochka shouted, "Sick 'em!" and galloped after him full speed. Coming upon a narrow but rather deep gully, his horse failed to make the leap and fell. Lyovochka was thrown, and his arm was smashed and dislocated. His horse ran off. He picked himself up and painfully dragged himself away. He says that it all seemed to have happened to him long ago, that once upon a time he went hunting, that once upon a time he fell, and so forth. It was about a verst to the main road. He reached it and lay down by the roadside.

Some peasants, passing by, placed him in a cart and brought him to their hut so as not to alarm Sonya. Mama prepared her for the news but it was terrible, nonetheless. Dr. Shmigaro came and tried to set the arm eight times but still was unable to do anything for it.

Only Mama was present during these sufferings. Shmigaro left, and

in the morning another doctor came who used chloroform and set the arm very well. Lyovochka passed the night in dreadful pain but now is practically well.

This occurrence convinced me that trouble never comes alone but comes in two's or three's. One can judge from my father's answer how this news stunned him and all of us. Father writes (in answer to Sonya's letter, written before my letter to my brother) from Petersburg, October 6, 1864

My dear and kind friends, since yesterday I have been in such pain that I had not even the strength to take pen in hand in order to express to you my joy and congratulations on Tatyana's birth. Yesterday at two o'clock in the afternoon we received your telegram, and at four o'clock a letter from Mama and Sonya was delivered to us. Your terrible catastrophe, dear Leo Nikolayevich, so crushed us that Tanya and I frankly wept and it was some time before I was able to quiet her. My brother started to take you to task, that you, a father of a family, must take more care and not go hunting on horses not trained for it. In a word, your dislocated arm dimmed all happiness for us and caused a profound dejection.

I admit that up to now I still am unable to calm myself. This whole dreadful picture—your sufferings—Sonya, the wife, all the others at a loss to know what to do, how to help. And finally this monster Shmigaro who undertakes a job with which he is unacquainted—all this upset me so and made me so melancholy that I simply do not know where to turn.

The awaited, dreadful day came. From early morning the preparations for the operation began. I remember the silent bustle of strange people in white aprons, the long table in the bare room, and Uncle Aleksandr Yevstafyevich, energetically supervising everything. When all had been arranged, Father walked briskly into the room. He did not wear a look of despair but his dear face showed signs of agitation.

I stood at one side with Liza. Father turned to me: "Tanya, you ought to leave, but Liza, let her remain . . ." Liza turned to me and said the same thing.

"I will not leave, Papa," I said determinedly. After that RaCHFuss approached me and he, too, tried to persuade me to leave. I still do not understand why they so insisted that I leave and that my sister remain. Probably my weak appearance, in contrast to

Liza's, did not inspire trust I again replied that I would not leave, that I wanted to be with Father

"Let her be . . . Let her do as she pleases " Father said
"I'm ready We can begin "

The operation started Father could not be put under chloroform A deathly silence descended Liza stood close to Father but I remained where I was, at some distance, never taking my eyes off him I saw how he suffered When the first thin stream of blood appeared, a slight moan was heard, but it was not Father's I glanced at my sister She had become deathly pale, swayed, and one of the assistants, supporting her with a firm hand, practically carried her out into another room She became dizzy at the sight of the blood I got frightened for Father and went up close to him

"It is nothing, Father Liza is strong . . . It is nothing . . . don't worry," I said, in an effort to calm him I saw that Liza's vertigo had upset him very much He took my hand in his and held it thus throughout I felt that it was comforting for him to know that someone close to him was by his side

The operation lasted thirty-five minutes The most terrifying moment was the last, when they inserted a tube into his throat Papa suddenly raised himself, gasped for breath, and motioned with his hand that he wanted to write something They handed him a pencil and paper, and he wrote "I am choking I am dying "

Rauchfuss calmed him, saying that it would soon pass away, that it was a common occurrence The pressure of air was too strong Rauchfuss instructed Father how to breathe That terrible moment, when I saw Father with his eyes rolling and a deathly pallor over his face, seemed to me an eternity Breathing easier, after the first spasm of choking had passed, Father was helped into his own room I ran into my room, threw myself on the bed and, lying there, cried and prayed

The following night Liza and my cousin alternately sat up with Father He started to improve, but very slowly I sat up with him during the evenings I remember how touchingly considerate he was—he always had put out for me some gingerbread, marmalade, or something sweet Papa knew I liked sweets Uncle laughed and teased me, saying "Ah, you spoiled baby "

We received a telegram from the Tolstoys that Sonya was well and that Mama was coming to Petersburg Father received this news

with joy Mama in Petersburg I revived "Now everything will go well," I said to myself And really, Father immediately felt better and slept easier and more restfully during the night Mama settled herself in an armchair at his bedside, and this inspired in all of us a belief that everything would come out well Upon Mama's arrival our relatives began visiting us but as yet were not allowed to see Father I saw Kuzminsky and Polivanov Anatoly didn't come to Petersburg, which pleased me

My stay in Petersburg seemed to me wearisome It was not at all like my visit here of two years ago Only Verochka's presence brought me back a little to that young world Upon Father's insistence, she went walking, riding, and shopping with me

Mama told us about Leo Nikolayevich's sufferings "Though they have set his arm, I don't have much hope for his complete recovery Very bad, this Tula surgery And Leo Nikolayevich himself is so careless " We talked about Sonya too, how sweet and healthy her baby daughter was and how Sonya fed her herself

"And are Varenka and Liza at Yasnaya?" I asked

"Certainly, they are constantly with Sonya, they are very sweet girls," Mama added

"They're lucky," I said, almost in tears

Liza and I went home—mother sent us—our house had been left without a mistress To me, Mama entrusted the supervision of the house and the money—to Liza, the children and all the housekeeping

2

At Home

ALTHOUGH at home, as the saying goes, even the walls lend comfort, it was nonetheless depressing to enter an empty house The only thing that dispelled the gloom was the joyous reunion with my brothers Looking from the window, they saw our carriage approach and greeted us boisterously in the entrance hall I immediately set about the household duties On October 23, 1864, I wrote Sonya

Here we are in Moscow, Sonya dear The two of us arrived the day before yesterday. All the children and the servants were glad to see us

We left Papa in good spirits and good condition, and he kept cautioning us against falling under the train. Imagine, Sonya, in Moscow Trubetskoy announced in the Council that a telegram had been received saying that Papa had died. Anke and Armfeld, sad and completely overwhelmed, came to see the children. There they were sitting, pouring out all their grief and weeping. Only the Perflyevs knew the truth. People were continually calling on the children to find out how they were, thinking that they had not yet been told the news. In a word, everyone in Moscow had already buried Papa and mourned over him. Klavdiya dashed over the same day we arrived, disheveled, without her collar and in tears, to see how we were. This is a very good sign—it means that Papa will live a long time.

Here at home everything is so quiet, so empty without our parents. Liza is cantankerous and complains all day, but I sing from morning to night and am getting deeply concerned with "the price of black grouse." Mama has entrusted me with the complete management of the household. I go and buy apples. I plan the meals, give out the provisions, and keep the accounts. I'm so happy that we left Petersburg—this visit left me with such a bad feeling. Back in Moscow, but this time without our parents! How dull, how boring is the end of my seventeenth year and the beginning of my eighteenth. In Petersburg Papa made me a gift of a wonderful guitar, a real one. I became so attached to him in Petersburg that now I miss him very much. How trying it was to see him, how he had changed, how he had suffered. Mama even now becomes alarmed at every slight relapse, so much so, that I hardly recognize her as the same person—she, ordinarily so strong, has become thin herself. When she bade us farewell, she nearly cried.

Before my birthday, October 29th, I received a letter from Varya and Liza Tolstoy with a postscript by Leo Nikolayevich. He writes me

Greetings, Tanya. I congratulate you. Eighteen. That is the best, the very best age. This year will bring you your best fortune. And no one will be happier about it than I. My groom, you have forsaken me! Without you I maimed myself. I'm seriously beginning to fear that I will be left a cripple. Four weeks, and still I'm unable to lift my arm and still it hurts. And Fanny—she ran away and hasn't been found. I have a searching party out for her. How are things with you? What about my dear kind Andrey Yevstafyevich? And I, nasty egoist that I am, am glad that instead of going to Nice, God willing, you will visit us early in

spring That will be wonderful You were right when you said it was unpleasant to correspond from a distance I wonder now as I write Is everything well with you over there? Maybe Andrey Yevstafyevich is not quite recovered, or maybe you have fallen in love with some young surgeon and have gone abroad And here I am, writing you about Yasnaya's rabbits

Sonya is considerate and kind with her fledglings and carries her burden easily and happily It just happens that today she is very tired because of our little girl and that is why her letter is not a gay one Good-bye, be well and happy Write And kiss everyone for me

Our parents returned from Petersburg at the beginning of November to the delight of everyone I wrote Sonya (November 13th)

I had two great joys simultaneously, my darling Sonya, the arrival of our parents and your long overdue letter We found Papa feeling much better and Mama happy and satisfied now that she was home once again Petya went to meet them at the station, they came on the twelfth They arrived and at our reunion everyone was so deeply moved that nothing quite like it had ever happened before The bustle, the unpacking, the stories, the coffee—all started immediately The whole house was enlivened after such a quiet time Mama brought us much finery, she bought a traveling rug for you I wonder if you will like it I like it very much And just then I received your letter and was so glad to get it and to see the Zefirotskys that I haven't the words to tell you What fine parents I have and how happy they make me!

Sonya, you constantly flatter me, that I am a housekeeper and an excellent one Flatter away, little pigeon, it is very pleasant to hear this from you

Sonya, the moments I have when everything seems so wonderful, when my thoughts are all bright and pleasant I start to sing and my voice becomes clear, then I quickly take to my diary and enter all my feelings and thoughts These moments do not simply make me happy but make me feel good as though I were walking on air and somehow make everything seem extraordinarily bright, and I want to cling just a little longer to this feeling but it slowly slips away . . . Here no one is aware of my feelings or would understand them, but I live for and zealously guard these moments . . .

Good-bye, darling, I kiss you hard. . . . Lyovochka, Mama sold another little *Yasnaya Polyana* for seven rubles. We are sending the gelatin

you asked for, your shirt studs, and some letters or other from Uncle Volodya!

Your,
TANYA

News reached us that Leo Nikolayevich, against the orders of his Tula surgeon, Preobrazhensky, had gone hunting and somehow carelessly cracked the cast on his arm. His arm started to ache and he could not lift it. This so disturbed him that he decided to go to Moscow for a consultation with Popov, an eminent surgeon of that time.

Leo Nikolayevich came to our house with his valet, Aleksey Stepanovich. The date was about November 20, 1864. We had the surgeons over, the consultation was held but the opinions of the doctors differed. The condition of his arm depressed Leo Nikolayevich. At one time he would decide on an operation, that is, to break the incorrectly set bone and reset it, another time, listening to the advice of other doctors, he would decide to treat the arm with steam baths and massage.

And so the week passed. Leo Nikolayevich became irritable, although he was occupied with the placing of the first part of *War and Peace* in the *Russian Messenger*, published by Katkov. Lyubimov, one of the editors on the magazine, came to see him. Leo Nikolayevich wrote his wife: "You should have heard how, for over a period of two hours, he haggled with me for the sake of fifty rubles a page. . . I remained firm and await his answer today. He wants to publish this very much and probably will agree to the 300 rubles, and I must admit that I'm wary of publishing it myself."

Leo Nikolayevich became angry at Lyubimov's pettiness, and said that he had decided, if Katkov continued to haggle, to print it in book form himself. But Lyubimov so pestered him that he finally consented and gave the first part to this publication at 300 rubles per page.

He had finished with the printing question. Now what remained was to decide about his arm. He procrastinated for a long time, consulted with five or six doctors, and still could not decide. Practically all the doctors advised against the operation. Finally, as it almost always happens, the most insignificant factor in a series of insignificant details convinced him to agree to an operation. Leo Nikolayevich was told that exercise might do his arm some good, and he started to exercise it, but all the oil rubs and massages only made things

worse He became despondent and went to Redlich's well known hydropathic establishment Leo Nikolayevich wrote my sister

I was extremely dejected and in this state of dejection went to Redlich's When Redlich, who would have made money on me and my exercises, himself advised me to have my arm reset, then I definitely decided in favor of it To be quite frank, I had made up my mind the evening before, at the theater the music was playing, the dancers cavorting, Michel Bode using both his arms—all this made me feel deformed and pathetic, with an aching emptiness in my sleeve.

In the evening, before theater time, we discussed Leo Nikolayevich's arm He asked me what I would do were I in his position, would I allow the arm to be rebroken and reset, and wouldn't it be wretched to have a crippled husband The last he asked me as if in jest

"I believe neither in this exercise nor in the steam baths These are *les remèdes de bonne femme** as our Frenchman Pascault used to say," I said peremptorily

"Well, and about the husband?" Leo Nikolayevich asked

"Frankly, to have a husband with but one arm would be somewhat awkward and embarrassing," I said thoughtfully

"Why?" he asked

"Not to have a man's strength, which is necessary—this would become an affront to the husband and so eventually to the wife"

Leo Nikolayevich wrote Sonya, dictating to me, the next day "Despite your poor opinion of me, believe me I'd be ashamed even to think that I might be afraid of chloroform and the operation, it would be wretched to remain without the use of my arm—not so much for myself, but, honestly, more for you—especially after the conversation I had with Tanya, which further convinced me of this—"

"Why are you writing about me?" I asked "Sonya might get offended at me"

"Write, write, it is nothing," said Leo Nikolayevich, and continued to dictate "Katkov agreed to all my stipulations, and this has finished all the stupid haggling But when I emptied my brief case and the driveling Lyubimov took my manuscript away, I became sad for the same reason that you are angry—that I am no longer able to revise the manuscript and make it read even better"

* Old wives' remedies

3

Leo Nikolayevich's Operation

NOVEMBER 28 was the day set for the operation. There was a good deal of bustling in our house from early morning but everything quieted down when the doctors arrived. Leo Nikolayevich described that day humorously, dictating to me.

"Now, the next day, the memorable 28th. Extraordinary events and commotion began in the morning: first, the young ladies, who gave me their room, were moving their belongings, second, Annochka, *ma chère*,* with her washing, added not a little to the general confusion, third, Mama, and the maidens, Styopa and Lapa, together with the nurse went to the steam baths, fourth, Zakharyna† came over—also an event, fifth, the floor waxers and polishers who, getting in everybody's way, hopped about the rooms, sixth, the dressmaker with the winter coats, and finally, the wait for Popov and the operation. Tanya described the operation to you—she could see and judge everything much better than I. I merely know that I felt no fright before the operation and only felt the pain afterward, which quickly passed with the application of cold compresses.

"They nursed and are nursing me with such care that nothing is left to be desired. I even feel embarrassed. In spite of all this, my nerves were upset yesterday by the chloroform—and even more so by your letters which arrived a quarter of an hour after the operation—God knows, how I wished you were here!"

The operation was performed in mother's bedroom, after the room had previously been cleaned. My father called in three surgeons: Popov, Nechayev, and his assistant, Haak. Waiting in the room were two of our servants—their job was to pull on the injured arm in order to dislocate the badly set bone. This was the most difficult and painful part of the operation. Mother, Aleksey, and I stayed in the room. Having witnessed Father's operation, I now boldly remained with Leo Nikolayevich—all the more so, as he told me: "Write Sonya

* Our housemaid. I gave her the nickname "*ma chère*"—Au.

† My godmother—Au.

full particulars. She will be interested in every little thing." Unfortunately, my detailed letter has not been preserved.

Leo Nikolayevich submitted to the operation very calmly but was unable to fall asleep under the chloroform. They fussed about for quite a long time. At one moment he leaped out of the armchair, his face pale, his eyes opened wide and looking wild, flung the bag of chloroform from him and, delirious, cried out loudly "My friends, we cannot live like this . . . I think . . . I've decided . . ." He didn't finish. They sat him down again in the armchair and added more chloroform. Now he finally began to go under. Sitting before me was a corpse and not Leo Nikolayevich. Suddenly his face changed terribly and he subsided. The two servants, upon Popov's instructions, pulled on Leo Nikolayevich's arm with all their might until the improperly set bone was broken. This was dreadful to see. It seemed to me that without chloroform the operation would have been unthinkable. A fear seized me that just at this moment he might wake up. But no—while the arm was hanging lifelessly, Popov strongly and deftly pushed the bone into place. The operation made such a powerful impression on me that I still see everything as clearly as though it had just happened. Mama handed the medicines, held his head. After the bandage was placed, they started to bring Leo Nikolayevich back to consciousness. But that was almost as difficult to do as putting him to sleep. He did not come to himself for some time. When he did regain consciousness, he complained about the pain in his arm. I spent the entire evening with him. After the chloroform he had nausea and suffered from it for a long time.

Yet when he wrote Sonya about the operation some two or three days later, he did not mention his sufferings.

"You are concealing this from her?" I asked him.

"Why, no. You know, I didn't suffer very much. I thought it would be worse."

Several days went by. Leo Nikolayevich was getting visibly better. He received everyone who came to call on him. I remember that A. M. Zhemchuzhnikov and Aksakov came to visit him one evening, and Leo Nikolayevich, on their insistent requests, read them the beginning of his novel. I was sitting there also, listening to the reading and delighting in it. He read aloud very well—with expression and humor.

Leo Nikolayevich wrote Sonya about this evening

Zhemchuzhnikov's visit made a still pleasanter impression on me, in fact a very pleasant impression indeed. Against your advice, I promised to read to him several chapters. Aksakov happened to arrive at precisely the same time. I read up to the place where Ippolit begins his story, "One girl" and both of them, especially Zhemchuzhnikov, liked it tremendously. They both said, "Delightful." And I was happy and pleased to continue. No praise at all, or foolish comment, can be dangerous, yet it is encouraging when you feel that you have produced a powerful impression.

In the days after the operation he dictated to me letters to Sonya and part of the novel 1805, that is, *War and Peace*. I see him as clearly as though he were here now—with a look of concentration on his face, supporting his injured arm with his other hand—walking back and forth, dictating to me. Ignoring me completely, he talked aloud. "No, a cliché won't do," or he simply said "Strike that out."

His tone was commanding. There was impatience in his voice, and often while dictating he would change a passage some three or four times. Sometimes he dictated quietly, smoothly, as though dictating something he had memorized, but that rarely happened, and then the expression on his face would become calm. At other times he would dictate in spurts, unevenly and hurriedly. I had the feeling that I was doing something immodest, that I was being an involuntary witness to his inner world, hidden from me and from everyone. I recalled his words, written in one of his pedagogical articles, about the students' collective compositions at the Yasnaya Polyana school. He wrote about himself: "It seemed to me that I gazed into that which no one ever had the right to see—the conception of the mysterious blossoming of poetry."

Our dictation usually finished with these words: "I've tortured you enough. Go skating now."

And off I would go with my brother. Later, when Leo Nikolayevich's arm became stronger, he would come with Grandfather to get a breath of fresh air and to watch us skate. All this time Grandfather was staying with us and he spoiled me terribly. He would bring me all kinds of little presents and sweets, and he grieved that he did not have his former means so he might take me to live permanently in Petersburg.

"Then I would be happy," he would say And for this I loved him very much

Sometimes we would go to the theater and Leo Nikolayevich would accompany us I remember how he liked Ostrovsky's new play, *The Jokers* I happened to glance at him the very moment when the old man comes upon a wallet lying in the street, placed there by the jokers—how with trembling hands he opens it and sees that it is empty and hears the mocking laughter of the jesters Tears stood in Leo Nikolayevich's eyes and I myself could not refrain from tears and I tried to conceal them behind my opera glasses This was the most dramatic scene in the entire play I remember also how he enjoyed the music of *William Tell*, Rossini's opera, especially the first two acts Usually upon our return from the theater, we would chat gaily and pleasantly, have supper and drink tea If at times the conversation became interesting or animated, then we would sit over our supper and tea a bit longer than usual

Before Leo Nikolayevich departed for Yasnaya, Father, at the request of Anastasya Sergeyevna Perfilyeva, persuaded him to read at her house something from the novel he was writing Who at that time did not know of the Perfilyev family—patriarchal, numerous, deeply steeped in old traditions? They were numbered among the oldest Moscow families The oldest son of General Perfilyev, by his first wife, was Governor of Moscow and an old friend of Leo Nikolayevich.

I remember, when *Anna Karenina* came out, the word went about in Moscow that Stepan Arkadyevich Oblonsky was fashioned after V S Perfilyev This gossip reached the ears of Vasily Stepanovich himself Leo Nikolayevich did not disprove this rumor Having read in the beginning of the novel the description of Oblonsky, Vasily Stepanovich told Leo Nikolayevich at his morning coffee "Well, Lyovochka, I never did eat a whole loaf with butter with my coffee You certainly have libeled me!"

Leo Nikolayevich laughed at these words

Anastasya Sergeyevna was extremely popular in Moscow Her good sense, her energetic and bold character, with her sympathetic heart, had an irresistible charm which inspired a general respect The Perfilyevs were friends of my father's Leo Nikolayevich agreed, upon Father's request, to arranging a reading at the Perfilyevs'. He merely asked that not too many guests be invited, as he did not as yet feel quite strong His wishes were observed

4

*The Reading of War and Peace,
Leo Nikolayevich's Departure*

THE FEW invited guests gathered at the Perfilyevs' in a large drawing room, dimly lit by two lamps. The preparations for the reading started when Leo Nikolayevich arrived. I described this evening in a letter to Polivanov. I quote the first part of this letter, not dated, which was preserved by some strange fortune.

Dear friend, I haven't written you for a long time though I have lived through a good deal. Read the letter I sent to Sasha where I wrote about Lyovochka's operation. Now that he is well and is going out again, Papa arranged for a reading at the Perfilyevs' of the novel he recently began. Mama was not feeling too well so we two girls went along with Papa. I will describe everything just as it happened.

A few friends had gathered at the Perfilyevs'. The preparations for the reading suggested some solemn occasion, like the preparations for a christening. Nastasya Sergeyevna, wearing a high cap, sat on a large mahogany divan with a tall straight back. Papa sat next to her. He was in good spirits and happy. When everyone was seated, Lyovochka began to read. He started rather uncertainly, as if embarrassed. I was scared—all is lost, I thought. Then somehow he regained assurance, read with such strength, so captivately that I felt he carried us all away. And I wanted to cry out, "I'm in a whirl, a whirl!" You remember how it was when I used to exclaim after singing from *Eugene Onegin* that I felt as though I were soaring into the heavens. And you used to remark quietly, "Well, you're still there."

How lovely the beginning of this novel is. How many characters I recognize in it. The description of the evening party at Anna Pavlovna Sherer's was extremely well received. His humorous, mocking comparison of Anna Pavlovna, as hostess, with a supervisor of a weaver's workroom is especially amusing, when you read the novel look for this. His audience commented that the Rostov family is so real—and how familiar they are to me! Boris resembles you in his appearance and his behavior. Vera—well, this is Liza to the life. Her sedateness and rela-

tions with us are rendered truthfully, that is, toward Sonya rather than me Countess Rostov reminds one so much of Mama—especially as she is with me When he read about Natasha, Varenka slyly winked at me but apparently no one noticed this Here's something that will make you laugh—my big doll, Mimi, popped up in the novel Remember how we married you off to her and how I insisted that you kiss her and you didn't want to and hung her up on the door and how I complained to Mama? * Yes, you will find many, many familiar things in this novel Don't destroy my letter till you have read the book Pierre was liked least of all but I liked him best I love this type of man The ladies all admired the little princess but could not find out who was Lyovochka's model for her

There was a slight intermission and we went to have tea It seemed that everyone was delighted by the reading Here at the ladies' half of the table, the conversation started about the characters Lyovochka had described and many conjectures were made, suddenly Varenka said loudly, "Mama, Marya Dmitreyevna Okhrosimova—that is you, isn't it? She is so much like you "

"I don't know, I don't know, Varenka, it would scarcely be worth while to describe me," Nastasya Sergeyevna answered Lyovochka laughed but said nothing Papa was in the seventh heaven from Lyovochka's reading and success It was a pleasure for me to look at him It is a pity that Sonya was not there But you know, Varenka spoke the truth To my way of thinking, Marya Dmitreyevna is both Marya Apollonovna Volkova and Perfilyeva Ippolit—you know who he resembles?

Here the letter breaks off, the second half of it has been lost Two days after the reading, Leo Nikolayevich left for Yasnaya Polyana Though he still was unable to use his arm freely, his health in general was much better

It was sad to part with him Everything that filled my life this past month suddenly seemed ended His dictating *War and Peace*, the interesting discussions, the interesting people who came to pay their respects, the trips with him and my brothers to the skating rink which we all enjoyed so much—all was ended Neither visits nor songs could distract me And more important, his departure left the small cozy room he had occupied empty, where everything recalled and was pervaded by a Yasnaya Polyana air I was sud-

* With time the author's memory of the details of Mimi's wedding seems to have blurred In fact, Kuzminsky was the groom and Polivanov gave Mimi away -Ed

denly deprived of a friend and a counsellor in my girlish interests—which probably might appear insignificant to adult, serious people but which were important for my eighteen years. Leo Nikolayevich had understanding and sympathy for people of all ages.

He wrote my sister, November 27, 1864

Some two or three years ago there was this whole world—yours and hers [that is, mine], with your falling-in-love, your ribbons and all the poetry and the foolishness of youth. And now suddenly, after our world that she came to love so much, after her romance and all her troubles, she returned home where she could no longer find that world which she shared with you, she was left with virtuous and dull Liza and was placed so close, face to face, with her parents—who as a result of illness have become difficult to live with. Even if they did take season tickets for the skating, or buy her a new fur bonnet, or take out a subscription for the concerts—this was not enough to make her happy.

In another letter (December 8th) he writes about Liza: "Liza works unceasingly—from her English lessons to German translations, from the translations to her lessons with the children. I really admire her."

I remember how we saw Leo Nikolayevich off when he left us after his operation. I went downstairs with Mama to the entrance hall. He walked down in front of us, and kept looking around, silently nodding at me and smiling. He left a note for Mother and me which Pyotr gave us after he had gone. He speaks about this in his letter. Leo Nikolayevich and Sonya wrote us after his return to Yasnaya (A fragment from Sonya's letter, December 14, 1864—"evening").

Tanya darling, I simply cannot send anyone to the post office without writing to you. You have become a hundredfold dearer to me because of all your care for Lyovochka. He told me how you were both his scribe and friend, how you waited on him, how you both exchanged confidences. I am so happy that you were so close and friendly together. I love both of you so. I can well understand that you became depressed after he left. His presence reminded you of our world which you love. And then, he understood you better than anyone. You can imagine, Tanya, how once again I feel happy and content. Yet when I tell you this, I must think—and what of poor Tanya? What is to be done, darling? I would so like to give you happiness but where can I get it for you?

Come to me as soon as you can—we will be better able to talk everything over and make things easier. Tanya, they interrupted my writing to drink tea and to feed my daughter. Will I see you soon, darling? Here everything is so well—and happy and gay. Please, darling, don't be downcast.

Your friend,

SONYA

Postscript of Leo Nikolayevich

I wanted to add something but I have read Sonya's sleepy letter and there is nothing more to say. She has the knack of loving so warmly and simply and of saying it better than I ever could. You were surprised by the note which Pyotr handed you (you and L. A.) I remember it was rather incoherent, the matter is that I wanted to tell both of you something more—how dear and good and loving you looked to me, walking down those stairs. So that's why I wanted to tell you once more—that I love you very much. And writing the note I felt relieved. Write more frequently to us, darling. Everything concerning you is of interest to me—Pyotr's skates, Slavochka's cucumbers, Styopa's bows,* and most important 1. Papa's moral and physical state 2. What about your heart-break, is it any better? Try to conceal it, Tanya. Play Chopin and sing. Keep hold of yourself, so that if either happiness or sadness comes to you, you will be able to face either bravely.

"Be happy"—no, that one cannot say, but be gentle yet not a weakling—that one can say. And you must try to achieve this. I have noted, most of all, that when you are in low spirits you are apt to become sharp and harsh toward others. This is not good. Forgive my moralizing but I love you so that I do not conceal any thoughts from you which happen to come to me. 3. What especially interests me is Mama's state of mind. What does she think about the future?

Lise, épousez Macherskoy! †

Farewell, Tanya darling. We all kiss and salute you.

In spite of sweet letters from Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich, I was dejected and lonely though I was living with my family. I

* Styopa had an inveterate habit of greeting adults with a pleasant smile and innumerable bows which they noted and complimented him on. Leo Nikolayevich writes my sister "Styopa bows and scrapes without end and yesterday even brought Sukhotin to tender kisses"—*At.*

† "Liza, marry Macherskoy!" We all teased Liza, insisting that Macherskoy met her somewhere and courted her.—*At.*

didn't want to go anywhere I went to a concert or to the theater only rarely, and then it was merely to please Mother The one thing that interested me was the conservatory where I took singing lessons upon Leo Nikolayevich's advice My health weakened considerably, I coughed, became thin, and quite visibly lost strength I remember how much pleasure it gave me to consider myself "fading away" as my mother would tell me with bitterness and misgiving, for I ate nothing and constantly talked of death Sometimes I came out of my depressed state, would search for some purpose in life, would learn a light Italian aria for Father, and chat with Pyotr, sitting with him for hours on end They engaged a mathematics teacher for Pyotr—a German, Hummel by name Liking mathematics, I asked the German to allow me to attend the lessons, to which he assented willingly

In one of his letters (dated April 22, 1864) to the Tolstoy's Father writes about me

As for Tanya, I hope you will be able to soothe her and return her to that carefree gaiety which always was her main charm It is much too soon for her to know sorrow—and may God grant that she never knows of it But she should never call sorrow upon herself—that is wrong

Some time later when I read this letter in Yasnaya, I thought, "Father's wishes have been fulfilled I've become an exemplary, sedate young lady"

Father was getting better and one day, to our general delight, decided he would go to the theater I wrote Leo Nikolayevich and Sonya about this joyous event (February 21, 1865)

I congratulate dear friend Lyovochka on his nameday and wish you the best of everything on earth, that everything may continue to go on as it is now going with you Now can you imagine what happened here tonight! Our parents are at home, I am singing Suddenly I hear a commotion What is it? Papa is getting ready to go to hear *Faust*—making various preparations, warm vests and his peppermint throat lozenges Prokop is at his wit's end, Mama bustles about, all the children assist, and finally they all get him off Papa sat through one act, stayed for the intermission, then returned and told us at length how all the habitués were glad to see him, what a sensation he caused there by his appearance—especially, because they had all almost buried him

I noticed a change in Liza, she had become more animated, paid more attention to her appearance, gave less time to her English lessons, and readily went out. What is the matter with her? I asked myself. "And in the heart the thought was born, the time had come, she was in love"—these lines of Pushkin's came to my mind. But with whom? I knew that among the young men who called at the house there were none whom she specially liked. And yet she was frequently lost in thought and an unwonted smile, arch and playful, would appear on her face. I told myself that something was happening to Liza. Surely someone has caused this sudden change. I soon found out whom Liza had chosen. It was an aide-de-camp, commander of a hussar regiment, of Ukrainian descent, named Gavril Yemelyanovich Pavlenko, a wealthy man and owner of several estates in the south and in Pyazan Province. He was thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, tall, with a military carriage, a typical officer of the period of Alexander II, stately and even handsome. As a true military man of that time, he worshipped the emperor. In his conversation he never expressed himself otherwise than "It was His Majesty's pleasure to" and the like. His regiment was stationed in Little Russia at Lubny. He got to Moscow only rarely, and every time he did come he visited our house. He was received simply and heartily, as all our guests were. He would usually arrive in the evening and occasionally for dinner. If he did not find us at home, then he would play with my younger brothers. He was a very nice and pleasant man. He would speak to Liza about literature, would play chess with her. I remember how I jokingly told father: "Papa, I notice all the eligible men play chess with us. You will see—Pavlenko will marry Liza."

Papa laughed and said: "Well, if they do marry I shall be satisfied. He is a good man."

He discussed politics with Father. He spoke of the Polish insurrection with indignation. Political discussions were rife in every drawing room. Although the Polish insurrection was suppressed, there was a vague feeling of uneasiness, there was something incomprehensible, disturbing in the air, like the rumble of underground forces.

Liza was extremely composed. She rarely spoke of him but sometimes she would ask me: "Tanya, do you like Gavril Yemelyanovich?" I always spoke well of him.

"He is a very noble, very decent man," Liza would say, and I would agree

"But you know," I said, "I always want to laugh when he starts to talk about the emperor as if he were delivering an official report. You remember when he related how His Majesty made appointments as to who was to accompany the heir to the throne on his voyage?"

And taking up a solemn military pose, like Pavlenko, I began, in a slightly exaggerated manner, to imitate him—"His Imperial Majesty deigns to order a retinue for His Imperial Highness to consist of such and such adjutants." And I repeated all their names

My jesting did not offend Liza and she laughed along with me. She was used to my ways and knew that I never wanted to offend her

5

An Act of Madness

BOTH my mental and physical health were getting worse. I became irritable, bitter, envious. My little brothers, the laughter of Klavdiya and Petya—everything irritated me. Klavdiya visited us quite frequently. I was annoyed with Father because, quite unjustly, I believed him to be preoccupied exclusively with his own illness. I censured everything and everyone, yet was myself the worst offender, I was irascible and quite unbearable.

An inner, merciless voice seemed to acknowledge this, and contributed to my unhappiness and intensified my misery. It was only in the evenings by the light of the icon lamps or by candlelight that I could sit calmly. I was composed, or maybe simply indifferent, listening drowsily to Vera Ivanovna telling her tales of country life in the Smolensk Province, her birthplace, or telling stories about her readings in the *Lives of the Saints*. Snuggled in a corner, our Feodora would also listen attentively to Nurse's stories.

It was on one of these evenings that Praskovya, who occupied the adjoining room, told how a young girl, a niece of one of her friends, fell in love with a married man with a family.

"And then he fell in love with her," related Praskovya "And she, accursed one, so got around him, that he threw everything over for her—his wife, his children "

"Well, God will not grant happiness to such a wicked one," commented Nurse, with her knitting needles moving busily

"Yes," I reflected, "and am I not like that girl?" And at this thought, I felt even more depressed

I wrote Sonya on December 12, 1864

Liza just lives and enjoys life, she has now broken with Pavlenko. Lyovochka is overjoyed at the idea of seeing you, you write now that yours is a fortunate lot Why then has my lot become such a wretched one? No, I write nonsense—it is just that, suddenly, everything upsets me so and I begin to cry, and this happened just now as I was writing to you Good-bye, darling friend Sonya, I kiss you hard I have just read your last letter If only you could hold on to your happiness as long as possible—for ever

Leo Nikolayevich wrote me on December 31, 1864

Yesterday, I wanted to look up when the new moon was, and I found in Auntie's calendar, "Aujourd'hui Léon et sa femme sont partis pour Moscou, accompagnés de la chère Tanyà " * You are always *chère* to me, but now, somehow, you have become even more *chère*, as always happens without any apparent reason And you tell me that I am your enemy Those twenty years are your enemy which I have lived on this earth longer than you I know that no matter what happens, you should not let yourself go, but continue to maintain that same dear, mad, energetic temperament in happiness, and to be unchanged without losing heart, even in misfortune You can manage this if you do not indulge yourself Say to yourself, "I shall keep myself in honor, I shall walk a straight, narrow line " And do it

"Well, and what if he had died?" Well, what if my Sonya had died, or how would it be for her if I had died? Of course, it's easy to reply "I would no longer go on living!" That's just what it is—easy to say, and stupid, and base, and false—one must keep oneself in hand Besides your sadness, you have—you, particularly, have—so many people about who love you (don't forget me) and you will not stop living You will be ashamed to recall later your depression of this period, no matter how it

* Today Lyovochka went away to Moscow with his wife, accompanied by darling Tanya

passed away Honestly, don't be angry with me Just persuade yourself that to let go is wrong, and everything will be all right

And how do I regard your future? You want to know? Well, here's how—Seryozha promised to visit us within two days and till now hasn't shown up We found out that Masha is having her confinement, but even before that I became extremely uneasy I was tormented by a thought which he once uttered There has to be an end to all this—one way or another—marry Masha or Tanya I pity Masha more than you, when I reason, but when it came into my mind that he might decide this without our advice, I was frightened We wrote him a letter that we had something important to tell him Now she is in confinement, he will be present for the first time and I am afraid In my soul—before God I tell you—I wish it to be “yes” but I fear it will be “no” Confronted with her suffering, to which might be added moral suffering, everything may appear to him in another light Dyakov was here and then visited him He spoke at great length to him about you, suspecting nothing, of course His talk might have a great influence against you He praised Masha, spoke generally about Sergey's situation and said that you were young, that it was still too early for you to get married and, of course, how wonderful you were

I have become convinced that, married to Masha, he will perhaps ruin both himself and her I told him that as long as he did not marry her, that he instinctively kept for himself “une porte de salut” * He said “Yes, yes, yes” Now, if he does marry, this “porte de salut” will forever be closed and he will hate her This way he still can live with her, but to be married—it will be the end of him But Tanya, it is difficult to read in another's heart, and the more one knows the more difficult it is I know nothing and wish nothing definite for you, although I love both of you with all my heart God knows what will be best for both of you—and one must pray to Him Yes One thing I do know, that the harder the choices in one's life are, the more difficult it is to live, all the more must one master oneself (at least to use all one's power to master oneself and not to let oneself go), because, in such a moment, a mistake may cost you and others dearly

Every step, every word, in such a moment, in this moment that you are passing through now is more important than years of later life

Tanya, darling, maybe this resembles a “Mirror of Virtue” but I cannot help it that my most sincere thoughts and desires do resemble a “Mirror of Virtue” Every word has been thought over and felt over

* A door of escape

Perhaps they do not seem right to you, but I have told you all that I think and feel about this, omitting only one little thing which I will tell you sometime later. Farewell, pray to God—that is best of all—and the only way

This was the first letter which told me the truth. It revealed to me a picture of Sergey Nikolayevich's life, his thoughts, and even his feelings. The words "I must decide to marry Masha or Tanya" offended me. I did not fully understand them. What was there to decide, when I was his betrothed? Although after thinking over his family circumstances, I told myself at once that his ties to his family were understandable if he was a good, honest man as I had considered him. And what was I in his eyes? An empty, flighty girl, in love for the third time. As for him, it might simply be an infatuation like mine with Anatoly, I told myself with a bitter laugh. And with firm intention, I sat down to write him my letter of refusal. But everything I wrote seemed wrong to me. I crossed out and tore up my first drafts—it seemed to me that I sounded too bitter, too aggrieved, or else that the letter was too long or too short. Then, as always in a difficult situation, I turned to Mother for advice.

"Mama," I said, "read Lyovochka's letter and tell me what to do."

Mama read the letter and became lost in thought. She gazed searchingly at me as though she wanted to find out how much the letter had upset me.

"Tanya," she finally said, "write him a refusal. If he marries you he will cause his whole family much unhappiness, and consequently you will be unhappy. It's Masha he loves."

In the evening I wrote him my refusal, not changing a single word. I remember the contents of this letter.

"Sergey Nikolayevich, I received a letter from Lyovochka. It revealed a good deal to me which previously I did not know. Perhaps I would prefer not to know. It has forced me to give back to you your word. You are free. Be happy if you can."

I received an answer which I did not expect. Sergey Nikolayevich wrote me a four-page letter.

"You gave a beggar a million and now take it back!" And he writes further that he has to settle his affairs, that it is all so complicated and demands time, that now Marya Mikhailovna's illness interferes with any measures he might take, and so forth.

This letter did not appear sincere to me. Why, I don't know. Unfortunately I burned the letter along with many others and some diaries of mine, upon Kuzminsky's insistence later when we became engaged.

I did not write him an answer. I no longer believed in the possibility of this marriage. I suddenly felt that he was utterly unable to discard his family—this became clear to me.

An immense, hopeless sadness overwhelmed me. The harder it was for me, the less I tried to show it to my family so that no one should speak with me about it—and most important, that they should not pity me. I wanted to be left alone and to get over everything by myself.

"To die, to die—that is the only way out," I told myself in the youth and foolishness of my years. Thoughts of death never left me. But how? Where were the means? What kind? And I could find no answer.

One day, as I happened to pass the servants' quarters, I saw Praskovya pour some powder into a glass.

"What are you doing," I asked. "Are you ill? Is that medicine?"

"No! Not at all! This is a poison—it takes out all kinds of stains. Here I have to wash a napkin out."

"Is it a very strong poison?" I asked.

"It would eat your whole hand away, that's how bad it is," Praskovya answered. "I have to put it away—this is alum."

Praskovya placed the glass with the alum and the little box on the shelf among her dishes and left the room.

I took the glass down, poured some more powder into it, and musingly held the glass before me. I felt neither fear nor regret. Indeed, I thought of nothing at all at that moment, but simply carried out automatically the plan which had tormented and gnawed away at me all this time. Hearing approaching footsteps, I quickly gulped the powder down. Putting the glass back in its place, I went to my room. I felt a vague pain and a burning of my tongue and mouth. I lay quietly for about half an hour, when something thoroughly unexpected and unbelievable happened. The bell rang in the entrance hall. Within ten minutes my door opened and in walked Kuzminsky.

"Where did you come from?" I cried out in amazement, not knowing whether to rejoice at his arrival or not.

"From Yasnaya Polyana," he answered. "Sonya, Leo Nikolaye-

vich, and Sergey Nikolayevich will be in Moscow within five days Leo Nikolayevich is coming in order to produce his play I was coming from Kiev to Petersburg and on the way stopped at Yasnaya, and from there to you "

"How happy I am to see you," I said in a weak voice "Will you be here for long?"

"Till tomorrow Are you ill?"

"Yes, I'm not feeling well—but it will pass Let us go upstairs—I'll tell them to give you some coffee "

After giving the necessary orders, I called Mother and asked her to come to my room My brothers remained with Kuzminsky I was already beginning to feel intense pain Mother, suspecting nothing, went along with me downstairs As we were descending the stairs Mother asked me, noticing my pallor and my uneasiness, "What is the matter with you?" I didn't answer

"Tanya, are you ill?"

"Mama, the Tolstoys and Sergey Nikolayevich are coming to Moscow in four or five days "

"Yes, I know," Mother answered, "and you definitely will settle things with him "

"Mama, I've taken poison," I whispered quietly, but audibly "You must save me—I want to see him "

Mama didn't hear me out Her legs gave way under her, she became deathly pale, and in order not to collapse, quietly sank down on a step

"When? With what?" she muttered

I told her, and at that very moment suddenly realized how basely and thoughtlessly I had acted with regard to my family, especially my mother And I recalled the letter Leo Nikolayevich had recently written me "Besides your sadness, you have so many people about who love you (don't forget me), and you will not stop living You will be ashamed to recall later your depression of this period "

Yes, I felt both shame and remorse. I don't remember what happened later They gave me antidotes The pain became unbearable Two doctors came Father wasn't at home, he arrived only at dinner time I don't know how he received the news of my "illness" My sufferings were so intense that nothing interested me. I found out later when I became slightly better that Kuzminsky remained at our house upon hearing of my "illness" I asked

him to come to my room in order to talk with him. He told me that he was assigned to go to Kiev as a special aide to Chertkov, and that he would visit us on the return trip. Neither he nor I said one word about my "illness." We parted friends. Did he know about my action or not? I don't know.

Three days after Kuzminsky's departure, the Tolstoys arrived, but Sergey Nikolayevich did not come with them. Sergey Nikolayevich's letter to his brother, in which he had given his reason for not coming, has been preserved. Here is a fragment from his letter—there were two of them. One was spurious. In it he wrote to Leo Nikolayevich that the reason he could not come was that Masha and the child were ill, and asked that this letter be shown to me. In the other he wrote

I lied in the letter which I wrote to you saying that Masha and the child were ill. I cannot come because Anisya Ivanovna,* finding out that I was going to marry T. A., was beside herself, she says that she will bring suit, that I am living with her daughter, that I shall be forced to marry her, that she will prove that I fathered her children, that she will go and announce to the Church authorities that I wish to wed my brother's sister-in-law secretly, and that they should forbid it. In a word, I don't know what to do—how to arrange things here. She threatens that if I go to Yasnaya she will herself go there on foot. She is capable of anything. You cannot imagine what a rage she is in. I fear that she may go to Yasnaya and make a vile scene there. Therefore, I have no choice but to remain here so that I may somehow reassure her and calm her down. She can do us much harm. Her father is also carrying on in this manner—and what's more, he is, unfortunately, a drunkard. Don't show this letter to anyone—particularly not to Tatyana Andreyevna. I fear that this whole business and particularly my absence will cause you some trouble—but comfort her somehow. You will be able to think of something until I manage to come myself. Someone already has written out a complaint for her. I don't know where she expects to file it.

They didn't show this letter to me and I knew nothing of it. But as far as I am concerned, Anisya Ivanovna was right. I am sorry that they concealed "the truth" from me.

I neither know nor remember how Father or Tolstoy regarded my behavior. I was extremely ill and scarcely conscious of anything. Their solicitude and care enabled me to get slightly better,

* A gypsy—Masha's mother.—*Au.*

although I was completely indifferent and even a little sorry that I did get better Leo Nikolayevich and Sonya told me that Sergey wanted very much to come, and if he could not, it was, of course, for good reasons

6

First Response to War and Peace

THE FIRST installments of *War and Peace* appeared in the January and February editions of *Russky Vestnik** in 1865. On February 12, 1865, I wrote to Leo Nikolayevich: "Now Father has taken your novel to read and I still cannot get it—we practically fight for it." Father wrote in this same letter:

The Vestnik has come out. I sent to Lyubimov for some copies and the day before yesterday he sent me one, which I started to read greedily. But yesterday Liza had already taken it from me, and, reading your story, laughed so much that Tanya could not sleep. As yet I haven't heard any criticisms. I only know that Lyubimov praises it to the sky and considers this work much better than *The Cossacks*. Liza says, 'que c'est un chef d'oeuvre,† that it must rate higher than anything you have done before. But as for me, I recognize nothing greater than your *Childhood*. Only a man of lofty morals could have written it, a man with a sensitive and kind heart like yours. I wonder if you know that Yekaterina Yegorovna is translating your *Childhood* into German and cannot praise enough the gentle and easy style, not to speak of the essence of this lofty work of art . . .

After the publication of the first part of 1805, I received a letter from Polivanov (March 2, 1865):

I suppose you have already read 1805. Did you find a good deal that is familiar in it? You certainly found yourself, Natasha, of course, resembles you. And in Boris there is a little bit of me. In Princess Vera, there is a bit of Yelena Andreyevna, and there is also a bit of Sofya Andreyevna and a bit of Petya. There is a little of everyone. And that wedding of mine with Mimishka has not been forgotten either. I read

* *The Russian Messenger*

† It is a masterpiece

all of it with delight, especially the scene where the children rush into the drawing room. There is a good deal there that is familiar to me. And didn't Leo Nikolayevich also take Natasha's kiss from real life? You probably told him how once you bestowed a kiss on your cousin. That must be the source of the episode. You probably are familiar with all the individuals whom Leo Nikolayevich has described or from whom he borrowed some of the traits for the characters of his heroes. If you know anything of the kind, don't refuse to send word to us ordinary mortals.

I wrote him an answer on March 26

My dear object, I received your sweet letter a long time ago and you have probably already received—only I don't know how sweet it was—mine. You wrote me about Lyovochka's novel. It's true, there is a bit of you in it, and Liza too, but none of Sonya, there he is describing Auntie Tatyana Aleksandrovna in her youth. Marya Dmitriyevna existed in reality. I know nothing of the men. As for Natasha, he said openly that in Natasha he was describing me—that I didn't just live at his house for nothing. I like his novel very much and impatiently await the end. All, or the greater part of the readers from whom I have heard criticisms, either do not like or do not understand *Pierre*. I would like to know your opinion of this in detail. Write me if it is not too difficult. Further, my friend, you think that Natasha's kiss was taken from the period of the teacher—no, that was from the time of Sasha Kuzminsky. Tomorrow is Palm Saturday and we were remembering that Saturday, when all the Cadets were here. How noisy and jolly we were .

My brother told me, when the February issue of the *Russky Vestnik* appeared, that Leo Nikolayevich, while still in bed, sent him out in the morning for the paper in which he expected to find a review, I don't remember whose. He impatiently waited for it and when my brother tarried, Leo Nikolayevich urged him on. "You, of course, want to be a general in the infantry? Yes? Well, I want to be a general in literature. Run fast and fetch the paper!"

I cannot recall this now without a smile knowing with what indifference he regarded the critics of his works in his later years. I remember how I, much later, upon one lady's request, asked his permission to turn his *Death of Ivan Ilyich* into a comedy or a drama and how he answered "By all means—even into a ballet."

And another time, after *War and Peace* appeared, I again, upon one lady's request, asked permission to translate the novel into French. At that time the convention was still in existence and he did give his permission. When this lady had translated a certain part of the novel, she sent it in to get Leo Nikolayevich's opinion of it. He conscientiously read her translation, but when he came to the scene where the soldiers sing a village folk song, "Oh, ye mansions of mine," this became, in the French translation "vestibules, mes vestibules," he gave up. But what he did about it, I don't remember.

Later Leo Nikolayevich entered into an agreement with a printer, Reiss, and made arrangements to publish the novel himself. Reiss was an extremely conscientious man, a German or an Esthonian. He came to Yasnaya several times and I saw him there. I remember how he taught Sonya and me to cook raspberry jam. Speaking broken Russian, he explained, "Raspberries, sugar—dump it all together in a pan, water—*kein und kochen* *—that's all."

"And will it be good?" we asked.

"Very good."

We made it this way and it was really good. And we called this jam "Reiss" raspberry for the rest of our lives. I remember when I began to feel better and could come into closer contact with the Tolstoyes, I noted that Leo Nikolayevich was in a peculiar state of intellectual exaltation. Somehow a fresh energy and creative spirit were awakened in him together with an interest in his novel and in its success. He appeared rested and stimulated after his illness.

While still in Yasnaya he wrote *Fet* in Moscow, January 23, 1865.

And you know there is a surprising thing I have to tell you about myself. When my horse threw me and broke my arm, and after I came out of my daze I said to myself that I was a man of letters. And I am a literary man, but in a secluded and silent way. In a few days the first half of the first part of *1805* will appear. Please write me your opinion in detail. Your opinion is valuable for me—and so is the opinion of a person whom I do not like—and the more I grow, the less I like him—Turgenev. He understands. What I have published up to now, I consider only the trial efforts of my pen. The work that is now being pub-

* No water—and bring to the boil

lished, while I like it better than any previous work, still seems a little weak. One has to begin this way, however. But what will come next?—I tremble to think! Write me what your friends in various places say, and most important—the effect on the masses. It will probably go unnoticed. I expect that and wish it—if only they don't abuse it, for abuse upsets one.

How ridiculous it is to read now that *War and Peace* might go unnoticed. It is obvious that Leo Nikolayevich didn't know his own worth. But I must say that of all of Leo Nikolayevich's creations, he never wrote another with such loving care, with such constant tenacity and excitement as *War and Peace*. This was the flowering of his creative power. At the end of the letter he writes to Fet as though in jest: "I'm happy that you love my wife—although I love her less than my novel—anyway, you know—she is still my wife." If I were asked "Who wrote that?" I would answer Leo Nikolayevich, of course—those words are so much like him.

The first critical article, and it was laudatory, appeared in the paper *The Invalid* in February. It was an anonymous article and afforded Leo Nikolayevich a great deal of pleasure. The author of the article begins with the words:

The first part of this remarkable work appeared in the January and February issues, the second part, therefore, will appear within a year. This, of course, is a long time, but the characters created by Count Tolstoy are timeless, they deeply impress themselves on one's memory and one will recall them not only within a year's time, but much later.

This article especially praised the war scenes, quoting them in their entirety.

"Who could have written that?" Leo Nikolayevich wondered. "Probably a military man or a former military man."

Turgenev's opinion about the beginning of *War and Peace* was given to me by Father I, myself, did not see Turgenev when he visited us in 1865, I was already in Yasnaya Polyana. In answer to Father's question whether he had read 1805, and what he thought of the beginning of this novel, Turgenev reluctantly answered: "Well, as yet it is hard to judge, a good deal is not clear. His petty generals remind one little of Kutuzov and Bagration—those were real generals! However, we shall see what will

come later But his descriptions, comparisons—high art! At this he is a master " Turgenev didn't say anything more Apparently he was embarrassed to express his opinion to Father

Finally, I must bring in the comical, sardonic judgment about *War and Peace* of M E Saltykov During 1866 and 1867, he lived in Tula, the same time as my husband, who used to visit at Saltykov's and told me his opinion of both parts of 1805 It must be said that Leo Nikolayevich and Saltykov, in spite of being close neighbors, never visited one another I don't know why At that time, somehow I was not interested in this Saltykov said "Those war scenes—nothing but sham and confusion Bagration and Kutuzov—they are puppet generals And in all—merely an old wives' babble Yet our so-called 'High Society' now—he gave it a good rap on the knuckles!" These last words were followed by Saltykov's derisive laughter

It seemed to me that Saltykov was a person who never had any spiritual peace He was constantly afflicted by an implacable scorn for something or someone—rather for everyone

7

Renascence

THE TOLSTOYS left in February My health improved physically but not spiritually Sadness and an indifference to life oppressed me Father wrote to Tolstoy

I don't know what to do with Tanya From the time you left I haven't seen her smile My admonitions are useless Tonight everyone went to the theater but she remained home alone and went to her room Perhaps with the passing of time she will change, but now she affects me with a terrible case of the blues and I am given to blues as it is

Spring came early, with a damp, rainy March Rivulets flowed, murmuring, ceaselessly along the Moscow streets The urchins sailed their little homemade boats and ran joyously after them The dirty, unswept streets with their uneven, broken pavement made travel difficult and caused carriages to break down In those times the repair of streets was considered a luxury Repairs were

warranted on rare occasions only, for example, before the arrival of the tsar or after an accident to the governor-general's carriage. But the sun, the spring sun, was not dependent on special occasions. Always faithful, it made amends for everything—it warmed, consoled, and predicted the approach of spring, and with it, of some indefinable happiness.

I remember that March 9, the day of the Forty Martyrs* whose poetic story Nurse Vera Ivanovna had told me. I awoke early and as usual ran to the window, and pulled aside the curtains in order to see what the weather was like. The weather was wonderful. The sun was already a warm spring sun, it flooded our entire yard and the flowers which I had standing on the window sill. I recalled a verse of Fet's on the occasion of March 9, which he wrote in 1863:

A breeze of Eden hovers o'er the flowers,
I'll rise and sing my song
And the Forty Martyrs themselves
Will envy me in heaven

I thought "How fine!" And suddenly I had a feeling of a blissful, distant half-forgotten joy. "Let those Forty Martyrs envy me, too," I thought happily. Lyovochka was right when he wrote "And you will not stop living."

"I want to, and I will live again!" I said to myself. The spring radiance crept into my heart and warmed it with unaccountable gladness.

"It's about time, dear Tanya," Leo Nikolayevich wrote in a postscript to my sister's letter dated February 28, 1865. "Three cucumbers are already gone, but four remain. Thank you for the news from Golitsyn. It all is very interesting to me. Now, however, I am making little progress with my writing. I think too much and music affects me too strongly. Spring is coming. . . . How is your voice?"

My letter of April 20, 1865 to Polivanov:

Where am I? Guess where I am writing from. It is not difficult to guess, my dear object—I am in my longed-for Yasnaya. I arrived here on Saturday, the 17th, alone, and chaperoned by the ladies, in an

* Forty Armenian soldiers who were put to death for their faith near Sebaste, in Lesser Armenia, victims of the persecutions of Licinius, who, after the year 316, persecuted the Christians of the East.—Ed

Annenskaya carriage Lyovochka met me in Tula, and in Yasnaya are all my beloved ones Everything here is fine Sonya has gained weight, she looks prettier and healthier, her children are darlings I have my small room again, all maidenly, all white, adorned with curtains and roses Here is poetry for you, my friend Only one thing is wrong—the weather is very bad and I am coughing They do not let me go out and Sonya always stays at home Just imagine, this is the third summer I am spending with them I will go horseback riding with Sonya and I am all impatience for it But, see, my friend, how much one's own home can mean to one I constantly wished to be in Yasnaya, you yourself know this, and I almost jumped to the ceiling when they brought me a reservation in the coach, yet at farewells my nose tingled and my heart sank We have not written to each other for a long time and I know nothing of you How do you intend to spend your summer and where? My people are all in Pokrovskoye I, myself, am perfectly happy Lyovochka has just now come in from hunting and says, "You are quite at home with us" I laughed and said, "Yes," and he replied, "That's fine!" And really in Petersburg, you remember how queer and distant I was Easter Week this year was so-so—not at all as it used to be

We sit together, Sonya and I, talking and sewing, or we play with the children and so the time passes unnoticeably in this poor weather Here, I again started on my diary, but this one will be interesting and gay Good-bye, my object, write to me here as soon as you can We are going to have our tea I'll write soon again

TANYA

This will be "gay," I wrote in my diary, foreseeing nothing of the future I had done with my old thoughts, old sorrow, even old loves, and I wanted to start a new life, full of endeavor and activity But, ever, like blind moles, we cannot see ahead of us

We rode out one early morning shooting I had not missed the spring blossoms, as I feared The lime avenues of the garden were gradually turning green, the oak was solidly spreading, we heard the cuckoos, song birds had arrived, only the nightingale was still silent Fet wrote a beautiful poem about a nightingale.

The sunrays only strong at noon
The lime trees' leafy boughs have reddened,
The lacy birch turns faintly yellow,
But nightingales—as yet they dare not
Start their song in currant bushes.

This spring everything around the house was thoroughly cleaned up. The gardener, Kuzma, planted flowers and attentively looked after the hothouse with its apricot and cherry trees. Sonya and dear Auntie were very pleased.

"Our place is in fine shape, like in the old days," said Natalya Petrovna chewing her tobacco. "It's clean—and with the flowers we will be quite elegant. We have now only to wait for suitors," she continued laughingly. "And what is it I hear about you having committed some sin against yourself?" Natalya Petrovna sighed mournfully. "Your Auntie prayed for you and Agafya Mikhailovna lit a candle for you."

"Don't speak to me about that. Ever!" I stopped Natalya Petrovna.

But I could not be angry with her, she was always so kind and loving to me. Aleksey, Dunyasha, Nurse—they were all unchanged, my old friends at their old pursuits. They knew everything about me, and were sympathetic and considerate toward me. Agafya Mikhailovna came to visit with me and to inquire about my mother.

Leo Nikolayevich, it seemed to me, was not completely well. He complained about headaches, about his digestion, and therefore had lost some of the cheerfulness to which I was accustomed in him. At times he was in good spirits, at other times rather melancholy. But with the arrival of good weather, I noticed that Leo Nikolayevich's old brightness was returning, his headaches and general complaints about his poor health ceased. Leo Nikolayevich rode out for morning shooting, went to his other estate, Nikolskoye, and was generally active, although he wrote but little and now was less concerned with the management of the estate.

In the beginning of May, Marya Nikolayevna arrived in Yasnaya with her daughters. This was a great joy for me. Once again Varya and I, sitting in the lime avenue, had long talks about past experiences. She told me what had happened to her mother in December when they were guests at Yasnaya Polyana.

"Mama stood near the table," Varya said, "in Auntie's room. She held some work in her hand and was stitching quickly. Sonya, Liza, Auntie, Natalya Petrovna and I were all in the room. Mama stood with her back to us. Suddenly she turned to us and said in an angry tone: 'Who hit me on the shoulder? I cannot stand these jokes!'"

"We all looked at each other with surprise and said 'No one came close to you'

"Mama seemed not to believe this 'Why, I felt it. I even jumped'

"That's strange, Masha,'" said Auntie

"But I was here,'" said Sonya "'No one touched you' "

Auntie wrote down all this that had transpired in her diary, noting the time, the day, and the month. In a few days, said Varya, Mama received a letter from Pokrovskoye with the news that Father had died. The date and hour of his death coincided with Auntie's entry.

"Well, were you amazed at this omen?" I asked.

"No, Tanya, I believe that there is a world unknown to us," Varya answered.

"And I believe so too, but I am afraid of it. You know, I am afraid of darkness, am afraid to sleep alone, especially after that wild action of mine."

"It is nothing, Tanya, God will forgive you," Varya consoled me. "Only you must pray."

How much faith, repentance and love there was in our young hearts. Silence reigned for several minutes. I glanced at Varya. She was lost in thought. "How much she has changed since we last saw one another," I thought. How sweet she is. In her sixteenth year she was coming into her own—her adolescent awkwardness was blossoming into the beauty of youth.

"Let us go to Agafya Mikhailovna," I said. "It is sad here in the garden. These lime trees, this shady, wonderful park remind me so much of the past."

We found Agafya Mikhailovna in a great bustle. Dora, Leo Nikolayevich's favorite setter, was lying on a pillow with her four darling pups. On seeing us, she seemed rather frightened at first, and then focused her intelligent eyes on us and affably wagged her tail. I approached and petted her.

"Varya, do you know where she had her pups?" I asked laughingly, remembering my fright.

"Where?"

"Before your arrival I went horseback riding with Lyovochka and as he was waiting for me, I quickly threw off my rose dress and my rose belt on the bed in order to change to my riding habit. And I went off leaving everything strewn about. Returning home,

I saw—oh, horrors! Poor Dora was lying on my bed and on my dress with four pups, looking at me with suffering, guilty eyes, wagging her tail weakly as though asking forgiveness”

Varya was appalled

“And you forgave her, dearie?” Agafya Mikhailovna asked, with an arch smile

“I forgave her. She is so sweet and so smart,” I answered

Agafya Mikhailovna, as always, was happy to see us and received us most cordially. Her room was extraordinarily dirty. In all the corners dead flies lay in little heaps in the cobwebs. Red cockroaches crawled on the walls. She fed the cockroaches and did not allow them to be exterminated, as I have already written. Milk had been spilled by the pillow, where Dora lay, and one could see mice tracks—Agafya Mikhailovna also fed mice. An image of St. Nicholas the Miraculous, hanging in the corner, was turned face toward the wall. Varya, noticing this, quietly took a little stool and was going to change it, thinking that it was put up this way accidentally.

“Don’t touch it, don’t touch it, dearie. I did that on purpose,” Agafya Mikhailovna cried.

“How do you mean, on purpose?” we asked.

“Well, it’s this way, dearie. I prayed and prayed to him—and nothing happened. So I turned him face about—let him hang so for a while!”

We could not help laughing.

“When will you forgive him?” Varya asked.

“Well, when the right time comes,” Agafya Mikhailovna answered seriously, “then I shall forgive him.”

The pleasant, quiet Yasnaya life moved in its own cycle. Bathing, outings, horseback riding and caring for the children filled our day. Guests came from time to time—Dyakov and Dmitry Obolensky with whom I became acquainted at a ball. He was a pleasant and cultivated young man with beautiful manners, due to his mother’s upbringing. I remember also the visit of the Gorchakovs, relatives of Leo Nikolayevich’s. Two younger princesses, aged twenty-five and thirty, arrived with their despotic old mother. Varya, Liza and I, fearing her severe criticisms, didn’t go into the drawing room and sat in Auntie’s room.

“Why are you sitting here, go into the drawing room,” Natalya Petrovna said. “Leo Nikolayevich will introduce you to the old

princess in this way" And Natalya Petrovna, the elbow of her right arm pressed to her breast, palm turned out, pointed in turn to all three of us, muttering "Nieces, sister-in-law, guests" At the word "guests," her hand made a circular motion We all laughed

"What do you mean?" asked Varenka, still laughing

"What is there to chuckle about?" Natalya Petrovna said "Here you, I suppose, do not even know how to introduce people The other day when the midwife Constance arrived with her mother you did not introduce me, yet you were the only one in the room"

"Why, Natalya Petrovna, I named you," Varya said

"Named," mimicked Natalya Petrovna "Is that a way to introduce people? One must talk sense—who is who, who is related to whom And you, you 'named' me"

We were laughing gaily when they called us to the drawing room and we had to go Approaching the old princess, we curtsied to her She did not offer her hand, but only nodded and, inspecting us through her lorgnette, said "Bonjour, mesdemoiselles"

Later she addressed to each of us a question in French The young princesses were very sweet and it was easy for us to get on with them At Sonya's suggestion we asked them to go into the garden The guests remained with us until evening

Fet visited us too and expressed his joy that we were going to live in Nikolskoye, in their neighborhood

"But that is not yet decided," Sonya said "The house there is very small, although Lyovochka promises to accommodate all of us"

Fet insisted on our coming

"Your friends the Dyakovs will be near And how pleasant it will be for my wife," Afanasy Afanasyevich said "I expect that we also shall see each other more frequently"

I listened to their conversation and sadly thought "We are going far away from Pirogovo And what's the difference?" I asked myself "The further, the better. . . ."

8

The Arrival of Sergey Nikolayevich

THIS WAS in the early part of May, the best time of the year with its refreshing greens, hot days, blue skies, cuckoos and nightingales. A carriage harnessed with a pair of horses stood by the porch of the house. We were going bathing in the Voronka, about a verst and a half away. Coming up to the hill where the descent to the river began, we got out of the carriage and raced gaily down. Sonya was with us. She always ran exceptionally well. She sped down the hill, swiftly and beautifully, infecting us with her high spirits. There were five of us including the little girl Dushka, now already sixteen years old, who was our constant companion. I liked her for her good temper and quiet manner. She was of small stature with a large froglike mouth and gray, questioning eyes. When one of the small boys started teasing her in order to annoy, or call her names—which happened quite frequently—she wouldn't lose her temper, merely answered back "And so are you," and turned away.

The Voronka River, our joy at Yasnaya, was a small tributary of the Upa. It was dammed up and had some rather deep places where it was possible to swim. Dushka swam well and was the first to plunge into the stream.

"Do you know, miss," she said to Liza whom she liked especially well, "I nearly drowned once." And Dushka recounted how she and I went one day to the river. Dora, our dog, went with us.

"I swam out to a deep place, see, Dora swimming after me, and she crawled on my neck and with her paws on my head started to push me under. Wasn't I scared!" Dushka ran on breathlessly.

"And I saw that Dushka was under water," I broke in, "and was so frightened I didn't know what to do. That place by the dam is deep and I started calling in despair 'Dora, Dora, here!' Bubbles were already coming up where Dushka was."

"Well, here our Dora understood at last," continued Dushka, "and swam in the direction of Tatyana Andreyevna's call. Otherwise, a breath and a sigh, and I would have drowned."

"A breath and a sigh" was a favorite expression of Dushka's and

she frequently used it. For me it was a new expression and therefore I noted it. While we were bathing, a heavy cloud came over and a light May breeze sprang up. We began to dress hurriedly. Huge raindrops started to fall harder and harder. It was impossible to hide from the rain, there was nowhere to go. The sun peeped out from behind the cloud and I remember a bright rainbow rising over the river. The rain and the rainbow were extraordinarily beautiful.

Arriving home, Varya, Liza and I ran directly to Auntie's room, our hair rumpled, our dresses wet and clinging. We looked wild, but we wanted to assure Auntie that we were home safely. Liza ran on ahead and quickly opened the door. The first person we saw before us was Sergey Nikolayevich. Amazement, joy, and horror overwhelmed me all at once. The girls threw themselves on his neck with shrieks of joy. I stood by silently, like a statue. Besides the unexpectedness of this meeting, I was confused by what I considered my frightful, disgraceful appearance. I was always very particular about my appearance and my dress. After greeting the girls, he came over to me. I silently extended my hand to him.

"Have you just recently come?" *'Avec les hirondelles,'* as Auntie says. That's fine. Lyovochka wrote me about you."

He said all this in that same quiet, gentle voice which I knew so well. I expected to read a certain disapproval in his eyes, but this was not so. I asked myself, "What will happen now? Why did he come?" but could not find an answer to my questions.

It was already late, everyone had retired. Marya Nikolayevna, with her maid Dasha and her daughters, occupied that wing. I moved over there for the period of their visit in order not to be separated from them. A parlor with a balcony divided our room from Marya Nikolayevna's. We were on the second floor, and the balcony opened on a wide vista. The girls were already in bed. Liza had apparently fallen asleep too. The night around us was quiet. I sat on the window ledge—beneath the window the apple orchard was in full bloom, the air was filled with fragrance of bird-cherry trees.

"Tanya, go to sleep, go to sleep, darling. It is late."

"Varya, I cannot sleep on such a night. Just look—what beauty!" Varya doesn't answer, she is tired. "Do you hear the owl hooting," I ask. "That's in Chepyzh."

"Yes, I hear—Lyovochka says that hares cry that way!"

Silence and peace again

"Varya, are you asleep?"

"No," Varya answers drowsily.

"Varya, why did he come?"

"Aren't you glad he did?"

"Varya, I want to be free, to love no one And I feel that I am too happy he came—and I am not free!"

"Tanyechka, it is difficult for you to be free with your temperament "

We are again quiet "She is right," I reflect

"Did you hear that? The owl is hooting again—and so plaintively "

"Yes, hooting away."

Varyenka is drowsing off I sit motionlessly on the window ledge The silence of this solemn night is sometimes broken by a mysterious rustling in the grass, by the belated peeps of a little bird And suddenly I feel an unendurable pity for everything and everybody—for the owl with its plaintive hoots, for Dushka teased by the boys, for the small restless bird Why isn't it asleep? What is the matter with it? And I feel sorry for myself, for my ruined, young life as I imagined it to be that night

There is a hint of freshness in the air, the sky is already tinged by the redness of dawn Varyenka sleeps peacefully, and I continue to sit at the open window But weariness asserts itself, and saying my prayers to the heavens, as there was no icon in the room, I lie down and soon fall into a youthful untroubled sleep

The next morning as we were all sitting at the tea table, a nun walked into the dining room—that is what Natalya Petrovna called her.

"Marya Gerasimovna, is that you? Greetings, my dear Where did you come from?" asked Marya Nikolayevna

"Marya Gerasimovna!" Leo Nikolayevich exclaimed, welcoming her

"From Tula, dearie, from the convent all the way on foot I'm very tired "

"Be seated, be seated—I'll pour you some tea," Natalya Petrovna said

While Marya Gerasimovna drinks her tea, I'll say a few words about her She was Marya Nikolayevna's godmother It happened like this According to Auntie Pelageya Ilyinichna, Marya Nikolayevna's mother had four sons at the time she was expecting another

child, and she was longing for a daughter. She made a vow that if a daughter were born, the first woman she happened upon on the road in the morning would be the child's godmother. She did so on the advice of one of the pilgrims who visited their house. When a daughter was born on March 7, 1830, an old servant was sent to Tula to fulfill this vow. The servant, so they told me, having prayed to God, started on his journey and arrived at Tula before nightfall. He happened to meet a nun from the Tula convent—it was Marya Gerasimovna. She was slightly daft, or rather she pretended to be, tall and lean, with small, shrewd gray eyes—she gazed at people with a whimsical smile. During her youth, Marya Gerasimovna traveled from city to hamlet dressed in a man's cassock and solicited alms for the convent. Leo Nikolayevich frequently led her on to the theme of her wanderings and would attentively listen to her tales. She served him in *War and Peace* as the model for the wanderer at Princess Marya's house.

Sometimes Leo Nikolayevich would say to her, "Well, Marya Gerasimovna, strike up, 'be exalted in your spirit!'" And the nun would chant in her tuneless flat voice the old hymn

"Be exalted in your spirit,
Save yourself in a world of pain,
To this world we're sent to labor,
To God in prayer we will arise"

"Look at the expression on her face," Leo Nikolayevich would say, "how grave and serious it is."

Marya Nikolayevna's mother did not rejoice over her daughter for long, she died soon afterward.

"Well, Marya Gerasimovna, so you've stopped in, back from your pilgrimage? Where is it you went this time?" Leo Nikolayevich asked her.

"To St. Sergius—Trinity, kind sir, there to kneel before the saint," said Marya Gerasimovna with obvious enjoyment, drinking countless cups of tea. "I went begging for alms in Christ's name, not a farthing did I take for myself."

"Well, and did you get your bounty?" Auntie asked.

"I did, sure I did, dearie, and the merchants, God send them good health, are generous folk."

"Marya Gerasimovna, and were there many to be robbed that way?" Sergey Nikolayevich asked with a smile.

Varya, Liza and I could not help laughing, though very cautiously

"Ah! what is this, what is this, my good gentleman? I begged in the name of God and you say 'I robbed!'"

"Vous l'offensez," Marya Nikolayevna said disapprovingly

This scene was used in *War and Peace* almost in its entirety, that's why I remember it so well. Only the characters and the dialogue were changed

"And you have Vovchikov staying here, too, I saw him last night," Sergey Nikolayevich continued smiling. "He was a guest of mine for a whole month."

"Yes, he came just recently," Sonya said

"Not long ago but he has already asked for some of our Dunyasha's brew!" Natalya Petrovna said

"Natalya Petrovna, darling, you are forever betraying other people's secrets," laughed Auntie

Soon everyone left. Sergey Nikolayevich stayed only two days. Marya Nikolayevna decided to spend the summer at her other estate, Pokrovskoye, in the Chern District which was left to her after the death of her husband.

"Perhaps we will see one another in the summer if we live in Nikolskoye," the girls said, sad at leaving Yasnaya. "Uncle Lyovochka, please arrange it so that you can come to Nikolskoye," they pleaded. "And Mama will be so pleased."

"Perhaps we will come. I have to be there on business anyway," Leo Nikolayevich said.

9

Nikolskoye

It's TIME, high time to finish the story of my romance with Sergey Nikolayevich. To write of it even now is a severe emotional strain.

A week had passed. I was sure Sergey Nikolayevich wouldn't come to Yasnaya any more. It was hard for me to believe this, and difficult to cope with my feelings alone, especially since my sweet, sympathetic Varenka had gone. Sonya disapproved of Sergey Niko-

layevich She thought his conduct reprehensible, and I avoided talking to her about him She said to me

"What can you expect from him? Masha has been his companion for fifteen years, she is the mother of his children, and a fine woman Seryozha is almost forty and he shows his age at every turn He has none of that force, energy or desire for happiness, instead there is the common-sense and calm of middle age, and you, Tanya, you are a firebrand! You won't be happy with him "

Even though I avoided talking to Sonya, I knew she was right

But I was mistaken on another score Sergey Nikolayevich came over to Yasnaya on some business several days later Leo Nikolayevich wasn't at home—he was in Tula We spent the day together

Alone, later in the evening, I was frightened by the emotion his visit stirred and dealt sternly with myself But that only lasted for one night He resumed his frequent visits He spent days and evenings at Yasnaya, those bright, moonlit, feverish nights that are possible only in May . . . This was no time for moralizing, this was no time for discretion, or feeling pangs of conscience Our earlier feeling returned with new force I listened to him with the good faith of my eighteen years What did he say? I don't know Neither he nor I uttered the ordinary words of love which are usual in these instances The night and the moon spoke for us I was his last flame, he was my first real love

Sonya characterizes us very aptly in her memoirs "Sergey Nikolayevich has again started to visit us repeatedly. He spends a great deal of time with Tanya, walking, horseback riding, talking, and what's more, admiring her excessively. . . . This always wins us women "

Sonya was right again First it turns our heads and then quite naturally causes us to fall in love, particularly with an exceptional man like Sergey Nikolayevich.

But when a whole week elapsed after his last visit to Yasnaya, I knew that something important and incomprehensible had happened again. There was no one I could ask I felt they were hiding something from me Finally, Leo Nikolayevich, seeing my anxiety, decided to talk openly to me about all he knew and thought in this matter He said:

"Seryozha writes that he has a great deal of unpleasantness at home and that he finds himself torn between Marya Mikhailovna's influence and yours He says that if he leaves Masha, the whole

family will perish since she has never been left alone before and will be quite helpless. He feels that her position would be unbearable and if he leaves her, he'll be the cause of her misfortune and of yours. As for Grisha—he will be left without guidance and protection. He writes a lot more in the same vein. He writes about you: 'I am not worthy of her, but she will feel insulted and that is awful, terrible. There could be nothing more disgraceful than my behavior. God alone knows what I've done, there's no name for my behavior. Anatoly, whom I criticized, is a most honorable man compared with me. Yet if I'm ever with her again, I know I'll be carried away again. I know it is wrong, but I haven't the strength to stop myself! My letter is despicable, low, presumptuous, illogical, and so forth.' "

I listened to Leo Nikolayevich without saying a word, and, without saying a word, I left him. What could I say? I was suffering too intensely.

That same night I wrote Sergey Nikolayevich telling him that everything was over between us, and that although I loved him I could see the complete impossibility of our ever getting married. I handed this letter to Leo Nikolayevich. In reply I received a long letter from Sergey Nikolayevich begging me not to break our engagement, that time would settle everything, and that he loved me as much as ever.

Marya Nikolayevna told me that he had driven over to Pokrovskoye with my letter, and had asked her to write to me not to refuse him and that everything would be settled, would work out. But Marya Nikolayevna refused to write such a letter, saying she couldn't do it because both Lyovochka and Sonya didn't believe in the possibility of the marriage and that Tanya herself, judging from Lyovochka's letter, wouldn't consent to it for the world.

My talk with Leo Nikolayevich left a profound impression on me and made me realize that our ambiguous relationship had lasted long enough and that it had to come to an end.

Varenka writes about Sergey Nikolayevich's visit to Pokrovskoye.

Suffering no less than Tanya, he said to my mother when he came to see us: "Mashenka, what shall I do? I love Tanya so deeply, but when I go to Tula and see Masha and her deathlike appearance and her resigned and submissive grief, my heart is torn to pieces. Once I went to see her intending to discuss my decision to marry Tanya. I opened the

door and saw her on her knees, in tears, and praying so movingly that I had not the heart to speak"

When I had read this letter I said "Varya is mistaken. He loves Masha alone and not me." I again clearly recognized the impossibility of our marriage. I wrote my parents a letter informing them of our break, since Sonya had written them previously that our relationship had been resumed. Leo Nikolayevich added a postscript to my letter which is preserved. I quote it in spite of the fact that it flatters me, because it expresses Leo Nikolayevich's views on our break.

June, 1865

Dear Papa and Mama, don't be too upset and horrified at what I'm going to write you. Mama was right when she said that the matter wasn't settled unless he had finished with Tula. Now it is settled—but in another way. Seryozha went to Tula and wrote a letter from there that she (that is, Marya Mikhailovna) was in despair, that the little girl was very ill, and that it's impossible to break off quite as abruptly as we wanted, he needs time and is himself befogged and powerless, influenced now by Marya Mikhailovna, now by me, and he keeps on repeating "Give me time, wait a little while."

Yesterday he wrote to his sister from the station en route to Pokrovskoye where he went to pull himself together. His last two letters showed me so clearly the unhappy state in his family, his sufferings, and his hesitancy. Lyovochka went to see Masha today. She is ready for the worst, with meekness and humility, but she suffers so much and he does too, through her, that I made up my mind and wrote him a refusal. Don't be surprised and don't be unhappy about it. I couldn't have done otherwise, it would always have been on my conscience, but now perhaps everything will turn out for the best.

To write to you in more detail and at greater length is too hard and I can't. Please don't be put out over this—Papa dear, take it as lightly as possible. Everything will pass and all will be well. I send you both a warm kiss. Mama, don't you feel sorry for me either. I did the right thing.

TANYA

Leo Nikolayevich's postscript to my letter

What can I add to this wonderful letter? It is all true, it is all heartfelt, and it is all lovely. I always loved her not for her gaiety alone, but

because I sensed she had a fine heart. She has shown it now with this generous, high-minded gesture which I can't speak of or write about without tears in my eyes. He is to blame on all counts and there's no excuse for him. He should have finished with Tula first. It would be easier for me if he were a stranger to me and not my brother. But there was nothing else for a girl of her pure, fiery, energetic disposition to do. It has taken a terrible toll, but she has the best consolation in the world—she knows she did the right thing. Will this lead her to better or to worse? Nobody knows. Yet I've always thought, and now more than ever, that he isn't worthy of her. God grant her strength to endure. The first day was painful: she ate nothing, didn't sleep, and cried all the time. Now she's asleep for the first time and tomorrow we leave for Nikolskoye. Besides, if they really love each other so deeply, nothing is lost. Tanya's gesture must show him what he is losing in her. One thing I know is that they must not and will not see each other until he is completely free, her decision seems serious and is all the more touching for that. Today she repeated several times: "Now I'm not going to marry him—not for the world." This decision came to her suddenly and quite unexpectedly. Over night she has been transformed from a child into a woman and a fine woman. I don't know how you both will take this and I dread your chagrin and the reproaches which you may cast on us. Tell us all you think. But there is nothing to grieve about. She can't be unhappy with such a heart. Good-bye. I await your reply with my heart sinking. The address is Chern, Nikolskoye Village.

Nikolskoye Estate, Tula Province, Chern District, is situated one hundred versts from Yasnaya Polyana.* At that time there was no railroad and the trip with horses, partly on the highway and partly on a byroad, presented many difficulties, what with the children and a night lodging at a village inn.

Nikolskoye is a very beautiful estate in a hilly country with a forest on the banks of a winding river, which flows near the house.

We rode in two carriages followed by baggage carts and servants. The two children, the nurse, and I rode in the coach, Leo Nikolayevich and Sonya in the calash. Auntie and Natalya Petrovna had stayed behind at Yasnaya. I was diverted along the way by new sights and by the children, who took turns sitting on my lap. Tanya

* Later this estate passed to Leo Nikolayevich's eldest son—Sergey Lyovich. He built a beautiful house, planted a garden and a vegetable garden, and introduced various forms of farming. But in 1920, everything was destroyed.—Au

was a very lively and amusing child, her precocious chatter was very entertaining

"Why have you grown so quiet, Tatyana Andreyevna?" Marya Afanasyevna said "We don't hear your songs or your laughter any more"

"Oh, well, Nurse, all was fine then and I was happy, but now everything has gone wrong, you know it, don't you?"

"Why, dearie, it's not worth moping about The thing is over and done with—you are young! There'll be other suitors!" Nurse judged in her own way, simply and practically, and would not tolerate any sentimentality

We rode, paused to rest, fed the horses, took lodgings for the night But I don't recall how or where I traveled as if in a dream, quite indifferent to everything

A medium-sized house stood on the Nikolskoye property in those days It used to belong to Nikolay Nikolayevich, Leo Nikolayevich's elder brother Adjoining the property was a church, which was a comfort to me There were five rooms in the house—a rather large main dining room, a corridor, three bedrooms and Leo Nikolayevich's small study

Sonya went to a great deal of trouble settling us all in I wanted to help her but she didn't wish to bother me

Leo Nikolayevich received no answer to his letter and wrote to Father again on June 30th

I'm writing to you from Nikolskoye where we've been for the past three days I can't think of you without my heart sinking as long as I don't know your opinion on this matter—everything that you're thinking and saying The matter is completely closed And however painful it is for Tanya and indeed for all of us, I cannot help but feel a stealthy joy at the bottom of my heart that by undergoing this lesser misfortune we've been spared a greater one The minute I arrived at Nikolskoye I drove over to Pokrovskoye to see my brother I saw him and I think it was for the last time He has gone to Tula now As for us, we intend to stay here about a month and a half, in surroundings which are new for Tanya, in the company of people she likes—the Dyakovs, and Mashenka and her children And now I'll tell you about what interests you most—Tanya

She is extremely touching—meek and sad We were rather frightened for her the first two days, but now I, at least, feel easy regarding her

health I fervently hope she'll grow calm and that everything will pass, that this time it'll be over for good and all. So much still lies before her with her delightful disposition and heart. For a further restoration of her health, Sonya and I thought of having her drink kumiss with me. She does not refuse even though there is no real need, and she likes the drink anyway.

Here are our further plans. We are going back to Yasnaya in August and will spend a month there. In September we'll go to Moscow for about a month, which I shall use to see about printing the second part of my novel, we'll go abroad for the winter—either to Rome or to Naples. Naturally Tanya will come along, if you'll entrust her to us again, and don't blame us for taking poor care of her. I have an alarming premonition that you reproach me in your heart. Please speak out your mind. But truly, fate is to blame for everything. This was the work of God and I can't help but think that what we call a misfortune now, we may soon call the greatest good luck.

Good-bye, and write soon. I don't know if Sonya will add a note to this letter. She agrees entirely with what I've written only with a shade of resentment, perfectly justified too, against my brother, but I am older than she is and he is my brother. I blame him and I wouldn't want to be in his position with such an act on my conscience. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner* * He is to blame for his reckless promises, without first freeing himself from his earlier relationship. But he is suffering for all this no less than she is, if not more. The last time I saw him he kept repeating that all he wanted is time, but we know, and Tanya with her wounded pride realized, that he didn't have the strength to break his previous ties. There lies his sin and it is an unforgivable one—but that was Tanya's affair. How much I would like to see your dear faces before me instead of writing to you. Then you would understand me, but now I am floundering as if I were guilty. Good-bye.

Sofya Andreyevna's postscript

We've been living through sad days, dear Papa and Mama, and we'll feel the effects of this sad history for a long time to come. For God's sake, don't write to Tanya too emotionally for it will reopen an old wound and she has already begun to grow a bit calmer. She is terribly worried that you'll be unhappy, but she says she's glad she refused him and helped him out of an embarrassing and odious situation. Because of

* To understand all is to forgive all.

his weakness and lack of courage but mainly because of his lack of honor, he placed himself in a position where he was engaged to be married to one woman while continuing to live with another (with Marya Mikhailovna) The other person, less gentlehearted, and with whom he had lived longer—prevailed He couldn't bring himself to give Tanya up, either . . .

The end of the letter has not been preserved

We received Father's and Mother's letters at Nikolskoye at last Here is Father's letter to me of July 3rd, 1865

Don't think, Tanya dear, that your last letter upset me On the contrary I was delighted to see you had so much strength of character and such a generous, noble nature, which showed itself at the first opportunity I'm very proud of your conduct, and I thank you for acting so sensibly Take care to be firm now and don't waver in your recent resolve Think how much good you did by your refusal You forced a man carried away by passion to reflect, a man who had forgotten his obligations and was on the road to bring unhappiness to two women You saved him from everlasting pangs of conscience and saved yourself from becoming the instrument he would have used to deal a blow to that unfortunate woman and her children Your entire life would have been poisoned for all time with reproaches and torments of your conscience I have often told you, my dear, that an obstacle stood between you which you never could overcome, and if you went ahead in spite of it, you wouldn't be happy But contrary to my warnings, both of you again gave in to your dreams and are now at last convinced that all this would only have led to ruin If I wrote to you in my first letter that I rejoiced at your happiness based on your mutual love, then these sentiments were the outpourings of a father's heart filled with the desire to see you happy, and in some measure I was carried away by your own assurances But my enthusiasm was incomplete—I still didn't stop thinking and talking about Tula and was extremely perplexed about Sergey Nikolayevich's relationship with Marya Mikhailovna

I didn't want to write to you about it, however I was loath to trouble you at the very moment when you were so happy and when everybody was rejoicing with you. Your last letter and Leo Nikolayevich's letter explained everything to me and of course I now regret having expressed my joy so inadvertently and prematurely It would have been better to reserve my opinion a little longer I know, my darling, that your heart aches now, but be completely sure that time will heal everything Don't

worry, a wonderful future still lies ahead of you. Don't imagine either that this mishap might harm you in society, be sure that nobody will dream of blaming you for anything. Rather, they'll blame the parents, and feel nothing but sympathy for you. Write whether or not you want to return home, if not immediately, then after a little while. Avoid meeting Sergey Nikolayevich, for God's sake. This is an essential consideration for you and for him too. Be firm and try to distract yourself. Regard this whole mishap as a bad dream. Good-bye, I embrace you with all my heart. In winter we'll go roaming about on zoological trips, it's a pity I won't be able to go hunting with you in the fall. Kiss Sofya and take care of her.

Here is Father's letter to Leo Nikolayevich

And I say to you, my good and incomparable friend, it would be foolish to seek out the guilty ones or blame anyone at such periods of our lives. We are all, without exception, very weak people exposed to all possible passions and born in order to make mistakes at every turn. Such is the case for old and young alike. For this reason I don't even reproach Sergey Nikolayevich, he isn't the kind of man who could do wrong intentionally and he is the first to regret what he did do. I should say his position is worse than anyone's. Of course, for a man of his years and experience, he didn't show much foresight. But then, how many people do we find who examine their actions carefully, look around at every step, and weigh each word and deed beforehand? I don't even know what to think of these people—life must be a burden to them. In general, it's difficult to judge people and even more dangerous to condemn them. And who knows if my wife and I are not most to blame, for one, I am almost convinced of it. Tanya is now going through grievous trials, but I'm sure she'll make good use of them and that she is still going to be very happy. Don't you think she ought to come home to Pokrovskoye? I leave everything to you and Sophia.

I'm very glad you've gone to Nikolskoye. It will do Tanya a lot of good. Write soon and tell me how Tatyana Aleksandrovna's health is. I'm very sorry that this trouble of Tanya's has disrupted your quiet and peaceful existence, but I hope it won't last long—she'll certainly settle down soon, you two are her best consolation. Of my own health, I'd say that I feel fairly well, but at times not well at all. I've decided against going to Petersburg. I'm afraid to have my tube removed, that it might make things worse. Therefore, why waste money going to Petersburg for no good reason?

Good-bye, my good friend Calm Tanya and by so doing you'll calm me, she loves and trusts you more than anyone else The best of luck to you, kiss Sofya, I'm sure she must be very upset and that's the reason she hasn't written us We all ought to calm ourselves and not repine, we did nothing dishonorable, God has spared us Our conscience is clear and that is the main thing, all the rest is negligible Anything may happen in life, one should never give in to despair These last lines don't refer to you, but to Tanya who keeps on running through my thoughts

Mother's letter to me

You don't know, my poor Tanya, how sorry I was for you when I read your letter, after so much joy, suddenly such sorrow, but I also admired you for being my kind and good little girl Your gesture raised you a great deal in my estimation and I love you even more than ever Continue to be good, don't give in to sadness, consider the others Pray to God and depend on Him, believe that everything turns out for the best and that your good actions will not go unrewarded You are still so young, there are a great many fine people in the world

I suppose Seryozha still loves his Masha very much and she him, but in that case we must thank God that the marriage didn't take place, and I hope that you are fully convinced by now that it can never take place I wonder that you could have hoped to marry him when he still wasn't finished with Mar Mik Even Petya said "This wedding will never come off, Seryozha has only to take a trip to Tula and the whole thing is over and done with!" Believe me when I say that if Seryozha were married to you, he would often worry about her and his conscience would give him no rest and he would become melancholy—how could you endure it? The day after I received Sonya's letter saying he went to Tula to announce all to M M, I took a trip to the Trinity to pray for you Perhaps the Lord heard my prayer and saved you from the unhappy life which might have been your lot Please write to us more often about yourself and ask Sonya and Leo to write more often too Believe me I feel no less unhappy than you do, and my only regret is I can't be with you to share your heartache Aren't you thinking of coming home? The farther you are from him the better, and the fewer the memories Kiss everybody for me

July 3, 1865.

"A new place, new surroundings, new life, but how unexpected and strange it all seems," I thought Our first visitors were Afanasy

Afanasye[~]vich Fet and his wife, Marya Petrovna She was still a young woman and was extremely sweet and likable Without being beautiful, she was attractive in her kindness and simplicity It was as if she were saying to everybody "Love me, I love all of you " She called her husband "Dawling Fet " (She couldn't pronounce the *r*) He never noticed her in company and I never saw him address her about anything, but she treated him with unaffected solicitude

I was amazed at Sonya "What a grand person she is!" I thought We came to a vacant, dirty house, inside of three days everything was clean The whole household machinery was set in order There was a clean tablecloth, there was food and drink for everybody, the samovar was on the table There were even chicks running about the yard and "they catch them," as Dushka would say The Fets' visit was very pleasant

Leo Nikolayevich read newly written passages of *War and Peace* aloud to us Afanasy Afanasyevich was delighted both with the contents and with Leo Nikolayevich's reading I noticed how much Leo Nikolayevich enjoyed his sincere praise

The days at Nikolskoye dragged on endlessly Life seemed to stand still for me The only thing I loved was horseback riding I rode alone in unfamiliar places and found my solitude restful, not because the others annoyed me, but because I annoyed and worried them by my depression and especially the decline in my health

Leo Nikolayevich ordered several mares brought in and he prepared the kumiss for both of us I didn't like kumiss, but drank it out of gratitude to Leo Nikolayevich

When I recall Sonya and Leo Nikolayevich's concern, the pains they took with me, how kindly they treated me, my heart overflows with thankfulness and love for them even now

I wrote to Polivanov (November 17, 1864) "It's odd, I want to let myself go, to cheer up, but it can't be done I laugh but my heart isn't in it, and instead of singing, tears well in my eyes When will this end? I don't think it ever will "

Polivanov wrote me letters in which sympathy was interspersed with moralizing I remember that Volkov, a young neighbor, called on us, he offered to take me riding on a good horse, but I refused with a polite "thank you " Leo Nikolayevich said to me

"Tanya, where has your coquetry gone? Come on, give Volkov a try, for old time's sake!"

"I can't," I said smiling at his advice "For me now all men are like our Trifonovna By the way, our Fedora is getting married, the wedding will be in August after the fast," I continued "She'll go on living at Pokrovskoye She is very happy and I'm glad for her Liza wrote me about it"

Leo Nikolayevich received Father's answer to his letter and let me read it, saying "What a fine letter I got from your father!"

July 7, 1865

I see from your latest letters, which we received today, my good and dear friends, that you are still very upset and troubled about us You can't imagine what an impression all these recent happenings made on us Be assured we took all this very sensibly and, knowing how much you both love Tanya, I was completely at ease as far as she is concerned You are both her best comfort, in your company she'll come to life again and will soon steady herself To tell the truth, there was nothing to be brokenhearted about, I find that you all were foolish to take this so much to heart and to treat all that took place as a misfortune, while the whole matter is nothing but an unpleasant experience, such as often happens in life We may repine over it a little and then should forget, and rejoice that it had such a happy ending God has spared Tanya unhappiness which she went to face so confidently Even though it's hard to bear the disillusionment she feels now about Sergey Nikolayevich, she mustn't forget either what she is atoning for, and what would have been in store for her if she became his wife

I'm very sorry, Sonya dear, that you are so up in arms against Sergey Nikolayevich I always rejoiced at your warm, friendly relations and I refuse to believe that these relations are broken off for good You all ought to forgive him for his ill-advised action and deplore the past along with him Doubtless, he considers himself to blame and is sincerely penitent For God's sake, I beg of you, my good friends, try to dispel all malice from your hearts Let the whole affair sink into oblivion and believe it happened unintentionally and as a result of an infatuation to which we are all prone

My greatest worry is the fact that this matter disrupted your peaceful, happy existence Be calm yourselves—this is the only way you'll calm me Be gay again, forget the past, think only of the future and arrange your life as happily as possible There is no cause for all that lamenting, you are all young, goodhearted, and honorable, none of you has anything to reproach himself for Tanya, saddle your horse, and bury your

heartache in the black soil of Chern, cheer up, and everyone will follow your lead, after that come and visit us in Moscow. It seems too good to be true, you both made an awful lot of fine promises, but we'll see how you keep them. As soon as Sonyushka suddenly finds herself with another, then it's good-bye to all your plans. Go to Nikolskoye in August, Tanya, for the fall hunt, you'll see the bustards. Take a trip to the Voits, they'll be very glad to see you, but do as you think best. I am no admirer of theirs. Regards to Dyakov. Good-bye my dears, I embrace you with all my heart. Write to us more often, don't be lazy. If I were there I would soon set things going and wouldn't let you mope.

Leo Nikolayevich's answer

Dear, kind friend Andrey Yevstafich, I would like to write you many interesting and pleasant things about our daily life, but our poor Tanya concerns us first and foremost. She is still the same—sad, silent and dejected, she lives in the past, with her terrible memories. It seems to me that she keeps recalling to mind the moments she thought were happy and asks herself each time "Can this be all over?" and wavers between love and bitterness. Only a new love can supplant this love from her heart. But how and when it will come—God alone knows. There is nothing we can do to help, we must wait and have patience, which is just what we're doing. She is soft, meek and submissive, and I feel all the more sorry for her, I long to do anything to help her, but there's no help. She rarely, if ever, goes near her guitar or sings. Only if we plague her with requests she sings a little in an undertone and then leaves off.

It's comforting to know that her health is still good, although she *has* changed and this particularly strikes those who don't see her every day as we do. I expect a great deal from the fall. In the first place, this present sultry, distressing summer that encourages her to remember will have passed, secondly, there'll be the hunting, and thirdly, a complete change of scene if our plans for a trip abroad materialize. If this news about her isn't too cheerful, be comforted by the fact that I prefer to look at things pessimistically rather than through rose-colored glasses, and that you know all the facts. If it had not been for our family sorrow, we would all have been very pleased with our summer. I began my journeyings after taking the mineral waters. The first one was to see Dyakov and then the two of us went to visit Shatilov at Mokhovoye. It is surely the most remarkable farm in Russia and he, himself, is one of the nicest people in his simplicity, intelligence and knowledge of

men He received us warmly and this trip increased my enthusiasm for my own agricultural enterprises Kireyevsky invited me for July 25th but ill-health kept me back (after the waters my stomach was upset for two weeks), tomorrow I'll take everyone back to Mashenka's and I'll get to Kireyevsky's not earlier than the 27th Good-bye, I kiss you and the others

The summer was sultry and hot The Upa River flowed at a little distance from the house at the foot of a hill Although there were no bathing huts, Sonya and I bathed there daily One day we had an unpleasant experience While we were in the water two "pea-jackets" walked by (my name for such nondescript fellows) They began sniggering and taunting us that they'd carry our clothes off We stayed far down in the water and said nothing but "Please go away" But they wouldn't stop Luckily, Leo Nikolayevich was coming by They caught sight of him and left Sonya cried out in a distraught voice

"Lyovochka!"

We never saw them after that, but found out later that Leo Nikolayevich had caught one of them and thrashed him with a stick

Several years later when Leo Nikolayevich was talking about "nonresistance to evil," I asked him in the course of an argument

"Do you remember the incident at Nikolskoye with those clerks? What would you do now?"

He pondered

"I think that I couldn't strike him"

"But I could, and with pleasure, if I were a man," I said

As usual he laughed good-naturedly at my rejoinder

Leo Nikolayevich took us to Pokrovskoye on his way to visit Kireyevsky for a few days

10

Life at Pokrovskoye

I WAS VISITING Pokrovskoye for the first time The life there was quite different from that at Yasnaya Polyana The entire one-story stone house breathed the spirit of the old days The servants' atti-

tude toward their masters was loyal and respectful. The servants walked on tiptoe in their presence. In the morning, the countess' special maid Gasha, a stately woman, a tall comb in her braided hair, with an expressionless face, resembling Agafya Mikhailovna in her ways, warned everybody not to make noise while the masters were asleep. If a dog chanced to bark or the cock crowed under Marya Nikolayevna's bedroom window, Gasha would rush into the maids' quarters and send one of the girls (there were three or four) to chase the rooster or dog away.

There was an established routine in the house which apparently was impossible to disrupt. At 8 00 A.M. on holidays, the door of our room would open quietly, and Gasha appeared on the threshold laden with our starched skirts and dresses. She held them with her two fingers above her head as if they were made of air. Placing them carefully on the couch, she said "The countess wishes you to wear the pink dress, she is taking you to church."

"Is Mama up yet?" Varenka asked in a drowsy voice.

"She is resting," Gasha answered in her terse, stiff tone, walking smoothly out of the room in her soft slippers.

Since the house was not large, Sonya, Marya Afanasyevna, and the children were put up in the bath house. Dunka, a girl of fifteen or sixteen, was commandeered to be nurse's assistant.

At nine o'clock we all drove to church. On our return home a hearty breakfast awaited us, consisting of various kinds of rolls, pastries, thick cream and coffee flavored with chicory. Sonya rarely participated in our activities. The children were out of sorts in their new surroundings and so was Sonya. She soon returned to Yasnaya. Leo Nikolayevich came to fetch her. They left me at Pokrovskoye. I was glad to stay with the girls for a while.

Let me say a few words about Marya Nikolayevna and her brother Dmitry. Exceedingly spoiled from early childhood by her aunts—Pelageya Ilyinichna and Tatyana Aleksandrovna—she was contrary and headstrong, but had a generous heart and an original mind. Her candid religious faith was never clouded with doubts and helped her to bear many unhappy situations. Her married life was unhappy, the aunties had married her off when she was sixteen years old. She told me she was very "babyish" and didn't care whom she married. On the aunties' advice she married a relative, Count Valerian Petrovich Tolstoy who was many years her senior. They lived on the Pokrovskoye estate.

Valerian Petrovich led a very immoral life and was unfaithful to his wife whenever the occasion permitted. His mother, who was very fond of Marya Nikolayevna, shielded her from unpleasantness as much as she could and always tried to conceal matters from her. But after her death, this was no longer possible. Marya Nikolayevna, realizing what had been going on, felt so embittered and lonely that Leo and Sergey Nikolayevich persuaded her to leave her husband. They brought her and the children to Pirogovo where a house had been built on the opposite bank of the river.

Years later, when Leo Nikolayevich had changed his views on life and people, he said: "I always reproach myself for one thing—that I persuaded Mashenka to leave her husband and be separated from him for good. That is wrong. Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder. My sister ought to have borne patiently everything God visited upon her."

I argued with him, saying that an immoral husband and father caused nothing but harm to his family.

I recalled these words of Leo Nikolayevich about his sister when a telegram informed me that he had left Yasnaya Polyana, October 28, 1910, I left for Yasnaya Polyana on the 30th. Had I seen Leo Nikolayevich then, I would naturally have reminded him of his words. But I didn't see him before his death, because I didn't go to Astapovo where it occurred.

But I have digressed from my recollections.

Marya Nikolayevna had a strong inclination to mysticism; she was superstitious and believed in visions, omens, and prophecies. This trait of superstition and religious inclination was inherited from their mother and appeared in almost all the Tolstoys, particularly in Dmitry. He was an unusual man. He had a morose disposition and was deeply devout. From his youth on he kept the fast days, went to church regularly, and at that, not even to a fashionable one but to a prison chapel. He was friendly with the clergy and loved to chat with them, his friends didn't come from the ranks of society but were poor folk.

Marya Nikolayevna used to tell me that he had a friend named Poluboyarinov (or "half-a-boyar") and that his brothers and friends laughed at him and called him "Polubezobedov" (or "half-dinnerless"). Dmitry Nikolayevich paid as little attention to their raillery as he did to all external matters, *le comme il faut*, which Sergey and Leo worried about so much when they were young.

"Mitenka was a remarkable man," Leo Nikolayevich said "He had lofty morals, was prone to fits of temper, almost of rage, yet was remarkably modest and severe with himself. It's clear to me that death didn't destroy Mitenka completely. He existed even before I knew him, before he was born, and exists now after his death."

After two of her brothers died, Marya Nikolayevna lived abroad for a long time and educated her son Nikolay there.

Pokrovskoye is rather beautiful. The old garden with its avenue of lime trees and the river at the foot of the garden make up the beauty of the estate. I thought the old white stone house mysterious, probably because I had heard so many legends about it.

I remember those evenings with Marya Nikolayevna in the garden, or in the dimly lit drawing room. The moonlight fell on the floor in strips and illuminated the center of the room. We sat in silence, exhausted by the heat of the day and by our activities. I tried to make Marya Nikolayevna tell us some story of the supernatural and finally persuaded her to do so. She told us of her mother-in-law's death.

"I was deeply grieved over her death," Marya Nikolayevna said "I thought I had lost an invaluable friend and protectress, and I cried a great deal."

"But one night my husband was away and I couldn't sleep. The bedroom was dimly lit by the icon lamp. A screen stood near my bed, I usually hung my wooden prayer beads, which I wore during the day, on that screen. It was after midnight, everybody in the house was asleep when I heard footsteps slowly drawing near me. I saw a woman all in white coming out from behind the screen with her head covered. Slowly she approached the screen and slightly moved the beads hanging there, so that I distinctly heard their wooden click. Then she came nearer to me and gazed at me intently. I recognized my mother-in-law. At first I wasn't afraid but suddenly, aware that she was no longer alive, I became terrified and cried aloud. . . The apparition vanished."

After a brief pause, Marya Nikolayevna added "And that year I left my husband for good."

Whoever knew Marya Nikolayevna intimately was also aware of her truthfulness. Not only was she incapable of invention, but she didn't even have the habit of embellishing her story. She spoke in a calm, even tone and wasn't in the least concerned over the impression she was making on her audience.

Marya Nikolayevna's nearest neighbors were Baron Delvig's numerous patriarchal family. The baron's family and the baron himself enjoyed the respect and regard of the entire neighborhood. I remember that a large company of people used to gather on the baron's nameday, August 30th. On that day you could find out all the local news of appointments, seed-sowings, harvesting, and so forth. But of course we young girls didn't take part in these conversations. The lawns beckoned us, where noisy games of cat and mouse or of catch were organized and where not only all the young people but quite a few "grownups" joined in the fun—in short, anybody who could move his legs. How many romances and marriages these games brought on in simple landowners' families!

Everyone felt good-humored and merry in that hospitable family circle where words of anger and criticism were never heard, and where everyone was treated simply, equally and amiably.

One day Marya Nikolayevna suggested making a pilgrimage on foot to Mtsensk, a distance of twenty-five versts from Pokrovskoye. Unfortunately this old custom of making pilgrimages had almost disappeared with the introduction of the railroads, but how much poetry it brought into this workaday world! You got away from the mundane, the conventional, the confining. You walk along in a strange countryside and there is one fine view after another. In front lies open space, an unlimited expanse, where it is so easy to breathe, all around there is stillness, broken only by the song of the lark, and you feel all your thoughts and emotions growing quiescent and merging into one with this marvelous nature.

Pokrovskoye was named as the meeting place. There were about ten of us, we left early in the morning. Lyubov Antonovna (Baron Delvig's sister), the baroness, several young ladies and two young men from the neighborhood joined us. A cart for the weak and lazy followed us and carried the provisions. The weather was hot, I think it was the middle of July. Our way lay partly through forest and partly by the main road.

"We'll see," Marya Nikolayevna said, "who in our party is properly devout and will get to Mtsensk on foot without resting in the cart once. I am perfectly sure Lyubov Antonovna and I will be tireless," she added. And indeed, Marya Nikolayevna, delicate and never very active, didn't complain of fatigue once.

We walked on jauntily and gaily and passed unweariedly along

the unfamiliar roads Halfway we stopped for the night at a village inn We were all starved and since the hut was stuffy and fly-ridden, we ordered the table and samovar brought into the open air

In spite of being tired, we felt exhilarated One of the young men carried the samovar, the others unpacked the provisions Marya Nikolayevna was especially kind and gentle to everybody Her concern over my rest was touching, I was considered far from strong

The peasant woman from the inn, Matryona, waited on us and asked where we were going When she found out we were on a pilgrimage to Mtsensk she expressed her complete approval and said that St Nicholas had performed many miracles She informed us that a large stone with his image depicted on it had floated down the river to the shore—to the very place where the cathedral was built.

"What kind of miracles did the saint perform?" Marya Nikolayevna asked

"Well, in our village there were two bewitched ones," Matryona began, "epileptics, you know They used to become violent in church And people tried everything they could think of with them—put them under a hen coop and set an old woman come from Our Saviour's Convent to read prayers over them but nothing was any help, and then a pilgrim advised taking them to the saint So they did, and after the Liturgy, as they kissed the relics, why—the spell was broken right away And once a bull gored a boy and the wonder-worker healed him too And the pilgrims tell of many other miracles—one can't remember them all," Matryona said

Marya Nikolayevna listened attentively to the old woman's tales I think she was afraid that our high spirits and suppressed laughter would offend Matryona

The sun was setting and the evening chill was spreading in the air Since we had to get up early the next morning and continue our journey, Lyubov Antonovna persuaded us to retire early

Our beds were made up in the hay in a spacious barn, where Marya Nikolayevna, the baroness, and the three of us were to sleep We gaily examined our unusual and dimly lit shelter Moonlight peeped through the cracks in the barn Sheets were spread on the hay and there was a pillow for each of us

When I lay down, I detected the smell of the stable, of tar, and the nearness of the animals After everything was quiet and the light extinguished, I could hear the snorting of horses, the bleating of sheep, and the rustle of hens stirring in the coop This unfa-

miliar proximity aroused a peculiar sensation of being close to nature—both unusual and entrancing

"Liza, are you asleep?" I called her softly "Isn't it wonderful here?"

Liza wasn't asleep, she sat up at once as if she were expecting my question

"Yes, it's marvelous how that hay smells," she said "You know I'm not in the least bit tired, tomorrow I'm not going to ride in the long carriage for all the world"

Evidently she had just been thinking of this.

At the other end of the barn Varenka and the baroness were talking together quietly But soon weariness overcame them Gradually all grew still Through my drowsiness I heard Marya Nikolayevna murmuring her prayers and sighing deeply

We reached Mtsensk toward evening of the next day We climbed the hill, silently and slowly, exhausted by the journey The whole city lay before us and we saw the cathedral on top of the high hill It was Saturday and the bell rang out solemn and measured strokes for evening service Marya Nikolayevna paused and crossed herself devoutly How much significance every little thing seemed to possess then, how much the kindness and simplicity of Marya Nikolayevna enhanced the religious character of our pilgrimage

We stayed at a hotel in Mtsensk I thought it close and stuffy after our spacious barn I don't recall how we spent the day, but I do remember that we were back at Pokrovskoye about two days later, several days after that I returned to Nikolskoye

At home in Nikolskoye the children were my delight, especially little Tanya She developed with the passing of each day and amused us with her childish fancies Seryozha was a serious, quiet little boy His attitude toward his sister was touching, he gave up his toys to her and treated her condescendingly as he would a baby

I remember what a fright he gave us once Sonya, Nurse, Seryozha and I were in the dining room, the window was open Nurse happened to move away from Seryozha and didn't see him climb on to the window ledge Suddenly there was a cry or rather a gasp of terror and Seryozha disappeared At that very moment Leo Nikolayevich walked into the dining room and Sonya cried out "Lyovochka! Seryozha has fallen out" She hadn't finished

saying "of the window" before Leo Nikolayevich was downstairs. Nurse was leaning far out of the window, she had succeeded in getting to Seryozha in time to catch him in mid-air by his linen shirt. He screamed lustily in his fright. The window was about six feet from the ground. Leo Nikolayevich brought Seryozha back to us unharmed, having taken him from the arms of the terrified nurse.

This incident gave us such a fright that even now I remember it vividly. For a while it shook me out of my lethargy, although it aroused a feeling of sheer terror in me.

11

The Dyakov Family

OUR NEAREST neighbors were the Dyakovs.

"Sonya, let's go to the Dyakovs," I said, "since they have so kindly invited us."

"We will go, but in a few days."

Sonya was both surprised and pleased that there was something I wanted to do. Her wonderful kindness to me was touching.

Father's last letter pleased me. "Yes, I will bury everything in the black earth of Chern, as Papa writes," I said to myself. "I must not lose courage."

We are in Cheremoshnya, the Dyakovs' estate, twenty-five versts from Nikolskoye in the Novosilisk District. They are all happy to see us and Dmitry Alekseyevich is especially glad to see Leo Nikolayevich. I notice how tenderly he cares for his comfort, how he praises his novel, and with what humor he refers to his management of his estate.

"Lyovochka, so you have left Yasnaya in Kiryushka's hands?" Dmitry Alekseyevich laughingly asked.

And Dolly asked, "Leo Nikolayevich, will you read us something from your novel in the evening?"

Leo Nikolayevich agreed and read to us the passage of the hunt with Uncle superbly. He said that the description of Uncle's hunt and his household was created in one stroke. "That happens rather seldom with me," he added.

Sonya wrote in her reminiscences

After Lyovochka had written the scene of Uncle's Rostov hunt, I went into his study for something. He was all radiant, apparently greatly satisfied with his work—and this happened rarely.

And I remember that when he read a moving passage aloud, there would be tears in his voice. This affected me deeply and made the impression even greater. Thus, for example, the passage where Prince Andrey is lying wounded in the field.

"Is this really death," Prince Andrey thought, looking at the grass, the sand and the thin wreath of smoke with an entirely new, covetous look. "I cannot, I do not want to die, I love life, I love this grass, the earth, the air. . . ."

Who besides Leo Nikolayevich could say "Looking at the grass with a covetous look?" It must be said that Turgenev more than anyone—with the possible exception of Strakhov—was able to appreciate the power of his style.

Sonya attributed his tears to nervous fatigue. She said that she suffered from his cold, indifferent attitude toward his family at such times. But I knew that his tears were connected with his creative power. Of course such a many-sided man as Leo Nikolayevich could not always be the same. His inner life was too full.

I revived a little at Cheremoshnya with Sofesha and Masha. We went together to all the places I didn't know.

"Sofesha, what a wonderful braid you have, let it out," I said to her.

And she granted my wish with pleasure. Sofesha was not spoiled by praise. She was very sweet—small of stature with narrow shoulders and the reserved manner of the institute. Her large gray eyes had a naive and questioning look. We became good friends, I sat next to her at dinner.

Daily life at the Dyakovs' was completely opposite to that of Yasnaya Polyana: a large hall, a big round dinner table, two be-whiskered lackeys neatly dressed. One of them, Porfiry Dementyevich, who had been in Grandfather Dyakov's house practically since his birth, stood behind Darya Aleksandrovna's place with a plate in his hands during almost the entire meal and managed somehow with his eyes to guide the young lackey Rodion through all the intricacies of serving at the master's table. Dinner was elegant. Leo Nikolayevich was merry and told us about his trip to Shatilov.

"That is an amazing, a model estate," Leo Nikolayevich said.

"Such people are either lucky or unusually skilled. Everything there lives and flourishes. The breed of cattle is remarkable."

"They know how to select the right people! You can't get far with fellows like Kiryushka," Dmitry Alekseyevich said laughingly. "Well, of course one has to know and love this work oneself."

"I was greatly taken by it, but now my interest has cooled a little," Leo Nikolayevich said.

This was my first time at the Dyakovs' and I loved everything there: that spacious wonderful house with its terrace filled with flowers, the large, high-ceilinged rooms, and the whole manner of life. Although rustic, it was really beautiful and comfortable.

Sonya and I became very attached to Dolly, as we called her now, she was so dear and gentle. And Dmitry Alekseyevich was so hospitable that we didn't want to leave them. But I couldn't make up my mind to stay alone, despite their invitation. "Ah, how lonely it would be without the Tolstoys," I thought.

12

A New Life

IT WAS the beginning of autumn. In the forest the rustle of falling leaves drove the animals to the mowed fields. Almost every day Leo Nikolayevich and I went hunting with greyhounds. Instead of the simpleton Bibikov and Nikolka Tsvetkov, we were sometimes accompanied by our neighbors Volkov and Dyakov. Young Novosiltsev, a more distant neighbor, also joined us at times, riding a thoroughbred horse, dressed in elegant hunting attire and speaking French, he would bring a delightful lunch—a fat hen, which he himself cut into thin slices, pastries, and so forth.

"*Mademoiselle désire un morceau de volaille?*"* he would ask me.

This delighted me, but when we went on a hunt without Novosiltsev Leo Nikolayevich teased me by asking "*Mademoiselle désire une croûte de pain?*"†

Dmitry Alekseyevich was not a hunter; he not only found no excitement in good coursing, but was even quite indifferent to it.

* *Mademoiselle would like a piece of chicken?*

† *Mademoiselle would like a crust of bread?*

he grumbled when a long time passed without stopping and having lunch, and laughed when the dogs ran badly and the coursing was unsuccessful, saying "Lyovochka, your dogs are not zealous enough. A hare sits on a ditch displaying a ring with forget-me-nots on his paw, and they don't seize him."

Leo Nikolayevich laughed and did not take offense, I laughed but was offended.

"You talk nonsense. Where can a hare get a ring? And besides, our dogs are zealous," I would say, defending our hunting honor.

On Father's advice we went to shoot bustards. For the first time I saw a whole flock of those stately birds sitting on the mowed fields. Leo Nikolayevich dismounted his horse and, carrying his gun, crawled along to take ambush in a ditch. He scarcely reached his ditch when the whole flock took wing with a mighty flutter. How beautiful and provoking this was.

I was in Cheremoshnya where Dmitry Alekseyevich had brought me. One always seems to be more sensitive to kindness and welcome in a strange house. I was a little shy about going to them. I did not know for how long I was going and somehow didn't think about it. I wanted a change, wanted another setting in order to forget. The hospitality and affectionate reception I met with there surpassed all my expectations. I felt at home at once.

At my request I lived with Sofesha in one room.

"Why don't you want a room to yourself?" Darya Aleksandrovna asked me.

"I'm afraid of ghosts," I answered her openly, at which they went into peals of laughter.

"And you think I don't have them?" Sofesha asked. "Why only the other day one with horns appeared in the looking glass." Masha and I laughed merrily.

"She's talking nonsense," Dolly defended. "We have never had any ghosts in our house. Marya Nikolayevna has just frightened you. You may sleep quietly, my dear," Dolly comforted me as a child. Everyone and everything at the Dyakovs affected me beneficently, and I would have been peaceful and happy if my heart had not ached so. This ache was due to Leo Nikolayevich's unfriendly attitude toward me. I noticed that before my departure, Sonya encouraged me to go to the Dyakovs for a change, but Leo Nikolayevich seemed to disapprove of it. I immediately felt that our relations were altered. Everything he said to me seemed insincere. When

the two of us were left alone we didn't know what to talk about and a kind of awkwardness set in which neither he nor I could overcome, and which I could not understand. It always seemed to me that he was blaming me for something, but for what, I didn't know. This misunderstanding tortured me and there was no one with whom I could talk it over.

"Tanya, here is a letter for you from Yasnaya," Masha said, coming into my room. "They brought it from town, I recognized Sonya's handwriting."

I opened the envelope and saw a letter from Sonya and the handwriting of Leo Nikolayevich. This greatly upset me.

"Read when alone" were the first words written on the heading of the letter.

"What are you so pleased about? You have such a happy look, Tanya?" asked Sofesha, who was present.

"The letter is from Leo Nikolayevich," I said. "Don't talk to me." I began to read.

Tanya—read when alone

Here it is, Tanya dear. And let this letter be secret from the Dyakovs. Perhaps nothing in it will be really secret, but I will write more freely knowing that I write to you alone. So here it is: why have we been so cool toward each other lately? Not only were we cool, but we became somewhat distrustful and suspicious of each other. You are so sensitive that you surely noticed this yourself. And it has made me very sad. Sometimes this seems to pass away (as in our meeting at Nikolskoye and Cheremoshnya), and then it returns again. It is just as if we secretly judged each other severely—and concealed our opinion. Or perhaps I am simply jealous of the Dyakovs, and all this is just imagined. But every time I think of you I become sad, as if I had a close, sincere friend and had parted or am parting from him.

But this should not be. Please. At times I have not been quite sincere with you. This won't happen again, and you be quite sincere with me, if this does not displease you, and seriously look on me—I'm not joking—as on a second father. You see, in our friendship you have the right to demand my advice, help, and every kind of effort and activity, and I have the right to demand complete sincerity of you. If there is friendship between us. Perhaps, circumstances formerly prevented such a relationship, but now these circumstances will no longer exist and we will be very, very good friends. And there should be no awkwardness

between us as the last time For this I demand complete sincerity from you and you yourself say what you demand of me

Perhaps you will say What did he imagine! How strange! and so forth Then, very well But in any case, when we see each other I will be better, simpler, gentler toward you than I was But I felt in my heart that I must write this to you That is all Good-bye, dear Tanya

Tell Dyakov that I was not in the least dissatisfied with Terletsky * On the contrary, he is no worse than Ivan Ivanovich But in spite of that, I considered it my duty to hand over to him Dyakov's proposals, which were more to his advantage than mine and he did not refuse them

Dyakov used always to pay us a few visits during the winter, but now he is happy at home Devise some scheme so that they will all come to see us. [November 16]

Every line not only filled me with pleasure, but acted on me as a soothing, healing balm

"Yes, yes," I said to myself, "everything he writes is true What happiness now that everything is explained! I shall write him this very day" And I sat down to write to him I wrote impulsively, quickly and incoherently.

That's how it is, dear Lyovochka I didn't at all expect such a letter, it has so much cheered and moved me I was surprised, delighted and I don't even know what I did feel All the time I was tormented, oppressed why was it that we were alienated? I was even a little ashamed to receive Sonya's tender, anxious letters Why this happened I cannot understand at all I felt uncomfortable and thought Now all is over between us, and we part so badly This tormented me and I didn't tell this to you or anyone But now I again feel relieved and happy, and we will again be very, very good friends I always am sincere with you, I was before and will be now, and the thing which alone could have prevented this is no more

You are my best friend and second father, and this always will be so I love you very, very dearly, and wherever I live or am, this can never change And after the New Year I will be happy to go to Moscow and kiss dear Sonya for the lovely idea You, Lyovochka, think that I will marry this winter, but I am sure I shall not And it is easy to say One must marry But when I think of the past, all reason flees I am even

* The new manager — Au

now so often overcome by sadness and can see nothing good in the future But perhaps this will pass I would rather stay always in the country I care no longer to go anywhere I keep thinking what would have become of me if you had not written me that letter I would have been silent, and until we met again, all this would have tormented and troubled me I would not have made up my mind to write Good-bye, Lyovochka, write again sometimes and I shall be very happy How are you? I am quite well, the blood only appears when I cough I sing little, only it is hard for me to refrain My parents must be distressed that we postponed the trip Well, good-bye

TANYA

13

Our Life in Cheremoshnya

ALTHOUGH our life in Cheremoshnya had little variety, it was very pleasant The daily routine there was inviolable At nine o'clock we all met together for morning tea Lunch was at twelve and dinner at five The evening was the most pleasant time Dmitry Alekseyevich came from the office and we played billiards in the hall, played and sang, or simply chattered gaily

"Tanya," Dolly said, "will you pose? I'll do your portrait" Darya Aleksandrovna had studied painting in Paris and was quite enthusiastic about it I agreed We had the sittings every afternoon in Dolly's light, comfortable room with its large low window Dmitry Alekseyevich joined us for afternoon tea and enlivened our sittings by reading aloud Turgenev, Goncharov, Dostoyevsky, and others In the adjoining room, which was filled with all kinds of games, dolls and amusements, Masha played with the little servant girls Sofesha fussed with the tea and teased me, saying I screwed up my mouth so it wouldn't appear open in the picture

Dmitry Alekseyevich's days also passed in a routine fashion In the morning he made a tour of the fields He loved his work on the estate and believed it both useful and important He knew and loved the people and got on with the peasants like no one else There was no shilly-shallying in the work—that he wouldn't allow. He saw the comic side of everything and everybody, which sometimes made me angry, but often I laughed at his laconic witticisms

Leo Nikolayevich's son, Ilya Lvovich, wrote later about him "You would listen to him and all the time you would be expecting him to say something witty. Everyone was happy, everyone laughed, and Papa most of all."

Leo Nikolayevich loved Dyakov not only as an old friend of his student days, or as a comrade in military service, but he admired him as a straightforward, honest, noble man with a wonderful heart.

They did not hold the same views on life and religion, but these questions were not mentioned between them. It seemed as if they said to themselves: I know you as you are, know you through and through, I know that you are fond of me and am content with this. Beyond that, do whatever you please.

On Sundays the neighbors gathered at the Dyakovs. (This was a diversion for us girls.) They were of every description. The landowner Solovyov came. He was an enthusiastic manager, and it seemed that before he had even entered the hall he was already shouting to Dmitry Alekseyevich: "Have you finished the sowing yet?"

Behind him came his son Khrisanf, a sullen student who used to gnaw his nails, and looked askance at the whole world. He ignored us girls completely, which enraged me.

"Well now, Tanya," Sofesha would laughingly say to me, "you sit next to Khrisanf at dinner and liven him up."

Sometimes at dinner something would strike us as funny, and we would choke with laughter. Dmitry Alekseyevich would look sternly at Sofesha and Masha, but Dolly, with her kindly, soft voice, would try to distract the attention of those who might be offended.

The widower Borisov also came (he had been married to Fet's sister). He was well read, conversed with wit and intelligence, and had many interesting things to say about Turgenev, who used to visit him at his estate. We went to see him, but I have forgotten the details of this trip. I remember only one impression: he himself was small, the house was small, his son Pyotr was small, the cups, the chessmen, the dining room—everything was small, precise, and elegant. I well remember this because when Dmitry Alekseyevich asked me how I found Borisov, I answered him with these very words, which made Dmitry Alekseyevich and Dolly laugh.

On Sundays Olga Vasilyevna (I forgot her family name) used to come. She was plump and good-natured and wore a little cap with raspberry-colored ribbons. She would come with a complete

stock of country and district news, events and gossip. Other people used to come but I don't remember them.

Dolly, smoking a thin cigarette, received everyone with the same calmness and courtesy. "One should learn from her how to live calmly, evenly and amiably," I thought. Every day I became more and more devoted to her and appreciated her very much. There was such a dignified calm and kindness and attraction about her. Her relations to her daughter and her husband were just as even and cordial as she was herself. I never heard of the slightest quarrel or discontent in this family. I lived with them for almost two years—with intervals—having come to them the first time to visit for several days. I wrote to Polivanov (October 12).

I have changed my address again. I have been staying for a whole month with the Dyakovs in the country. Our family went to Yasnaya, but I didn't go along. You'll wonder why I didn't? All my memories are still too alive. Memories of what? I cannot describe them. I will only say they are about Sergey Nikolayevich. I will stay here till we go to Moscow, but when that will be, I don't know. I am very well here. The two Dyakovs and their twelve-year-old daughter are very dear people. They love me very much and spoil me. I cannot go hunting as I am not quite well—the blood still appears in my throat.

Lyovochka and Sonya spent several days at the Dyakovs and have now gone to Yasnaya. I was very sorry to part from them. They are all well. Lyovochka will soon publish the third part, which is very good. He read aloud to us here the part where Anatoly is described.

Good-bye, dear pupil,

TANYA

Once we were sitting at lunch and I, as always, had my back to the hall door. Suddenly I saw Dolly's and Dmitry Alekseyevich's faces light up with an instantaneous smile and their eyes sparkle. At that very second someone put his hands over my eyes. All this happened in two or three seconds.

"Guess who?" Dolly shouted.

"Lyovochka!" I joyously exclaimed with a voice that filled the whole room.

And it was he and he was our common joy. After the greetings he sat down to lunch with us. We asked him about Sonya, the children and others.

"I've been thinking about adding to the house," Leo Nikolayevich said. "We are already very crowded, there are two rooms downstairs

and a large veranda upstairs. You will have to come and visit us when we have our new place."

I was very much in favor of his plan.

"Lyovochka," Dmitry Alekseyevich said, "don't build without an architect. It won't turn out right."

"Why?" Leo Nikolayevich asked. "I have a clear plan in my head."

"They'll cheat you! You can't have every talent—certainly not the talents of an architect. They'll cheat you for sure," Dyakov laughingly added.

What a pleasant, festive day we spent with Leo Nikolayevich, who but he could make us so unexpectedly, so warmly happy? After dinner we walked together to a distant wood. In the evening he sat at the piano and played duets with Dolly, and then made Dyakov and me sing as he accompanied us. We asked him to read something from *War and Peace*.

"I wrote almost nothing during the summer," Leo Nikolayevich said, "and am only now taking up my beloved work again. I didn't bring any of it with me, but next time I will. And I'll come again soon now."

I felt his questioning, searching gaze on me. He wanted to know how I lived at the Dyakovs. The next day I told him all about our life as I had become accustomed to do, and mostly about my friendship with Dolly. And Dolly and Dmitry Alekseyevich in their turn told him about me. It was amazing how he sounded out the minutest details from us. He said to me about my letter: "You wrote me just what I wanted and waited to hear."

Leo Nikolayevich persuaded us to come for Christmas and to welcome in the New Year. Dyakov promised to come.

"But we will see each other before then," Dmitry Alekseyevich said.

"Masha has also promised to be there with her daughters," Leo Nikolayevich said. "We shall welcome in the New Year together."

This conversation made me so happy that I flung my arms around Dolly.

"We will go? For sure? Say it!" I cried, kissing her. "Say we'll go!"

"Be careful, Darya Aleksandrovna, she'll surely smother you," Leo Nikolayevich said laughingly.

"No matter. I'm used to it. Only don't take her away from us," Dolly said. "We all love her so."

This conversation especially pleased me because I was always afraid that perhaps I was a burden, and that the Tolstoys might think so

"We'll go, by all means," Dolly reassured me "Dmitry will buy us a covered carriage or a sledge coach"

Leo Nikolayevich said "And so I'll tell Sonya, she'll be very pleased"

Having stayed two days at Cheremoshnya, Leo Nikolayevich continued his trip—I think to Kireyevsky's for hunting, though I don't remember for sure

December came Dolly's health was getting worse We saw that our trip to Yasnaya could hardly take place, but we still hoped The letter I wrote to Sonya has been preserved

December 14, 1865

Sonya, my friend, I simply don't know how to account for your silence I have had no letters since Lyovochka's I had begun to wonder what had happened to you, but I soon drove away those dark thoughts. We are preparing in all seriousness to come to see you on the 28th or 29th The covered carriage has already been bought, it looks big enough for twenty people and our whole crowd will be coming to see you I am impatiently waiting to see you, my dear I learned from our parents that you plan to live in Moscow for two months I wholeheartedly approve. It would be difficult for you to make such a move for one week Our parents have already joyfully written me about this

Two things can interfere with our coming to Yasnaya first of all, Dolly's headaches, also, her brother may come, but she has written him asking him not to Dolly wanted to write to you, but I stopped her—she had a bad headache all these days Masha, Sofesha and I are all well We go sliding every day on the icy hill, wearing red trousers of Dmitry Alekseyevich's forefathers But the absence of your letters makes me uneasy There are not any changes in the plans? Did you hear that Sasha will be with you for the holidays and perhaps we'll meet him? I would like to see him so much Here we are decorating a big Christmas tree and painting lanterns of all kinds for the first holiday We keep remembering how well you do all these things Dmitry Alekseyevich went to Oryol a few days ago and bought all the necessary supplies. He was at Borisov's and he told him that Fet was going to Moscow soon; probably he will call on you We will soon see each other, my dear Sonya. It seems we have been separated for so long We will have much

to think and talk over together Did you hear that our Klavdiya is marrying the Cathedral choirmaster? I was very surprised and happy for her Good-bye, dear Sonya Write me soon, otherwise I will start worrying seriously I send kisses to you, Seryozha, Tanyasha, and Lyovochka Give my greetings to Auntie

Lyovochka, look at the funny verses that Turgenev wrote Petya Borisov to explain why he doesn't come here

Every day you have a frost,
But I have pity on my nose
You have truly dreadful roads,
But I have pity on my feet!
You have hares—away they go,
But here I kill a hundred such!
You have black bread, you have kvass,
But I have wine, pineapples, too!

Dmitry Alekseyevich felt very displeased over these verses, and said that at Turgenev's age it was disgusting to write like that

The Christmas holidays came The simple country pleasures were very agreeable to us, and the pending trip to Yasnaya was our "little star" There was a magnificent Christmas tree with gifts and the servants' children On moonlight nights there was riding in the three-horse sleigh, and in the evenings fortunetelling of all varieties, such as casting wax shapes, and asking a passer-by his name This was supposed to be the name of your future husband

I remember how Sofesha, hiding behind a bush, called to me in a bass voice "Khri-sanf" when I asked the name of some passer-by Our comely little housemaid, Nyusha, bent on another divination, assured us that she had heard some one whistling and breathing in the bath house at midnight

"It's probably the wind," we said

"That's no wind—a hobgoblin always scurries about in bath houses on a holiday It's God's truth, our girls are so scared!" I went with our kitchen boy Vaska, and even so I was all atremble

The end of December drew near, but Darya Aleksandrovna's health grew still worse Every day the cold was more severe It was out of the question to start on the road, although we girls still hoped Our trip fell through I was afraid to show my despair in front of Dyakov, lest I add to their disappointment But when

I received a letter from Leo Nikolayevich, I broke down and began to cry. He wrote (January 1, 1866)

My dear friend Tanya, you can't imagine how we waited during those two days of the 30th and 31st, until that sad moment when, after dinner on the 31st, your letter was brought to us. Thanks to our dear little girls and also to my love for you and Dyakov, I felt like a thirteen-year-old. And I wanted you to come so terribly that for those two days I wasn't able to do anything or think of anything except you. And every minute I would run up to the window and trick the girls by saying: "They're coming! They're coming!" but it was always in vain. Then, when your letter came, I felt as if some misfortune had overtaken us, or perhaps it was some misdeed on my part which poisoned and is now poisoning every pleasure. Both Sonya and I were so overcome with grief that we sat down right there (in Auntie's room) and fell asleep. Varenka and Lizanka—particularly Varenka—read your letter all over again—learned it by heart—hoping to find some consolation. She could not believe the sad news. No, really, I don't know about the others, but I was very upset that you and they were not here. You ask if it will be all right for you to come on the eighth. What a question! For God's sake come—only not for two days, but a week. This is the minimum.

We have plenty of room now because I am adding to the house. Seriously, we wouldn't dare to invite everyone if we couldn't hope they would be comfortable, almost as much as at Cheremoshnya. Mashenka is still having trouble about the apartment in Tula. It is still occupied by the former tenants and they promised her they would clear out by the third, but yesterday they notified us that they couldn't move earlier than the tenth. Therefore, we hope she will stay here till then. Why do you decide on the eighth? Is it that all your days till then are taken up with balls and such? Come earlier. We are all well and sweet-tempered (except me) and happy, as far as it is possible after yesterday's terrible disappointment. The eighth is Varenka's birthday. (She'll be 16.) Good-bye.

As far as I remember we didn't go to Yasnaya at all, because of Darya Aleksandrovna's illness and the severe cold. They were afraid for me too.

14

In Moscow

IN JANUARY, 1866, I had to leave the Dyakovs after all Leo Nikolayevich came to fetch me so that we could all go to Moscow together. It was sad for me to part with my new but dear friends.

I found Sonya in difficulties. Indeed, it was hard for her in her condition to have to be bothered with two children and a nurse who was inexperienced in the ways of traveling. But she was so happy over the trip that she made all of us hurry.

At last the traveling sleigh, coach and wagon stood by the Yasnaya porch. Sonya and her husband were in the sleigh, the nurse, the children and myself were in the coach, and Dushka and Aleksey in the wagon. Auntie and Natalya Petrovna waited on the steps to see us off, and Dunyasha and the rest of the household were fussing around us.

We went as far as the first station with our own horses. The road was bad, with hollows and bumps so that the carriage rolled as on a rough sea. The children were sweet. Seryozha already could talk a little and understood much. He had become used to being with Nikolka Tsvetkov, and loved this boy who often played with him. Along the way he would ask the nurse where we were going.

"To see Grandmother and Grandfather in Moscow," the nurse would answer.

"And Kopka (that is, Nikolka)?" Seryozha said.

"And Kopka is behind in the sleigh," the nurse answered after some thought so as not to upset him.

All the way Seryozha would repeat with great seriousness "Kopka's behind in the sleigh," and would be content.

Little Tanya sat on my knees. She looked rather comical in her new winter coat and hood. She was happy and sweet and kept up a continual babble of unintelligible words to me as she gazed out of the window. And as then I felt some kind of special tenderness and warmth for her, so it is now—this feeling for her has always remained. I kept peppermint-ginger cookies in my pocket for the

children Whenever the nurse had trouble with them, I would take out a cookie

At every station Leo Nikolayevich came up to the coach and inquired how we were getting along "Is it too rough for you? Did you cough?" he would ask anxiously "Sonya can stand the road all right"

"That's the important thing," I said But I confess I was afraid for Sonya, the ruts were terrible in places

We spent that night in Serpukhov I don't remember the details The impressions were not of the best, noise in the corridor all night long, screaming children, Sonya and the nurse bustling about By the third day we were at the Kremlin Our parents were overjoyed The house seemed larger somehow, a nursery appeared in it The night following the trip there was a big commotion. Seryozha developed a bad croup-like cough Everyone was up and around, except me. They wanted to spare me after the trip In the morning Seryozha was better Father had stayed up all night with him

After a week the Tolstoy's moved into a large furnished apartment in Bolshaya Dmitrovka They were nicely settled there and seemed content

Sonya wrote in her diary, which she began to keep in 1900, recollecting the past

In Moscow my main interest was "my parents' home" where I spent most of the day As I was pregnant, it was difficult for me to do anything I remember how Lyovochka took me to a symphony concert, and I became greatly interested in classical music I had not understood it before Oh yes, and I remember that in our house there was always Italian and operatic music, Chopin and occasionally Mozart and Beethoven, but for songs it was always Glinka

Leo Nikolayevich attended a school of painting and sculpture in the Myasnitskaya, he quite unexpectedly developed a liking for sculpture

The director of the school at that time was a cousin of my mother's, Mikhail Sergeyevich Bashilov He was a rather eccentric person I liked him very much He used to visit us When he came into the room I would have to crane my neck in order to see him—he was so tall He was a man of many talents, or rather, abilities

"Uncle Misha, sing something," I would beg him

And in a pleasant, full baritone voice he would sing the old romances of Dargomyzhsky, Count Vilyegorsky and others, and when the words were tender, as in Vilyegorsky's romance

I loved your eyes, your lovely eyes
When full of happiness they'd shine

I would look at him and his enormous features seemed to become smaller, less striking, as pleasant and harmonious sounds issued from his lionlike mouth. Leo Nikolayevich often went to see them and sometimes I visited them, too. Bashilov was married and had three small daughters. He was a man not yet forty. He had been very wealthy but could not hold on to his money, as he preferred art to the comforts of country life. Little by little everything slipped through his fingers.

Leo Nikolayevich began to study sculpture with the famous artist Ramazanov. He modeled a small horse out of red clay. I can see that horse now, it didn't turn out badly at all. Leo Nikolayevich attempted to mold a bust of Sonya, but this was not successful and Ramazanov repeated again and again, "You can't do well with a bust the first time, and especially catching a likeness."

I remember how Leo Nikolayevich, after many requests, made up his mind to arrange a reading of *War and Peace* and to invite some of his friends and men of letters. This was a great treat for me. As far as I remember, the Perfilyevs, the Sukhotins, Fet and his wife, the Obolenskys, the Zhemchuzhnikovs and several men of letters were there. The reading took place in the Tolstoys' large, spacious drawing room. This was a repetition of the reading I described earlier, but on a larger scale. This one lasted a long time, since Leo Nikolayevich started at the beginning and read much further.

Sonya wrote in her journal, "Of course everyone was delighted, but I felt tired and unresponsive and had to struggle to keep awake, since I knew by heart almost everything that was being read."

As a matter of fact, she knew *War and Peace* better in all its versions, had lived closer to it than any of us, as she had copied the whole manuscript over and over again.

Lent came, and Leo Nikolayevich, spurred on by success, again

sat down to write, but the work, so he said, did not progress rapidly. He went to the library and read a great deal of history.

I was not sad in Moscow, no doubt because I was with the Tolstoys. Whenever Leo Nikolayevich noticed a trace of my former melancholy he tried to disperse it by reading, singing and praying.

"You should pray more," he often told me.

Every morning I heard the bells of the Kremlin Cathedral and all my past was vividly called up. I made up my mind to prepare for the Sacrament. The general religious mood touched me, too. Mother gave me permission to do vigils with Vera Ivanovna. We got up at five o'clock and went to early Mass. I was so eager that not once did they have to waken me. I got up by myself. Feodora, after helping me to dress, went to stay with the children instead of the nurse. On the evening before, I would try to recall in detail all my sins, especially those in relation to Marya Mikhailovna. I recalled Praskovya's story about "the temptress rival." I recalled my jealousy of Liza, Sonya and my crazy actions. I thought "It must have been bad indeed, if even Lyovochka never talks to me about it." During this fast I came to understand what the pangs of conscience meant. I felt them very deeply. So many years have passed since that time, but still I remember those moral torments. We went to the Uspensky Cathedral. There I selected a secluded corner with a large holy image—I don't remember which saint.

With tears in my eyes I knelt and prayed "Oh, Lord, forgive me, poor sinner. Send me forgetfulness, send peace to my soul! Have mercy on me and absolve me from my grievous sin." So I prayed, asking forgiveness for the offenses I had committed and for my sinful love.

As we left the church, the fresh morning air of March cheered me. The early rays of the sun fell on the still sleeping beloved Kremlin, and the peal of the cathedral bells caressed my ears.

I can hardly believe it is all gone and that I have nothing left but memories of my early youth. Yes, it is all in the past, with my dear loved ones.

Zhukovsky wrote so well about these companions of our life

Of those dear companions whose presence
Gave to our world its life,
Say not with longing, "They are no more,"
Say rather, thankfully, "They were."

Yes, I remember with gratitude the best of them, my companion, highly gifted Leo Nikolayevich, and my past and the people who were dear to me

Nurse used to say to me "You will catch cold, you *Saratov* girl, the morning is so fresh. What will Lyubov Aleksandrovna say to me then?—'You weren't careful enough, I shouldn't let her go with you'"

"Never mind, Nurse, I'm all right," I would say

On the day of Communion they waited for me with special breakfast, much as they serve on one's nameday

The dear boys, Stepa and Volodya, brought me little bouquets of flowers which they had bought with their own money. It seems strange now to remember what a moral relief the vigils brought me, how my burden seemed to fall from my heart. I became calmer.

In the evening Mother begged me to sing something. The Tolstoyes were at our house and Leo Nikolayevich accompanied me. I started singing "The Mountain Summits" by Varlamov. My voice was fairly strong. Papa came out of his study and said to Mother "Tanya a des larmes dans sa voix"* I heard this and was pleased. But suddenly the door was flung open noisily and Petya bolted in, shouting at the top of his voice

"Mashka has had kittens!"

I winced "Fool," I shouted with a frightened voice, and started sobbing. Then I immediately remembered that I had received Holy Communion. Mama was angry with him, but I was the guilty one.

I corresponded with the Dyakovs. Dolly wrote me affectionate letters. Here is a fragment of one written January 22, 1865.

My darling chick, my little humming bird, how sad and dull it is for us without you—you can't imagine. Only to your sweet young nature the country life is not wearisome in wintertime, and I am still surprised that you could have found pleasure in it, and what's more enliven us old folks with your presence. Dmitry wants me to tell you that every day he goes up on the hill and howls for you.

Learning from my letter that I had asked my parents to let me go to the Dyakovs, Dolly wrote me (February 6)

My darling, Dmitry is preparing to bring you all kinds of sweets from Oryol, preserves and nougats and ginger cookies—in other words, various

* There are tears in Tanya's voice.

disgusting things which you love so much As for me, I will make you more nourishing treats with the help of our Emelyan In general, my little pigeon, you see, that we are all doing our best to please you and spoil you as if you were our own little baby

At the end of the fast the Tolstoys prepared to go to Yasnaya I wanted to go with them, but they wouldn't let me because of my health I wrote to Polivanov on March 5, 1866

They are still doctoring me, but no powders or drops can help me Lord, they don't understand anything Lyovochka alone understands The weather is foul, my heart is heavy and I started vigils last week I'm so thankful that Mama gave her permission She has always understood me Nurse woke me at five o'clock and she and I went to the Uspensky Cathedral Oh, how good it was half dark, awesome, cool, and that wonderful ringing of the bells Nurse and I attended all the service Only I am ashamed that people saw me crying And Liza still teases me "Tanya's become a sniffer"

15

Again in Cheremoshnya

THE TOLSTOYS persuaded my parents to let me go to Yasnaya Leo Nikolayevich eloquently argued that in the spring I would be better off in the country than in the city, and Sonya said that I always came to life at Yasnaya and with the Dyakovs, and so I was given permission to go with them We left at the end of Lent Little Tanya went with me again and sat on my knees, with what joy and love I caressed her Our carriage was filled with toys and sweets Leo Nikolayevich was worried about the road ahead of us, we expected it to be very rough And actually it took us three days to reach Yasnaya by the bad road Auntie, Natalya Petrovna and all the household joyously welcomed us

Leo Nikolayevich, well rested in Moscow and having secured a full stock of historical material in the libraries, settled down to work again The month spent in Moscow had been pleasant for all of us Sonya told Auntie about everything, but mainly about

the good impression the children made on Grandmother and Grandfather.

"And what about you?" Natalya Petrovna asked me "With whom did you fall in love in Moscow? No doubt there were many suitors there?"

"Tanya never wanted to go anywhere She always stayed at home," Sonya answered for me

"Ah, but when your years pass by, then you'll be sorry that you stayed home One should make one's self up smart and show one's self," Natalya Petrovna went on

"I don't know how to do that . Teach me," I said, laughingly

Several days after our arrival, Dyakov came to Yasnaya They asked him to stay on but he was in a hurry for us to leave as, he said, crossing the Zusha River became more dangerous each day We left the very next day I wrote to Sonya on our arrival at Cheremoshnya, March 14, 1866

My dear Sonya and Lyovochka, we did not arrive at Cheremoshnya until six o'clock on the tenth Everything went all right as far as Mtsensk, but to this day I don't know how we made those last twenty-five versts We left our carriage and belongings at Mtsensk, got a small sleigh at Panteyev for ourselves and two more for our company It took us five hours The ice on the river had already risen There were deep ruts in the road, snow drifts, a strong wind, everything we passed through was terrible Dmitry Alekseyevich put his own fur coat on me and wrapped me up and looked after me so well that we arrived safe and sound As we approached the house, I was trembling with joy all over They all came out to meet us We were so happy at seeing one another, especially Dolly and I, our joy was tremendous, and to this day we are inseparable Everyone was well and everything was as before They had prepared different kinds of small tables for me a rose-colored washstand, a writing table, and there was Malaga wine and an elaborate bath already fixed for the next day, and some other things, too And so we live as before playing billiards and reading aloud, and soon we will be painting I was so upset, dear Sonya, because I couldn't write to you immediately, but the next day the ice broke on the Zusha River and there was no crossing I haven't received my things yet . Dolly had made a drawing of Sofesha as a peasant woman—and very well too

TANYA

When they learned at home about my moving to Cheremoshnya, Mother wrote me (March 22)

Many thanks, dear Tanya, for hastening to write us about your happy arrival at Yasnaya and Cheremoshnya. Only the Tolstoys are lamenting that you left them so soon and forsook us all for the Dyakovs. Apparently you love them the best of all of us, and let it be as you wish. Only watch your health. I, at least, feel perfectly easy about you, and am sure that Dmitry Alekseyevich and Darya Aleksandrovna will look after you better than we would. They are so kind and thoughtful. You won't believe, dear Tanya, how quiet and dull it has been here since you left. However much work I manage to do in one day, it still seems endless. I cannot get my dear grandchildren out of my mind, they are so close to my heart, when will God bring us together again?

Best wishes to you and the others for the coming holiday. I hope you will spend it happily. I kiss you. L. BERS

All during March, because of the river overflowing, we were cut off from the town and had no contact with anyone. I was concerned over Sonya's health as I had not received any kind of letter for a long time. But at last the mail reached us. "That means the river can be crossed," they said at home.

Sonya wrote (March 27) that they were all happy, that Lyovochka was well and busy, and that he was planning to go to Nikolskoye and Cheremoshnya.

To another one of my sister's letters (April 5), Leo Nikolayevich added

I'll just add two words, my dear friend Tanya. Firstly, I kiss you, and secondly, tell Dmitry that I am very distressed that he hasn't received the money yet, but that I now have money both here and in Moscow and I can even make him a loan. I. I will be at my house this week. I will give him instructions to get mares for you, and now Dmitry's business will be to make you drink kumiss, starting with three, but finally as many as twelve glasses. And I myself will come to supervise this. Good-bye, my dear.

The real spring arrived and Leo Nikolayevich came to see us and stayed, as always, two days. The kumiss was made under his supervision. He said that the addition to the house was almost completed, and that he had a wonderful study supported by columns for safety, for the terrace would serve as the roof of

the study "The other room will be yours, Tanya, until you get married," Leo Nikolayevich said jokingly

"I probably won't get married at all," I said

"Fine, then you can stay on and live with us "

Dmitry Alekseyevich was silent I knew that at his last visit Leo Nikolayevich had told him the whole story of my relations with his brother Sergey, thus answering his question about the reasons for my ill-health

After Leo Nikolayevich's visit, as always, there remained an impression of something bright and vivifying—gleaming momentarily in our prosaic lives Usually in the evening, after his departure, I would go to bed and recall our conversations, his opinions and words I went to Dolly's room for an evening chat In this respect she took my mother's place

"Dolly, you're not asleep yet?" I asked, entering the room quietly so as not to waken Masha, who was asleep behind the partition

"No, what is the matter? You've come for a chat? Dmitry's busy with his accounts and won't come yet awhile Get in with me so you won't catch cold," Dolly said

"I'm so sorry that Lyovochka has gone," I said, settling into bed "He didn't seem happy Has it something to do with Sonya?"

"No, I didn't think he was in low spirits," Dolly commented

"And how he talked about women! Did you notice?" I asked

"I don't like his views on women," Darya Aleksandrovna said. "I don't share them He seems to look at a woman's mind with a mixture of distrust and light scorn He won't admit that her mind is equal to a man's"

I mused over this I felt that there was something true in it, though not entirely true, but I couldn't put the difference into words.

"Dolly, it's not that he doesn't admit equal intelligence, but he colors all minds in his own way Our feminine minds are, let's say, pink, and theirs, the masculine mind, blue You understand?"

Dolly began to laugh "You're talking nonsense, child "

"No, don't laugh, listen! He said today at dinner, when Dmitry Alekseyevich, you remember, told him about some quarrel between a husband and wife 'With women reasoning leads nowhere, it is useless their intellect doesn't work properly and I'll say more—however reasonably a woman judges, she will nevertheless live and act by her emotions!'"

"That isn't true," Darya Aleksandrovna objected "We often act according to reason"

"Not I! I remember I realized that I must give him up because of his family, but my feelings wouldn't let me, and I still remember that he said afterward, half in jest 'All that's rational is powerless, all that is irrational is creatively productive' How I like that idea!" I exclaimed

We heard footsteps and Dmitry Alekseyevich's voice "May I come in?"

I jumped up, neglecting to put on my slippers and ran to my own room Sofesha was not asleep

"Tanya, your beloved owl was hooting," Sofesha said, "and your black birds have been flying silently past the window, as you said"

"You know, Sofesha, that I saw these birds here for the first time Really, they don't fly but seem to float straight through the air So lovely!"

"What's lovely about being like bats? They're silent too Here, I'll open the window and a bat will fly in and silently fly over you," Sofesha teased me, laughingly

May came, warm and wonderful Sonya wrote me (May 2), that she walked little, went nowhere, and that the nightingales were singing and warbling on every side, and that everything was fresh and green and growing "Our garden has been cleaned out and new benches made in the 'circle' and for the main path, otherwise you would be annoyed because they were all rotten and there was no place to sit"

"The other day," Sonya wrote in another letter (May 14), "Leo Nikolayevich thought and talked about you the whole day 'How is it with our dear little girl?' he kept repeating, and even managed to upset me because I suddenly imagined to myself that he had some kind of evil foreboding about you Soon, by God's grace, I'll see you"

When I received letters from Yasnaya I read them through several times They cheered and excited me and at times I wanted so much to go to Yasnaya, despite the dear people at Cheremoshnya, that I tried to conceal my feelings I would sit down and write to them and that would calm me a little.

16

"An Evening in Paradise"

ON ONE Sunday in May quite a few guests gathered at Cheremoshnya Maria Nikolayevna with her little girls, the Solovyovs, Olga Vasilyevna, Aleksandr Mikhailovich Sukhotin, a relative of Dmitry Alekseyevich's, and Fet and his wife Sofesha, Masha and I were decked out in white and in rose Sofesha plaited her long braids and I sang to her

"Around your lily-white forehead
Your braids you twist round and around
And your eyes that are so enchanting
Are brighter than day, dark as night"

She was pleased, though she said to me "Tanya, you always laugh at me"

"Oh, no, not at all! You know Aleksandr Mikhailovich Sukhotin likes you very much He's been singing your praises," I told her

The dinner was festive Porfiry, having already put a plate in front of Darya Aleksandrovna, bustled about the table, signaling with his eyes, since the servants had to be silent

Afanasy Afanasyevich amused the whole table with stories of how he was left alone, Marya Petrovna having gone to visit her brother, and how he kept house with the old, deaf Finnish housekeeper (the cook was on vacation), and how he taught her to prepare spinach "She put her hand to her ear and repeated 'I don't hear' Then I shouted as loudly as I could 'Get out!' and I prepared the spinach myself"

Afanasy Afanasyevich acted out this little scene with the most serious mien, while we all laughed I didn't know he had such a talent for imitation Dear Marya Petrovna glanced tenderly at her husband and said "My darling Fet is very lively today Darya Aleksandrovna, he loves to be with you at Cheremoshnya"

After dinner the men went to the study to smoke Marya Nikolayevna played duets with Dolly in the drawing room and the rest of us, some in the drawing room and some on the terrace,

listened to the music. When they finished, Dolly began to strum the accompaniment to my song and they made me sing. Since we women were left alone, I was happy to sing for them. I remember it vividly. I was singing a gypsy romance, "Say Why," when suddenly I heard a man's voice harmonizing with mine, it was Dmitry Alekseyevich's. It would have been a pity and very awkward to have interrupted the song. Everyone returned to the drawing room and we continued the duet. Having finished it, I intended to leave and not to sing any more, but this was impossible, everyone insisted that we continue. I was afraid to sing before such a large gathering. I always avoided that. Moreover, I was afraid of Fet's criticism. "Indeed, he has heard so much good singing, and so many good voices, and I am not trained," I thought. My voice trembled at first, and I asked Dmitry Alekseyevich to sing with me. But then he left me alone and only named one romance after another which I should sing. Dolly accompanied me from memory.

It was already growing dark and the light of the May moon lay in patches in the half-dark room. I began to sing, and the nightingales responded loudly. That happened to me for the first time in my life. I sang on, my voice grew stronger as usual, my fear vanished and I sang Glinka, Dargomyzhsky, and Bulakhov's "Little One" to Fet's words. Afanasy Afanasyevich came up and asked me to sing it again. The words begin

As soon as the dusk is descending
I'll wait—for the doorbell to sound
Little one, come to me when it's evening,
Come stay in the evening a while

Tea was served and we went into the reception room. This large, beautiful hall, with its big windows opening onto the moonlit garden, was made for singing. A second piano stood in this room. During tea the conversation centered around music. Fet said that music affected him as strongly as the beauties of nature and that words gained through being set to music.

"In this song you just sang the words are simple, but how effective!" and he recited

"Why with such grief, yet so gently,
Do you press my hand when we meet!
And look in my eyes as if waiting,
And sigh with unconscious grief"

Marya Petrovna bustled up to several of us and said "You'll see, this evening won't pass in vain for dear Fet, he will write something this night"

The singing continued Glinka's ballad, "I Remember a Wonderful Moment" they liked best of all, and "To Her," also by Glinka, written in the tempo of a mazurka Leo Nikolayevich usually accompanied me in this ballad, and remarkably well He said "In this romance there is both gracefulness and passion Glinka wrote it when he was slightly drunk You sing it well"

This remark made me very proud, for he lectured me more often than he praised me

It was after two in the morning when we broke up The next morning, as we were all sitting around the table having breakfast, Fet came in and after him Marya Petrovna, beaming They had spent the night with us Afanasy Afanasyevich, having bid the older people good morning, came silently up to me and laid by my cup a sheet of paper covered with writing It wasn't even white, but a scrap of gray paper

"This is for you in memory of yesterday's evening in paradise"

The title was "Again"—a reminiscence of that time in 1862 when Leo Nikolayevich, who was then still a bachelor, had asked me to sing something for Fet I had declined, but finally sang Afterward Leo Nikolayevich said to me "You see, you didn't want to sing, and Afanasy Afanasyevich has praised you You love being praised, don't you?"

Four years had passed since that time

"Afanasy Afanasyevich, read me your verses, you read so well," I said, after thanking him And he read them To this day I have kept this sheet of paper These stanzas were printed in 1877, ten years after my marriage, and, later, music was written to them The verses were somewhat changed I quote the text which was presented to me

The night was radiant The moonlight filled the garden—
Its beams lay at our feet in the unlighted room
The piano was open wide, its strings were trembling
As were our hearts while listening to thy song
Thou sang'st till dawn, at times in tears succumbing,
That thou alone were love, no other love could be
And so one longed to live, for thee alone, my dear,
To love thee, hold thee, weep o'er thee

For many years have passed, dull years of weary sadness,
Lo, in the quiet of the night, thy voice I hear again,
It fills the air as then with vibrant sighs that tell
That thou alone art life, that thou alone art love,
There are no wrongs of fate, nor heart's torment and burning
Life cannot have an end—there is no other goal
Than only to believe in these caressing sounds,
To love thee, hold thee and weep o'er thee

I copied these sixteen lines with a description of the evening for the Tolstoy. Leo Nikolayevich liked these verses and once he read them aloud to someone in my presence. Coming to the last line "To love thee, hold thee, and weep o'er thee," he made us all laugh. "These verses are excellent," he said, "but why does he, a married man, want to embrace Tanya?"

We all had to laugh—so comically unexpected was this remark.

Afanasyy Afanasyevich Fet was a strange man. His egoism often irritated me, but perhaps I was wrong about him. It always seemed to me, since my earlier years, that he was a man of understanding but with little heart. His cold, spoilt attitude toward dear little Marya Petrovna often made me angry. She was all kindness toward him, just like a thoughtful nurse, demanding nothing of him. He was uppermost in his own mind. The practical and spiritual elements were equally strong in him. He loved to talk, but knew how to be silent. When speaking, he gave the impression of listening to himself.

On May 20 we received a letter from Leo Nikolayevich by messenger. Since Dmitry Alekseyevich had gone to Borisov, Darya Aleksandrovna sent out a messenger for her husband. Leo Nikolayevich wrote us:

Dear friends, I congratulate you with a godson and a nephew. Sonya unexpectedly gave birth to a son, although it was a month before the conjectured date, but everything went off well and the child is healthy. You can imagine our terror at the time of the confinement, which Marya Ivanovna nearly missed, especially since we were expecting a premature child. But Ilya cried as lustily as Tanechka and his hair and ears and nails are perfectly formed. We were all mistaken in our calculations.

Dear friend Dmitry, we ask you to come to stand as godfather for our Ilya. I'm afraid lest this trip inconvenience you in your business.

matters, but if you will remember that we are such old friends and how fond my wife and I are of you, then surely you will come if at all possible. Bring our dear Tanya to us. Or rather you, Tanya, when you come to see us, bring Dyakov with you.

Mashenka, the godmother, and her daughters are already here. Sonya and Ilya and the older children are all perfectly well.

Darya Aleksandrovna, I kiss your hand. Sonya kisses you, and dear Masha. She is delighted that the confinement was early because she'll all the sooner have the pleasure of seeing you.

Fet writes me that he spent, according to his words, an evening in paradise with you, with a guitar and nightingales, and that on this evening in paradise Tanya sang from eight till two o'clock. This is bad and against orders. I know that if I had been there, I would have been the first to violate Rassvetov's order, but, as I was not, I make this repentance. Please answer by this express-messenger if, by your calculation, he will get to us before you. Good-bye, dear friends. We impatiently await you.

May 25

L. Tolstoy

I was happy that all had gone so well for Sonya. We left the third day after receiving the letter. The weather was wonderful. We went in an open carriage, I don't remember how long it took.

17

Yasnaya Polyana and Pokrovskoye

WE WERE heartily welcomed at Yasnaya. Everything was well with Sonya. Marya Nikolayevna, the godmother, was at Yasnaya with her daughters. Dmitry Alekseyevich left after the christening as he had to hurry back to attend to the business of the estate. I stayed on.

I noticed a change in Leo Nikolayevich. He spoke often of death. I remember him saying once, "Really, how peaceful is our life! Yet if one should think deeply and picture death vividly, then one cannot live."

He frequently had a headache and was sometimes very depressed. Father wrote him that his liver was bad. But this state

of mind came and went, so that one could not definitely say that he was melancholy. He always had cheerfulness and an inexhaustible zest for life.

Many ill people came to Sonya. She dealt quite successfully with them, and when she sent them to a hospital or to a doctor in Tula, they would say plaintively "No, Sofya Andreyevna, you'd better treat us yourself." And sometimes they would add "Here you helped that Anyutka the other day and she felt easier at once." And Sonya would treat them.

I found another change in Yasnaya. That spring the Tolstoy family became acquainted in Tula with the family of Prince Lvov. The Lvovs had several children and an English governess for them, Jenny. Jenny was large, stout, energetic, and an excellent nurse.

Leo Nikolayevich and Sonya could not but see the difference between Seryozha and Tanya and the Lvov children—in their upbringing, their cleanliness and the whole manner of the children's life. So they decided to get an English woman for their children. Jenny recommended her seventeen-year-old sister, who lived in England in a very rich home as an undernurse. The matter was decided, and Sonya began studying English. When the old nurse, Marya Afanasyevna, learned that they were expecting an English governess for the children, she was very much put out. More than once in the evening, after she had put the children to bed, I would go into the nursery and see her sitting in a dejected pose, instead of busily knitting socks as usual, looking sadly down as if on the verge of tears.

"Nurse, what's the trouble?" I would ask.

"Oh, it's nothing, my dear—I grieve for the children . . ."

"But you have Ilya now."

She doesn't hear me and continues talking. "I looked after them, I was devoted to them and now they say 'Be off, we can do without you.'"

"Nurse, really you wouldn't be able to manage the three of them," I console her.

She went on unheeding. "Only the other day Seryozhenka hugged me and said 'Nyanya,* I won't let you go, you'll stay with us.' He already has such understanding."

I looked at the nurse and felt that I couldn't console her. A smile came over her wrinkled face as she thought of Seryozha, and

* Nurse

tears stood in her eyes "No one can love so well or be as devoted to children as simple Russian nurses," I thought I saw that she was not only sorry to lose the children but was offended by the lack of trust

There was one more new thing at Yasnaya which surprised me There was a regiment camped about five versts from us, in Yassenky. A friend of my brother's, Gregory Apollonovich Kolokoltsev, served in this regiment Being an acquaintance of long standing, he used to come to Yasnaya Polyana, bringing his regimental commander, Colonel Yunosh, and other officers to see us The Tolstoys received them cordially and I often went horseback riding with them Another officer, Stasyulevich, a brother of the editor of *Vestnik Yevropy*,* also came to visit us He too rode with me at times His gloomy sadness astounded me I always wanted to ask him "What's troubling you? How could we help you?"

But I could never bring myself to do this and then I learned from Grisha Kolokoltsev that at one time Stasyulevich had been demoted to a rank-and-file soldier because of a prisoner's escape, and that in general he was a melancholic person Two or three years later we learned that Stasyulevich had committed suicide Wearing a heavy greatcoat he walked into the river and his body was later found in a deep place This was a great shock to Leo Nikolayevich, who recalled it long afterward with amazement at such strength of will For a long time I remembered that desolate expression of the young man's eyes, I never saw him smile, and I was angry with myself for not having asked him why he was like that, and for not showing more sympathy for him Perhaps it would have made things easier for him, if only while he was at Yasnaya

The weather was rainy—not at all like summer Sonya was up and recovering quickly The baby boy was sturdy and caused little trouble Marya Nikolayevna and her daughters decided to take me to the Dyakovs They had a large old fashioned four-seated coach with a big wide coach box The rain detained us, but at last we said good-bye to the Tolstoys, promising to come for Sonya's nameday

Well I remember our trip Besides the main highway we had to take a side road for about five versts The rains had done great damage to the road and the horses dragged us almost the whole

* *The European Messenger.*

way at a walking pace We stopped for the night and fed the horses I knew that Marya Nikolayevna was fearless when it came to most things, that she was afraid only of horses and of traveling on a bad road, that's how it was now, but this road incident would have frightened more than her We were going up a big hill On one side of the road was a steep slope, with a ravine down below, and the other side was a slanting dirt bank overgrown with grass This road had obviously once been excavated through the mountain The wheels stuck in the mud, the driver, clicking his tongue and waving his whip lustily, forced the horses on "Giddap there, little doves!" he urged The horses were straining and heaving with the last of their strength, but still they didn't move from their place Suddenly we felt the carriage careening over on its side, slowly rolling backwards, and turning sharply toward the ravine Through the carriage window I saw that the rear wheel was cutting into the farthest edge of the road It seemed that at any minute we would be hurled over the steep cliff My heart sank Varya and Liza glanced at their mother with frightened eyes

"Oh, my God," exclaimed Marya Nikolayevna, "what will become of us?" She grew pale and seized hold of the carriage door "Tanya, children, cry 'Lift like a feather and with Samson's strength'" And we repeated with frightened voices after Marya Nikolayevna "Lift like a feather and with Samson's strength"

The girls knew that this was the proper incantation when something went wrong with the horses, but I didn't, and repeated it after them mechanically I must confess that these cabalistic words raised in me a hope of rescue

"My good man, hey, my good man," we heard the voice of our calm and collected old driver, Arkhip, "please brake the hind wheels, will you? Look, there's the brake hanging under the coach"

I glanced out the window and saw a passer-by, an elderly peasant He stopped and listened to the driver's request, then went behind the carriage and, with a slight effort, threw on the brake. Our faces expressed our relief Marya Nikolayevna crossed herself.

"Well, thank God," she said "Get out quickly. We'll go up the mountain on foot"

We didn't feel like going through the mud but there was nothing else to do We climbed up the slippery, clay road with

difficulty Varenka lost one of her galoshes and kept saying the whole way "It's amazing where it could have taken itself"

Toward evening we reached Cheremoshnya

18

Masha Dyakova's Nameday and September 17th

To THIS day I remember the joyful welcome given us Marya Nikolayevna very much loved and appreciated Dolly Darya Aleksandrovna's sister, Yekaterina Aleksandrovna (I've forgotten her last name), was visiting the Dyakovs. She was a widow about thirty years old, a sweet, jolly, and understanding person.

Time slipped by imperceptibly and July 22, Masha's nameday, drew near. Dmitry Alekseyevich and Dolly got up a game of charades to entertain the young people. A stage, curtain, and frame for the pictures were put up in the drawing room. Marya Nikolayevna, Dolly's sister, and I planned most of it and superintended everything. Darya Aleksandrovna sat quietly as she was afraid of getting a headache. The nameday was a great occasion. All those people who came to visit us on Sundays came for dinner, and besides them were invited the Sukhotins, Lyubov Nikolayevna and her daughter, Yekaterina Fyodorovna—a girl my own age who later married Dmitry Dmitriyevich Sverbeyev, the vice-governor of Tula. The Sukhotins were three brothers: Fyodor Mikhailovich, Aleksandr Mikhailovich, a bachelor, and Sergey Mikhailovich, who was married to Dyakov's sister and who has been partly described in *Anna Karenina* as Anna's husband. I never saw Fyodor Mikhailovich.

Aleksandr Mikhailovich Sukhotin arrived in the evening. He was a man over forty with refined tastes and upbringing. He spoke French beautifully and the only Russian trait in him was his infinite kindness. Peasants, men and women, cheated him, he would pay whatever they demanded without a murmur. Dmitry Alekseyevich laughingly told us how once some peasant woman had caught up with him somewhere on the road and asked for money.

"Kind sir, my daughter has just given birth to twins, help us out of your kindness."

He took out of his pocketbook all he had with him and gave it to her.

Later Sukhotin told me "Mais vous savez, mon cher, qu'elle m'a trompé, ces twins n'existaient même pas" *

But I have digressed from our festivities. The charades consisted of five French words and fifteen pictures. For every word there were three pictures, and the last one was a tableau from *A Caucasian Prisoner*. Everyone took part and everything went off beautifully. Dmitry Alekseyevich was an English woman in the word "prudence." Masha Dyakov depicted Perette from the French fable. She carried milk to sell at the market, and while making plans what to buy with the money she was so carried away by her dreams that she dropped the pitcher and broke it and only the handle of the pitcher remained intact. This she was holding when the curtain went up. Each picture was better than the next. But I remember a ridiculous and at the same time sad incident at one of the pantomimes. Varenka had to portray a sorceress with wild hair, wearing a thin black dress and carrying a wand. In her arms was a black tomcat which we had difficulty in finding. The cat also took part in the rehearsals. A young and handsome prince stood by a flaming urn. (We burned some alcohol in it.) At rehearsals the cat always tried to get out of her arms. I taught Varya how to hold him and got angry because she was awkward about it. At the fifth rehearsal the cat quieted down, Varenka held him nicely and I stopped worrying.

Every picture was shown three times. When the turn came for Varenka's picture I was anxious about her. Liza was the Prince. For the first curtain everything went off not only well but very beautifully. The second time the curtain was raised my whole attention was directed to the cat. I noticed his dangerous movement and the look of terror in Varenka's eyes. Suddenly, when everything was completely silent, the cat tore himself out of her arms and leaped from the stage into the audience.

"It's not my fault, Tanya, he's so strong!" Varenka said aloud in despair, and the audience laughed merrily.

"Be quiet! Stay where you are!" I cried. The curtain was lowered. The poses changed, and the curtain was raised for the third time,

* But you know, my friend, that she really deceived me. Those twins didn't even exist.

but this time without the cat. How important everything seemed then, how keenly every foolishness was felt! The pictures were extraordinarily successful. I don't remember just who took part in each. All the charades were guessed, and most of them, of course, by Aleksandr Mikhailovich Sukhotin, Marya Nikolayevna was unusually merry and vivacious and she infected the others with her vivacity.

I made the acquaintance of Katenka Sukhotin. She was a girl about eighteen or nineteen years old, attractive and very independent. She was an only and very spoiled daughter. When she was yet a little girl she always wore Russian clothes and spent half her time in the country. The young peasant girls were her friends. She took part in their games, sang at their weddings, danced their native dances with them and yet was able to play the role of a well bred young lady, if necessary. I liked her. In those days girls who were educated by French and English governesses did not freely frequent the villages, and girls such as Katenka were rare.

Marya Nikolayevna stayed at Cheremoshnya for two or three weeks. Everyone left. The house was quiet and seemed deserted. Dmitry Alekseyevich was again preoccupied with estate matters, and Dolly and I resumed our sittings for the painting. I had a strange disposition when there was any merriment I was the first to abandon myself to it with my whole being, my whole soul, with not even a touch of doubt or sadness, but then on the next day a vague melancholy came over me, or else some recent torment rose within me with new strength. And so it was now. I painfully recalled the whole episode with Sergey Nikolayevich.

It was August. The weather became chilly and I caught cold and coughed a lot. Dolly and Dmitry Alekseyevich were alarmed. For want of a doctor, Dmitry Alekseyevich himself put a poultice on my chest. I was afraid of pain and wouldn't consent, but the cough was so bad and the future trip to Yasnaya so alluring, that I finally agreed. Their tender care was touching. I remember how I went out on the terrace in the evening and gazed at the setting sun. Dmitry Alekseyevich was walking along the garden from the office. Seeing me, he said sternly: "What are you doing? You'll catch cold. Go into your room."

"I won't go. I'm suffocating in there."

"Tanya, I implore you to go in," he said, coming up to me.

"All right, in a little while . . . Let me stay," I begged.

"What trouble your husband will have with you," said he, looking seriously at me "I can't refuse you "

"Husband?" I repeated "I don't think I'll ever marry "

"Why? That's impossible!"

"To be engaged for two years to one man, and then . . . Who would have me now?" I said with bitterness, blushing

"If I were free and young, I would consider it the greatest good fortune to be your husband," he said This I didn't expect I looked at him with gratitude and something stirred in me that was more than just friendship A violent fit of coughing seized me. Dmitry Alekseyevich silently clasped me in his strong arms and almost carried me into the drawing room where Dolly was sitting

"Well, what are we going to do with you?" said he with vexation

"Dmitry," Dolly asked, "why do you let that child go out on the terrace? How badly she coughs!"

Dmitry Alekseyevich went to his room without answering I went up to Dolly, put my arms around her, laid my head on her shoulder and wept bitterly

"Tanyusha, dear, darling, what's the matter?" Dolly asked anxiously "What are you crying about? Come now, tell me."

"I don't know," I murmured

After arriving at Yasnaya, I told Leo Nikolayevich about my conversation with Dmitry as I always did

"Don't worry, it's nothing Dmitry loves his wife very much," he said "And you are doing nothing wrong by living with them."

On September 12 we were at Yasnaya The new building was ready but not plastered inside, which gave it a rather dismal appearance Leo Nikolayevich took us around to look at his creation The study was large, with columns in the middle of the room for supporting the terrace The terrace was the roof of the study

"You see," he said, "how beautifully the stairway leading to the garden turned out."

"Yes," I agreed, "it reminds me of the setting for the opera *Askold's Tomb*. You remember how they kidnap her by just such a stairway?"

"But there's no one to kidnap you We don't have anyone except Indyushkin," he said, laughing

Leo Nikolayevich was obviously proud of his architectural ability The small room with two windows was cozy and separated from the rest of the house In time this building proved not to be durable,

owing to defective materials. It was bought for an old tavern, which stood on the highway not far from the village. From the tavern the road went down the hill to the village, and to this day this slope is still called "Tavern Hill." At the present time there is a school on this site.

I ran about the whole house and greeted all the servants. Everyone was as before, except Dunyasha who had married Aleksey Stepanovich. Dunyasha rushed to embrace me.

Aunt Pelageya Ilyinichna was visiting at Yasnaya and was staying in Tatyana Aleksandrovna's room. Marya Nikolayevna and her daughters also came. At that time it didn't even enter my head to think how much trouble and care fell to the lot of the hostess in order to feed and find room for everyone, or how much extra work the maids had to do. Everything seemed to be done inconspicuously and easily.

We young people passed the time very pleasantly. We walked and rode into the woods looking for mushrooms. The wonderful weather continued, reminding one of July. In the evening some kind of game, music or reading was started.

"Dunyasha, tell me, does Sergey Nikolayevich visit you?" I asked her after hesitating a long time. I didn't want to ask my sister, and Leo Nikolayevich still less, let them think I had forgotten him.

"He does, only rarely."

"Does he seem cheerful? Contented?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know about that. Only the other day when he was visiting us I heard him having quite a discussion with the countess. I was setting the table for Aleksey."

"What did they talk about?" I inquired.

"Oh, about how difficult everything is now, the servants have become arrogant, no one wants to work. But I didn't hear very well. Only that he isn't happy and doesn't go any place. But as to how he lives otherwise, I don't know."

"Why do I ask," I thought, "What's it to me?"

The 17th of September arrived. Everyone was in a holiday mood. We were all elegantly dressed in light white dresses with colored ribbons. The dinner table was decorated with flowers and the new terrace was flooded with sunshine. I remember how gaily and noisily we sat down to dinner at five o'clock in the afternoon, when suddenly an orchestra started to play in the garden. It was the overture from the opera *Fenella ou La Muette de Portici*, which Sonya so

loved All of us, except Sonya, knew that Leo Nikolayevich had asked Colonel Yunosh to send the orchestra, but the secret was well kept

I won't attempt to describe the expression on Sonya's face Everything was there surprise, fear that this was a dream, joy, and tenderness when she saw and understood the expression in Leo Nikolayevich's face He was beaming no less than she Sonya was very charming, she looked so blooming and gay I had not seen her like this for a long time and was happy for her

After dinner Stasyulevich and some of the officers came and we organized a dance Everyone danced, beginning with Colonel Yunosh, Leo Nikolayevich and Dyakov The two aunts and poor Dolly were onlookers All this took place on the terrace Stasyulevich danced only the quadrille, upon compulsion In one of these, in the sixth figure, I had to do the Russian dance Since I don't remember this so well myself, I prefer to quote what Varvara Valerianovna Nagornova wrote in 1916 in a supplement to the newspaper *New Time*, in the article, "The Original of Natasha Rostova "

In the sixth figure the orchestra played the then well-known dance "Kamarinskaya " Leo Nikolayevich began to call for those who could dance the Russian dance, but no one volunteered Then he turned to Kolokoltsov with the words, "Go ahead, dance, surely you cannot hold out " The orchestra played with more and more gusto "Come now! Eh!" Leo Nikolayevich urged Kolokoltsov made a decisive step forward and describing a circle stopped with a bow in front of Tanya. I saw her hesitate, and I became frightened for her

Not only Varya, but I myself, felt a shyness and at the same time I could scarcely stand still I felt my heart trembling, my shoulders, arms and legs quivering and that they themselves, apart from my will, could do what was necessary.

Varenka writes

Her face expressed rapturous decision and, suddenly, putting one arm akimbo and raising the other, she glided lightly toward Kolokoltsov. Someone threw her a kerchief which she swooped up as she glided by She was no longer disturbed by those surrounding her She danced as if she had never done anything else.

Everyone began clapping, while I myself, listening to this thrilling

music and watching Tanya, wanted to join her, but I couldn't make up my mind to do so

"We lived gaily, lightheartedly, youthfully then," Varya added

The beauty and warmth of the night were wonderful. We all went down the decorative stairway to the garden avenue. The moon was on the wane and would rise only around eleven o'clock. After the dances the musicians were treated to supper and beer, and at one o'clock in the morning, they set out with the officers for Yasnky, playing a march. All this was solemn and beautiful as the luminous night itself, with its shining autumn stars.

Liza, Masha, Sofesha, in their light elegant dresses, seemed to me especially sweet and beautiful that evening, particularly Liza. She was on the threshold of youth. Although she and Varya were sisters, their characters were completely different, but still there was something "Tolstoyan" in both of them—a frankness, sensitiveness and religiousness with a touch of mysticism. When Marya Nikolayevna went away anywhere or was ill, she entrusted the household matters to Liza, who was her favorite.

"Indeed, how can one entrust Varenka with anything—she'll always forget," Marya Nikolayevna said.

We stayed for two weeks. Dmitry Alekseyevich was in a hurry to get home and the Dyakovs left, but I stayed on at Yasnaya. Because of Darya Aleksandrovna's poor health, the Dyakovs also wanted to spend the winter in Moscow.

"We shall probably go to Moscow in November with Tanya, her parents insist on her return, as they are worried about her health," Leo Nikolayevich said. "And I will have to go to see the printers."

"Yes, but I won't be in Moscow this winter," Sonya said with regret. "I'm anxious about Father's health. Yet we are making plans to go abroad and for the children to stay with Grandmother. But our parents don't believe in our plans. We'll take Tanya along to repair her," added Sonya, smiling.

Everyone said good-bye to us and left. I felt very sad. I didn't know that I would never be at Cheremoshnya again. I didn't know that this period of my young life was ended forever, as was the period with Sergey Nikolayevich at Yasnaya.

19

A Winter in Moscow and a Trip Abroad

It is November There is a storm of snow and sleet In a few days we are going to Moscow I am sorry to leave Yasnaya I am weak and I cough Lyovochka glances anxiously and compassionately at me when I cough and sometimes cries out "Be quiet!"

I am not allowed to go hunting I play bezique with Aunt Pelageya Ilyinichna Lyovochka sits in an easy chair, his feet on a bear rug He asks which name is better, Vera or Zina We give different answers Tatyana Aleksandrovna says Zina, but Pelageya Ilyinichna and I say Vera Natalya Petrovna inquires "Why do you ask?" He doesn't reply But I know why he wanted to call Vera Rostova, Zina "But why does he want to know now?" I thought, "now that he has already named her Vera "

"Tanya," he says, "you're fond of Liza "

"Yes, I am She's a fine person "

"When we're in Moscow I want to be her friend," he said.

"And so do I "

Tea was announced

I found the children had changed greatly during the time I had been away from Yasnaya They had begun to spend more time with us Leo Nikolayevich paid much more attention to them His ideas on their upbringing were sometimes different from those of Sonya, Auntie and Nurse But Sonya gave in to him on this as she did in everything Leo Nikolayevich was opposed to any kind of garment for Seryozha except a coarse linen shirt, and Tanya had to wear a kind of clumsy gray flannel blouse Yet he was rather inconsistent in these matters the children's underwear was of fine linen which Leo Nikolayevich himself bought at Tretyakov's in Moscow Leo Nikolayevich disapproved of toys, and this displeased Nurse Marya Afanasyevna "What next! And just how are the children to amuse themselves?" she grumbled "It's a good thing Grandmother gave Seryozhenka a horse, and how well he plays with it. And what else is there to keep the children busy? Otherwise they'd be plaguing us all day!"

On the subject of toys, Leo Nikolayevich wrote a humorous letter about Seryozha and my brother Petya

By now Pyotr Andreyevich must already be a big man, not falling asleep at dinner and knowing his Zumpt* backwards and forwards. What is he going to take his degree in? We won't have time to turn around before we'll have to ask this question of Seryozha. Up to now it seems that he's been preparing to take a degree in coachmanship. I don't know where he gets it from, but to my vexation he carts around everything that comes his way, and shouts out, imitating a peasant's voice, imagining that he is driving . . .

Leo Nikolayevich was tender with his children, especially with little Tanya. He seemed to avoid the new baby, saying "When I hold a little live bird in my hands something like a spasm comes over me, and in the same way I'm afraid to take little children in my arms."

On November 10 we said good-bye to Sonya and the aunties and left early in the morning for Moscow, going as far as Tula in our own carriage and horses. Dora's puppy that we were taking to Father rode with us. On the way our wheel came off and we were delayed for an hour and a half. Fortunately one of the estate workers passed by. He gave us his own wheel, and adjusted his own cart somehow with a piece of rope and went on his way. The weather was bad. Leo Nikolayevich ordered me not to talk in the fresh air and asked me to wear a respirator (a mask over the mouth). I had one made in Moscow but made little use of it. We arrived home the next day, about seven o'clock in the evening. I don't remember our trip very well, Leo Nikolayevich described it in a letter to Sonya (November 11).

Here we are, my dearest darling. We arrived safely and found everyone well. We went faster than we thought so that we were actually at the Court Physician's door at seven o'clock. I don't know where everyone was, but suddenly they all appeared in the dining room and on the stairs with those shrieks you know so well. Andrey Yevstafyevich is just as he was last year. He was very happy over the puppy and has fixed a place for him in his own quarters. Lyubov Aleksandrovna has grown stouter. She is very glad to see Tanya, but I see in her eyes and speech a hostile *arrière pensée* about Tanya's going to the Dyakovs'.

* Zumpt author of a Latin grammar and textbooks on ancient history.—ED

I was very delighted to see everyone, particularly Mother and Brother Petya. He had grown taller, looked quite a man and greeted us cordially. Leo Nikolayevich was to live in one room with him. Styopa was in the third year of the Pravovedenie School, and aiming to get on the honor roll. Volodya was melancholy and silent and Vyacheslav as sweet as ever. Liza and I met each other in a friendly way. We were sharing a room downstairs, and at night when we went to bed we talked together.

"And is yours coming to see us?" I asked her.

"Why mine?" she asked, smiling.

"See, you've already guessed whom I'm talking about. This is what 'yours' means! Natalya Petrovna was asking us the same way."

"He's at Lubny now, his regiment is stationed there. He'll be coming at Christmas. Tanya, how thin you've grown!" Liza said.

"This is just recently, I felt well all summer. The Dyakovs are going abroad in the winter and the Tolstoys want me to go with them, but I think Papa and Mama don't want me to go. It really is expensive and Sasha has to be kept in the Preobrazhensky Regiment, it is much more important. I'll get better anyway. I know that I'm not going to die. Lyovochka is always looking at me and I see doom in his eyes. The Tolstoys want to give me money for my trip—all this is unpleasant."

"Yes, Tanya, you don't look too well!"

"Tomorrow my Rassvyetov and Varvinsky will come again to listen to my heart and tap on my chest. You know, all this is still the effect of the poison which I took. It has burnt all my inside. I remember it well enough, but I just don't talk about it—I don't like to."

Liza hadn't changed in the least. She was busy all day. Her present hobby was learning how to cut out and sew, and she had made a dress all by herself which looked lovely on her. "And I'm lazy," I thought, "all my dresses are made by dressmakers."

Doctor Rassvyetov was expected the next day. Leo Nikolayevich wrote Sonya on November 12.

We all had breakfast together in the morning. Tanya is as usual. Since Rassvyetov was expected I didn't leave the house. Rassvyetov arrived and I begged him to give his opinion in the most direct and positive way without considering Andrey Yevstafyevich and without beating about the bush.

I went to the examination after a jolly conversation with Petya. Leo Nikolayevich wrote

Tanya came and they began to examine her. I am always terribly upset by this examination and discussions. Rassvyetov said very positively that Tanya's lungs were in a worse condition than they were last year, and that, in his opinion, she even had the early symptoms of consumption. He advised her to go abroad and to do all those things that we already knew she should do—that is, to live quietly, getting the right nourishment, being careful about exerting herself, singing, and so forth. He advised a consultation with Varvinsky, who will be here on Monday. But even without Varvinsky and Rassvyetov, there is no doubt in my mind about her condition.

While we were away, the English nurse, Hannah Tersey, came to Sonya's. Sonya wrote that it was very hard for her to make herself understood and that she carried an English dictionary in her pocket.

I received a letter from the Dyakovs saying that they would be in Moscow in December. This was a great joy to me. I didn't know about the doctors' discussions and diagnoses, and I continued to be as merry and vivacious as I was at Cheremoshnya and Yasnaya. Petya was my companion at laughing and playing pranks. My dear Feodora lived at Pokrovskoye and when she came to bring us our laundry (she had become our laundress), we rushed into each other's arms. Feodora told me what a kind mother-in-law she had and how happy she was.

"Come and visit me in the summer. We live well. There's all the bread you want to eat and good honey. I'll bring you a jar of honey, I really didn't know that you had come," she said, and a sweet smile lit up her kind, pock-marked face.

Nurse Vera Ivanovna was spending her last days in our house. She was going to live with her daughter, and only Trifonovna and old Prokofy still remained faithful to us.

Dolly wrote me that they were coming in December and that we would go abroad together in February.

Leo Nikolayevich left for Yasnaya. At parting he bade me take good care of myself, and write and remember that I had close friends to whom I was dear.

Christmas came. Brother Sasha arrived from Petersburg, already in the uniform of the Preobrazhensky Regiment. We were so happy

at seeing each other and there was so much to tell each other that we were almost inseparable. Papa took him to a ball at the governor general's and to the assembly, saying that it was useful for a young man to go out into society. Pavlenko arrived at Christmas, he came for dinner and stayed all evening. I kept an eye on him. He had a remarkably quiet, even manner with everyone, Liza included. There was no courting at all. We treated him as a member of the family. Papa asked for his advice, the children hung around him and Mama would leave him alone in the drawing room without apologizing. Kuzminsky didn't come for the holidays—he had just received an appointment in Tula as examining magistrate for the new courts which opened in 1866.

The Dyakovs came at the end of the holidays. I found Darya Aleksandrovna to be in a very poor condition, but I ascribed it to the fatigue of the journey. When the others had left, I spent almost all my time at the Dyakovs'. While I was with her, my fears about her health disappeared.

Kuzminsky arrived quite unexpectedly after the holidays. As always, we all, and myself in particular, were very glad to see him. Brother Sasha was still home and we resumed our endless talks, but above all, Kuzminsky took me to and from the Dyakovs every day. I didn't carry out Rassvyetov's orders very religiously. I wrote to Sonya (December 19, 1866)

All this time Lyovochka, and you, Sonya, would not have approved of the way I've been living, for I went to the theater twice and I often go driving with Sasha Kuzminsky. He undertook the assignment of bringing me to Dolly. I've introduced both of them (brother Aleksandr and A. M. Kuzminsky) to her. Now I have spent enough time with them and have got to know both well. Sasha Kuzminsky has become so much better in his moral attitude, but our Sasha has deteriorated in Petersburg. Yet I love him just the same, because I see his fundamental good quality which he tries his best to deaden with conversations and thoughts about money, society and marrying an heiress (he even parts his hair down the back), one evening he was talking so shockingly that Sasha Kuzminsky and I were horrified, but Liza, she is delighted with it all. But he is still dear to me, because for all that, I see that he is as good as he used to be and the rest is pure affectation and will pass with time. The other day while I was with Dolly, Sasha Kuzminsky called for me—I went out on the porch, a three-horse carriage was wait-

ing there and he took me for a ride all over Moscow. It was very warm and I didn't catch cold. But Dmitry Alekseyevich, when he caught sight of us, didn't

The end is not preserved.

The Dyakovs were getting ready to go abroad, and I was supposed to go with them. Darya Aleksandrovna's health was not improving and she grew weaker by the day. Dmitry Alekseyevich began to be uneasy about her condition, and I felt misgivings and distress when I was not actually with her. I wrote to Sonya, November 22, 1866

Dolly came to Moscow still very ill. Papa found her condition to be very bad, and last night I was in as deep a state of despair and despondency as if she had already been buried. They are going to consult Rassvyetov, and then there will be a decision as to the nature of her illness and what is to be done. The Dyakovs are quite ready to go abroad, but papa says that it will not help Dolly at all. That is the terrible thing about it, however it turns out, it is still bad for her. If Rassvyetov says so, I will implore her to stay.

Dmitry Alekseyevich and all the girls are dining at our house today. Well, now about myself. I started a cough and a proper one. Papa was quite at a loss and said that he didn't want to treat me and handed me over to Rassvyetov. Now our parents are angry with Rassvyetov because he hasn't given me anything for my fever, he has ordered a small card pinned on my back saying "You are eighty-eight years old," that is, I should move at a snail's pace and not go anywhere.

March, 1867, came, a time memorable to me for the sorrow that befell us. Despite the doctor's orders and my parents' admonitions not to go out in the damp weather, I was at the Dyakovs' every day, and often stayed the night.

Darya Aleksandrovna got up occasionally, came to dinner and seemed quite bright, but at other times lay in bed in her room, spent with exhaustion. Once when we were left alone we talked about going abroad. I tried to comfort her, saying she would soon get better in the wonderful air there. She listened to me in silence and only shook her head sadly.

"Little one," she said suddenly, "when I die, you marry Dmitry. Promise me, will you?"

I could have expected anything from her but this. She distressed

and shocked me so much that I put my arm around her and said tearfully "Dolly, why do you talk like that? This is terrible This is impossible I can't talk about it ."

She calmed me with caresses and tender words, but when I looked in her eyes, I saw a deeply solemn, rapt expression on her face She was already not of our world—and I understood this

On March 16 she suddenly felt better I was at their house all day and was very pleased with this change Father himself came to fetch me in the evening On parting, Dolly told me that the 19th was her nameday and that Masha had set her heart on celebrating it, and they wanted me to come for the whole day Happy over her improvement, I said good-bye to her My inexperience deceived me frequently the patient feels relief just before death Father told me afterward "That last evening when we were at their house, her pulse was faint, and flickering, but I didn't want to tell you "

The next day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, she died I was forbidden to go there, but I pleaded so that they let me I shall not try to describe our grief and the despair of Dmitry Alekseyevich and Masha Sofesha told me about Darya Aleksandrovna's last hours

"It was two in the afternoon and we were having lunch Darya Aleksandrovna was with us Suddenly she grew pale, let her knife and fork drop, and whispered 'What's the matter with me?' She fainted Dmitry Alekseyevich, terror-stricken, carried her to her room Masha was frightened out of her senses for she did not understand what was wrong with her mother, in her panic she ran up to the big clock hanging on the wall and stopped it Why she did this was a mystery to all of us as well as to herself Darya Aleksandrovna died two hours later "

I wired Kuzminsky in Tula, asking him to inform the Tolstoy without delay about Darya Aleksandrovna's death

The funeral took place on the 19th of March This was her nameday, when we were all supposed to be at their house As the sad procession was moving down the street and we, relatives and near friends, were following the coffin, I saw a sleigh overtaking the procession, as it came up with us Leo Nikolayevich jumped out He had gone straight from the station to the Dyakovs' and having learned our route followed us I see and remember all this as clearly as though it were yesterday, so overwhelming was the impression of her death.

Dmitry Alekseyevich was very touched by Leo Nikolayevich's arrival. I shall never forget how they both wept when they met after the funeral. We wanted to take the girls back with us, but Masha wouldn't leave her father.

"Sasha Kuzminsky will come tomorrow," Leo Nikolayevich said. "He couldn't come with me, but he surely knows how heartbroken you are."

And he came and stayed a week with us. This was a comfort to me and I was grateful to him.

Dmitry Alekseyevich was afraid for Masha. She mourned for her mother beyond her years. He decided to take her abroad and asked my parents to let me go with them, while Sofesha was supposed to stay in Moscow at Grandmother Okulova's, Dmitry Alekseyevich's stepmother. My parents were very doubtful whether I should go. I didn't know what I wanted to do. I was so full of grief for my beloved Dolly. Then, too, I was sorry for Sofesha, who felt slighted and cried bitterly.

I wrote to the Tolstoys (March 30, 1867)

My darling Sonya, I couldn't write you before now. I tried several times, but each time I gave up. I haven't been able to do anything at all yet. It is now twelve days since Dolly died and I am still bewildered and there are moments when I cannot believe this sorrow. Now that the funeral and the church services are over and we have seemingly resumed our normal life, the thought that it's true, that Dolly is dead, seems still unreal, despite the ever-present heartache, and I feel such despair as I've never felt before.

It must be the very same way with Masha, she is disconsolate. She cried when I gave her your letter to read. Dmitry Alekseyevich couldn't make up his mind to go to Cheremoshnya, it would have been too depressing. We're going abroad, Sonya, for six weeks, but no more. Dmitry Alekseyevich suggested that I go so they can leave Sofesha. I began by refusing because I wanted to go to Yasnaya and I felt sorry for Sofesha. But Masha and he entreated so much and were so set on it, that I am going, but only because Masha wants this so terribly and she and I are almost inseparable these days. Sofesha was very hurt. She wept and was angry with Dmitry Alekseyevich, and I remembered Lyovochka's words that Darya Aleksandrovna was her staunchest protector. She is staying at grandmother's but will go to Cheremoshnya with them later on. Dmitry Alekseyevich says that I must go for my fever (which is very

bad), but my money was given to me for the winter and can't be touched for six weeks. That's why he is leaving Sofesha and taking me. I want to go away as soon as possible, best of all to Yasnaya, but going abroad is better than Moscow. We will leave on Saturday, April 1. Lyovochka, what do you think about this? Why didn't you take me with you? I could neither tell you nor show you how grateful and pleased I was that you came. Whenever sorrow comes, there is no one I long to see as much as you and Sonya.

My parents were afraid of the censure of "society" and hesitated a long time to let me go. At last Papa decided: "Let them say what they want. Tanya's health is more important to me than people's gossip."

* * *

We are in Baden-Baden. Dmitry Alekseyevich's sister, who is the wife of the poet Zhemchuzhnikov, lives here. I am happy for Dyakov that he is with his sister, I am not used to seeing him so downcast and I am deeply sorry for him.

I am impressed with the culture and cleanliness of Baden-Baden. The countryside is beautiful. I wrote in my diary: "The Zhemchuzhnikovs are sweet, particularly he and the children. She looks at me rather suspiciously and observes me closely when I'm with her brother. It's unpleasant."

We seldom stay at home. I remember a trip to the mountains on a donkey with a boy to guide it.

I received a letter from Father (April 7).

A couple of days ago I received a letter from Tolstoy, in which I see that he is puzzled over your unexpected departure. He had only just learned about it from Sasha Kuzminsky, who informed the Tolstoyes about it in a short, incoherent letter. He hadn't yet received your letter and mine. I saw from his letter and even more from the preceding one that he was very happy about Dmitry Alekseyevich's arrival, and then suddenly it is all changed. There is some trouble about the publication of his novel. The engraver Richau refused to do the pictures and there is no other artist here. Bashilov made inquiries in Petersburg and they will undertake it there, but not before next spring. I sent him a letter not long ago, in which I strongly urged him to give up the pictures. Pisemsky, whom I met at Turgenev's, gives him the same advice. Pisemsky praises his last novel to the skies and finds that the pictures can do

nothing to enhance its quality, but, on the contrary, they might lower it. But what can one do with him, he thinks for himself.

Be careful about your health, my dear. Don't walk too much and try not to catch cold. You passed through Germany with such speed that it could hardly leave any kind of impression on you. You will have plenty of time to get to know Paris, however, and I am convinced that you will like it. The Perflyevs are very pleased about your going abroad. Varenka said that she wouldn't hesitate a minute about going with Dmitry Alekseyevich if she were on the same terms with him as you were. I confess to you openly, dear Tanya, that the interest, attention, and friendship which Dmitry Alekseyevich has shown toward you, after his wife's passing, and that tender, heartfelt devotion which Masha feels for you make me happier than I can say. How kind and great-hearted they are. Press Dmitry Alekseyevich's hand warmly for me and kiss dear Masha.

We stayed in Baden-Baden about ten days. I got a very favorable impression of Germany, particularly of the beauty of the countryside. Unfortunately, I saw little of the people.

* * *

We are in Paris. Our hotel is on a busy thoroughfare. The impression is overwhelming. Everywhere there is life, crowds, and bustle, people rushing on their errands, double rows of carriages. I am awestruck at the tall, unfamiliar houses and I dare not cross the street alone. They are all in a hurry, all beautifully dressed, busy, and no one pays any attention to us. We do not know a soul, no one to talk to, let alone friends. Dmitry Alekseyevich, however, seems quite at home, he's used to life abroad and has visited Paris on several occasions. Masha, too, seems to take everything as a matter of course, so I alone feel an awed provincial, as I have written Father. Masha and I live in one room together. Dmitry Alekseyevich's room is near to ours.

There was an international world exhibition in Paris at that time and we used to go every day. I won't attempt to describe the exhibition. I wrote to Sonya.

May 7-20, 1867, Paris

My dear Sonya, I haven't written you for a long time, because we are never at home. We've been in Paris ten days and we want to leave on Friday. I'm not at all sorry, on the contrary I wish time would go faster.

so I could come to Yasnaya I liked Paris very much, but to live there permanently—God preserve us! Sonya, this is how we pass our time. We are staying on the *boulevard des Italiens*, right in the heart of the city. When we get up in the morning, around eleven o'clock, we go out, stroll around town all day sight-seeing, and we have both lunch and dinner in a restaurant, or else we go to the Exhibition. What a wonderful place! Everything that's new in the world, from machines to dolls—everything is there. We saw our Russian section. There are waiters there, disgusting fellows from the Troitsky tavern, who speak French, and they served buckwheat gruel such as we feed our hens, and everything is so expensive, it's a shame. And there is a woman, dressed up as a baby nurse, serving the tea. But the Russian ladies are so touched that they call the waiters "my dear."

We went out of town to the Bois de Boulogne, and to Versailles. It's all lovely, but I like Germany better. Last night we went to the *Café Chantant* in the *Champs Élysées*. When they started their songs, Dmitry Alekseyevich grew pale, then blushed, he was appalled because he had brought us there. The songs were terrible but it was such fun that we didn't want to leave. But what interests me most of all here are the people—how they live, what they eat, how they bring up their children, whether they are good housewives, what their servants are like, and their rooms, and the habits and customs of this nation that is strange to me. Unfortunately, I have not seen the country. Yet this everyday life is more interesting to me than lighthouses and agricultural machines, but Dmitry Alekseyevich is absorbed in the latter. He is being very stern with me. He gets angry if I don't eat, and grumbles if I dress too lightly. The other evening when Masha was already asleep and I was reading in bed, I began to cough badly. He knocked at the door and came in to bring me some drops. He looked cross and grumpy and said, "My God, how you cough! Take this!" and thrust a glass at me, then turned and hastily left the room.

We will travel directly via Berlin. I think we'll be in Moscow on the 3rd or 4th, and from there straight to you. We'll spend about four days in Moscow. And Sonya, I'll be so glad to see you. Everything seems bad now and it won't be good again until I am with you. We saw Napoleon and his wife at the Exhibition. He is short and carries himself proud and erect. Josephine* is tall, her beautiful face was framed by a fashionable hat, and she wore a dress with innumerable ruffles. The crowd made room for them to pass and all the men took off their hats, holding

* Author's error. It must have been Eugénie.—Ed

them above their heads. They had to acknowledge all these salutations, poor dears, they had no time to look at the exhibition.

There's not a trace of my fever left. I walk an awful lot, and though I get tired, this doesn't weaken me, I eat lots too. Why didn't you write me in Paris? I wanted so much to get a letter from you. I still don't know what your reaction was to my taking this trip, every day I think about it and imagine it differently. Good-bye, my dears, I kiss you and the children with all my heart. How I long to see you again soon. Dmitry Alekseyevich and Masha asked to be remembered to you, and Masha kisses you, Sonya. Good-bye. You have such a lot of my pictures that I am ashamed to send more, but here's one all the same. This long letter is my last.

We stayed three weeks in Paris. It was too much for me to go to the exhibition every day and occasionally I stayed at home. I asked our nice maid Berthe to go to the shops with me, which she willingly did. I bought all sorts of things to take to the family, and I was both amused and astounded at the difference between the merchandise here and our Russian goods. How much more elegant and yet cheaper everything was here.

Often at night I heard Masha crying to herself. I went up to her, comforted her and talked with her about her mother. I understood her, the anguish of her loss, and that no one could take the place of her mother, who adored her.

We stopped a week in Berlin, then went to Moscow, where we found my parents happy and content. My fever was gone. Sofesha and Masha stayed with us almost all the time. Dmitry Alekseyevich was depressed and gloomy. He was getting ready to go to Chere-moshnya and we set out together. The Dyakovs were to take me to Yasnaya on the way, this would be in about ten days.

My parents decided not to spend the summer in Pokrovskoye, Father was given an appointment in the Petrovsky Park Palace and he planned to move there with Liza, while Mother, to my great rejoicing, decided to stay part of the summer at Yasnaya Polyana. I don't remember about the boys but Vyacheslav, of course, was with Mama.

The end of May found us at Yasnaya. The Tolstoys showed so much sympathy and affection to the Dyakovs that I saw Dmitry Alekseyevich's spirits rise.

He stayed a week at Yasnaya with the girls. He never was in

anyone's way, often he went out in the garden with a book or strolled through the forest and fields, inspecting the estate, sometimes he chatted with us, trying not to disturb Leo Nikolayevich. At first I was uneasy with Sofesha, thinking that she was offended, but our relationship had not changed. Masha played with the children. They moved me into the newly built room with all my little tables and white and rose curtains. Mama still hadn't arrived.

20

My Marriage

WE ARE alone. There is a change in the nursery: an English woman, Hannah, has replaced Nurse. I like her, she is lively, energetic, jolly, and manages the children well. Sonya is very satisfied with her and Leo Nikolayevich approves of her too. The children are already used to her, especially Tanya, but Seryozha still hankers after his old nurse. Hannah had introduced her own ways into the nursery: everything in the room shone with cleanliness, some new kind of brushes were introduced with which Dushka learned to scrub the floor almost every day. The coarse linen shirts somehow took on a new, smarter appearance and, similarly, Tanya's blouses were replaced by white, even embroidered dresses, which Hannah cut out herself. One evening when the children were already in bed, Marya Afanasyevna brought them some buckwheat gruel with milk as she used to do. Hannah had tucked the children in and then had gone out for a stroll with me. We returned at the very moment the children were eagerly attacking the gruel and milk with wooden spoons. Hannah was horrified.

"No, this is bad," she said in broken Russian, "you spoil the children."

And Hannah wanted to take the gruel away, but such an uproar was raised that the children were allowed to finish their supper. Nurse took the plates away, grumbling, "Indeed now, they want the children to die of hunger! Whoever heard of such a thing! Of course, they are fond of their supper. She's not starving herself, I don't think." These last words were muttered from behind the door.

I noticed a change in Leo Nikolayevich's and Sonya's relation-

ship. Something was wrong with them. Leo Nikolayevich often complained of poor health, was depressed and morbidly irritable. He often spoke of death and, as I learned later, wrote about it to his friend Aleksandra Andreyevna Tolstaya. It was this sullen irritableness that affected their relations, there was no other reason for the change, as he himself acknowledged later. Since my room was right next to his study, I felt the brunt of his sudden anger no less than Sonya.

Sonya told me that she was upstairs in her own room sitting on the floor near the chest of drawers, and sorting out her rag bag (she was pregnant at the time), when Leo Nikolayevich came into her room and said: "Why are you sitting on the floor? Get up!"

"In a minute, as soon as I put these things away."

"I say get up! Immediately!" he shouted loudly and went to his study. Sonya could not understand why he should be so angry, she felt hurt and followed him to his study. I heard their querulous voices from my room, I strained my ears but could make nothing out. Then suddenly I heard something fall, the sound of shattered glass and the exclamation: "Get out! Get out!"

I opened my door. Sonya was already out of sight. On the floor lay fragments of broken china and the thermometer that always hung on the wall. Leo Nikolayevich was standing in the middle of the room, pale, with trembling lips, and eyes staring at one spot. I was sorry for him but felt frightened—I'd never seen him this way before. Without saying a word to him, I ran to Sonya's room. She was in a pitiable state and kept repeating like one possessed: "Why? What have I done?"

Some time later she told me: "I went into the study and asked him: 'Lyovochka, what's come over you?' 'Get out! Get out!' he shouted furiously. Afraid and bewildered I went up to him, he pushed me aside with his hand, seized the tray with the coffee pot and cups and threw them all on the floor. I clutched at his hands. He flew into a rage, snatched the thermometer from the wall and threw it on the floor."

Sonya and I never could understand what had provoked such a rage. But it is impossible to know the complex inner workings of a man's soul. Such a stormy scene was the only one in their lives, however, and as far as I know, was never repeated. But I remember that when, later on, the conversation drifted to the subject of passion and rage, Leo Nikolayevich used to say, "No matter how

furious or irritated a man may be, he is always well aware of what he is doing "

One Sunday morning, Leo Nikolayevich and I went to Tula on horseback, he on business and I for the pleasure of the ride

"Isn't it strange," I said to Leo Nikolayevich, "that Sasha Kuzminsky doesn't come to see me?"

"He is very busy with the opening of the new courts," Leo Nikolayevich answered "We'll stop at his place and leave our horses there."

When we arrived in Tula, we went up to his rooms which were on a second floor. Neither he nor his guest Dmitry Dmitriyevich Sverbeyev was up yet We had to laugh as, from a distance, we saw Sverbeyev grab his clothes and fly from the drawing room, where he was put up for the night, to Kuzminsky's bedroom

In a quarter of an hour the table was set The servant Andreyan offered us coffee, cream and so forth I liked the elegant table service

Kuzminsky was embarrassed by my unsuspected arrival and by his getting up so late Sverbeyev disappeared and we didn't see him at all After coffee Leo Nikolayevich left on business and we were left alone

"Why don't you come to see us?" I asked naively, with no hidden thought

"No special reason "

And after a brief silence he added "It's better if I don't go "

I understood his answer He was afraid to resume our former relationship My past . . . Sergey Nikolayevich . . . Anatoly . . . flashed through my mind

"One should live more simply," I said "I live simply without complications and subtleties And you?" . . . Leaving my thought unfinished, I continued "I don't know how you live, but it is not like me "

We talked on for some time When Leo Nikolayevich returned and we prepared to go, he said to Kuzminsky "Come and see us. It's beautiful now in Yasnaya "

To my great joy, Mama came with Vyacheslav and settled in the wing of the house. Kuzminsky became a frequent visitor and Mama, whom he loved very much, encouraged this. Mother and I resumed our talks Once I asked her "Mama, whom would you rather I married, Kuzminsky or Dyakov?"

"Oh, have they proposed to you?" Mother inquired

"No, no one has proposed to me I'm just asking you "

Mama thought a while, then said "Dyakov Sasha is young He is only twenty-four And besides, his mother is against this marriage "

I was silent

"Tanya, are you keeping something from me? You are getting fond of Sasha again these days, I've noticed "

"Well, and if this were so, Mama, what then?" I asked

"His mother and father would be very upset "

I kissed Mother and went to my room

Dyakov and Sofesha came to visit us at the end of June Sonya, Lyovochka and I, as always, gave them a cordial and pleasant welcome Dmitry Alekseyevich was calmer and could now speak about general things, we felt at ease and comfortable with him I took many walks in the garden and forest with Dmitry Alekseyevich, trying to cheer him We talked a great deal about the past, remembering those two years at Cheremoshnya, and more than once did tears well in our eyes.

A week passed in this way and then Dmitry Alekseyevich had to go back to the business of his estate. After they had gone, Leo Nikolayevich called me into his study and said to me "Tanya, Dyakov spoke to me about you . . . "

Leo Nikolayevich stopped, obviously wondering how he could best express what he wanted to

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Nothing but the best, of course He spoke of how Dolly had loved you, how well he knows you and what sort of a person you are He also spoke of his cruel loneliness and asked me to write and tell him what you thought of him Of course it is rather awkward to propose to you three months after the loss of his wife. Do you reciprocate his feelings? He asked my advice and I told him: You'd better hurry and talk it over with her, for it looks to me as if she were returning to her first love He asked me to write to him because he cannot bring himself to speak to you without saying all that is in his mind "

I was silent and didn't know what to answer. I was deeply sorry for Dmitry Alekseyevich, painfully sorry, and I thought of what Dolly had said before she died

"If I could be his best friend, not his wife . . . you know,

Lyovochka," I began at last "If he had proposed to me about two years ago—and hadn't had a wife then—I would have married him. I was fond of him, even very fond of him and I liked the way he was treating me."

"I noticed this when he used to visit us I was afraid for both of you but didn't say anything," Leo Nikolayevich said

"You really noticed it?" I asked "In those days he handled me, as the French say, 'with white kid gloves,' but when we were abroad he put on mittens. No, no, I can't!" I said, after a moment's silence

Leo Nikolayevich smiled at this comparison.

"I told him," he interrupted me, "that Tanya complained of his severity and harshness abroad . . . and Dmitry said to me 'She doesn't understand that this was from the instinct of self-preservation' "

"No, I didn't understand him then, but now my impression is already fixed "

When I repeated this conversation to Mama, she said with a sigh

"How upset Papa will be at your refusal "

My mother was very sorry that she didn't have a chance to see Marya Nikolayevna, who was then living with her daughters at Pokrovskoye, so far as I remember. Mother's sister, Nadezhda Aleksandrovna Karnovich, came to see us from her estate Koshenskoye, fifteen versts from Yasnaya, and it was a great pleasure to Mama. She was a jolly, kind, rather plump woman about ten years older than Mother. Her husband, Vladimir Xenofontovich, was a Marshal of Nobility in his district. She made Leo Nikolayevich and Mama laugh with her stories of what went on in the district. As she was leaving Yasnaya, she made me promise that I would come to visit her daughters.

A few days later Kuzminsky and I went to Koshenskoye. Vladimir Xenofontovich was away on business of his district. We spent most of our time with my cousins—Liza who was twenty years old, and Katya who was sixteen. But none of my friends really interested me except Kuzminsky. "Is this the real thing or just an illusion, a mutual illusion?" I asked myself, and didn't find an answer. Love, once withered and forgotten, yet had its roots deep, and now it was blossoming anew.

We became engaged. Three days later we were back at Yasnaya.

He left for Tula, having told only my mother about his proposal. It wasn't that my family was against Kuzminsky so much, as that they wanted me to marry Dyakov. Natalya Petrovna was the only one who was happy for me. She said, "He's a fine young man, smart-looking and tall, and rich too. Come now, how many acres does he own? Don't you know?"

Auntie Tatyana Aleksandrovna congratulated me good-naturedly in French. Leo Nikolayevich didn't say very much to me but I could tell a great deal just by the expression on his face when he was gazing at me in silence. He didn't trust my love. He attributed it rather to material than to spiritual emotions. "It is best not to get married at all," he thought about me and later about his own daughters.

"Oh, Tanya," Sonya said to me, "how our dear Dmitry Alekseyevich would love and pamper you and wait on you hand and foot."

"Sasha is a very fine person. You know that we are good friends."

"But he's too young for you. He won't appreciate you or understand you and, as Vera Ivanovna says, he is a moody one."

Leo Nikolayevich was sitting by us and listened silently to our conversation.

"Sergey Nikolayevich was old, Kuzminsky is young, but where then is the right one for me?" I said with vexation. "We've known each other a long time. He knows all my 'past,' and has always come to me at the most difficult times of my life, just a short while ago he came when he learned of Dolly's death. Now I am twenty and I am grown-up, and I fully appreciate and value his devotion, so it is quite natural that I should again be in love with him. I can't divide my feelings. If I should marry Dyakov, I would be very unhappy and so would he."

"Tanya, why do you get so wrought up? No one is accusing you of anything," Leo Nikolayevich said.

"No! You're all disapproving, you're all against me," I said hotly, and burst into tears.

"Oh, oh, oh!" groaned Leo Nikolayevich. "Tanya, what's come over you? Really, nothing bad has happened. Why do you get so worked up? We all think kindly of Kuzminsky."

But my troubles weren't over yet. An unpleasant explanation with Kuzminsky was near at hand. We saw each other fairly often. For the most part our talks took place in my room. Mama frequently came in and brought her handwork. One day he asked me

to give him my diary for the past two years to read I refused My diary was full of Sergey Nikolayevich—our times together, our meetings, my love for him, it even included descriptions of various events, conversations with Leo Nikolayevich and so forth He was obstinate and insisted so much that I got annoyed and said "All right, if you insist on having your own way, take it "

And I gave him a fairly thick notebook He took it away to Tula More than a week passed and he didn't come to see us, didn't even write I understood that my diary was the cause of it all

Leo Nikolayevich was getting ready to go to Moscow I received a note from Kuzminsky "I'm going to Moscow on business," and not another word I told Sonya that we had had a little tiff

Leo Nikolayevich wrote Sonya from Moscow (June 20)

What you write about Tanya and Kuzminsky doesn't alarm me so very much! It is just a misunderstanding which doesn't exclude love

. You know I'm worried by the thought that we haven't told Dyakov everything, and he's such a good friend of ours and hers too It seems to me that we should do this What do you and the others think about it?

The next day he again wrote to Sonya and she read to me "Sasha Kuzminsky hasn't said a word yet to his sister or to Andrey Yevstafyevich or Liza, he seems under the strain of some embarrassment I tried to talk to him openly about his misunderstanding with Tanya, but he either wants to talk about it and yet feels shy, or else he cannot and doesn't want to tell me."

I stopped Sonya there

"Yes, I understand why he can't tell Lyovochka the reason for his behavior It all comes from reading my diary, in which I described my love for Sergey Nikolayevich in detail "

"Why did you let him read it?"

"Oh, he pleaded so much, I couldn't refuse him "

"Now I see it all," Sonya said "Of course Lyovochka doesn't know Well, let me read on 'Everything will turn out all right, he's very young Only I'm sorry that Tanya and he didn't talk it over before he left. He is very despondent' "

In Leo Nikolayevich's next letter (June 22), he writes again "Kuzminsky hasn't said anything either to Andrey Yevstafyevich or to the Fuchsés. Instinct is truer than reason. The whole thing will come to nothing and it is as well "

"Sonya, I feel that Lyovochka was disappointed that I am marrying Kuzminsky instead of Dmitry Alekseyevich "

"That's understandable," Sonya said "Dyakov is his best friend "

I don't remember how long it was before Kuzminsky unexpectedly came to see us He offered no explanations for his absence, but gave me back my notebook without a word An unnatural and awkward note had entered our relationship Only my mother lessened this awkwardness to some degree He had the greatest regard for her, she was affectionate and easy but I couldn't follow her example That evening we had quite a serious conversation in my room Mama was called away to put Vyacheslav to bed and we were alone

"I am deeply troubled by your diary, I couldn't calm down in Moscow I asked myself Shall I ever be able to forget all this? Won't this love of yours always stand between us as an evil shadow? Won't it cause me to reproach you, grow cool toward you? Can I ever reconcile myself to it and forgive you?"

"Forgive me?" I cried "Never will I feel guilty before you! Never will I ask any forgiveness of you," said I, flushed and excited "My past belongs to me alone and to no one else I'll not permit anyone to play the master over my soul and heart Of course my future husband has the right to demand love and chastity of me, but then you men, you are not obliged to bring those things to your bride!" I scoffed bitterly "You told me yourself that you had a liaison with Countess Berzhinskaya and that you nearly married her And I didn't reproach you "

"Oh, it was not at all the same kind of love I accepted our parting very easily"

"I don't know about that," I said

We were both silent

"Tell me, why are you marrying me?" he said, still mistrustful "Is it that like all young ladies, you just want to get married? Or is there some calculation about it?"

"What calculation? I could have married by calculation, but that is not my way."

"Married whom? Dmitry Alekseyevich?" he asked

"That's my business I have nothing more to say "

Again we were silent I sat down in the corner of the sofa I was unutterably sad and miserable, and could scarcely keep back the tears I saw that his suffering was no less than mine, and that

some grave conflict was seething within him. He got up from his armchair and began nervously pacing the floor. His face was pale and two familiar deep wrinkles on his brow bespoke his inner agitation. I felt unbearably sorry for him. I remembered our youthful quarrel over the tableaux at Pokrovskoye. This was our second quarrel, but how much more serious it was!

The awkward, oppressive silence lasted quite a while.

"Tanya," he said suddenly, stopping in front of me, "we cannot go on like this. Don't you really see how miserable I am?"

He said these words from his full heart, so sincerely that I realized in a flash that our love was far from being a mutual illusion as I had been afraid it was. I wanted to say something, but I broke down and cried. My tears were the best answer to his question. He took both my hands, pulled them away from my eyes and, as at that time five years before, we transgressed the "forbidden" rule which we had set up ourselves.

"How often I've cried lately," I said, smiling through my tears, "and all because of you."

Our wedding was set for July 27, 1867. Mother and I went to see Father in Moscow. The railroad from Serpukhov to Moscow was already functioning at that time. Like all our family, Father was disappointed because I was not marrying Dmitry Alekseyevich. He was both richer and much older, and in those days a difference of less than eight years between the bride and groom was considered unsuitable. We spent about two weeks in Moscow, the preparation of my trousseau delayed us. I avoided speaking and being alone with Father.

When we returned to Yasnaya Polyana, we had to make arrangements for the wedding. Since we were cousins, we had to find a priest who would consent to marry us. Leo Nikolayevich went almost every day to the outlying village churches to look for a priest. At last one of them, I don't remember who, succeeded in finding an old man—a temporary regimental chaplain, who would undertake to perform the marriage ceremony for several hundred rubles.

Leo Nikolayevich humorously told us about the search and the various types of priests, about his latest find, he said, "Oh, this one will go as a coachman for a hundred rubles, let alone read a wedding service."

One lovely summer day I arranged to go with Kuzminsky to one of the villages where there was a church. His cabriolet was waiting.

Leo Nikolayevich came out on the porch with us and looking at us said "Sasha, you, your cabriolet, horse, and especially Tanya, have such an elegant appearance—you look set to go to Petrovsky Park, not just to Prudnoye "

I remember his words because of an encounter on the way which disturbed me Sonya described it well

A strange coincidence came once more into the lives of Tanya and Sergey Nikolayevich My sister had become engaged to Kuzminsky Since he was a cousin, we had to find a priest to marry them Sergey Nikolayevich, on the other hand and, quite independently of them, decided at that time to contract a marriage with Marya Mikhailovna and also went to the priest to set a day for the wedding He already had four children Four years had passed since his break with Tanya Not far from Tula, about four or five versts, on a narrow country road, isolated and little traveled, two carriages met My sister with her fiancé was in one, a cabriolet without a coachman, and Sergey Nikolayevich was in the other, an open carriage They recognized each other and were very surprised and very much moved, as they both told me later They bowed silently and each went his own way Such was the farewell of two people who had once loved each other passionately Fate had played a prank on them in arranging this unusual, unexpected and short meeting under the most improbable and romantic circumstances

Yes, that night my pillow was wet with tears, and I would have no need to ask the pious Verochka, as I did in Petersburg, whether she thought it possible to love two men at once Yet not many people will understand

Leo Nikolayevich understood and didn't think ill of me when I told him about it.

E P I L O G U E

I

Our Honeymoon

AFANASY AFANASYEVICH FET defines a honeymoon in this way two unbroken oxen pulling a load uphill, one to one side, the other to the other, not understanding what they are doing

Despite the fact that we had spent part of our youth together and, it would seem, knew each other well, we still had to "pull a load uphill" during our honeymoon This doesn't mean, however, that our affection for each other grew less, I don't wish to imply that, yet our personalities, upbringing, our outlook on life and on people were different In early youth these differences didn't matter, especially to me We glided over them, we were as jubilant in our love as a couple of feathered nestlings Lightheartedly, unthinkingly we abandoned ourselves to it, I, especially My husband was always more serious than I And now, having once passed through a deep emotional experience and finding no happiness in it, I returned, as if for protection, to my first love which had been so unclouded and pure, reaching, as it were, for a safe shore

At the beginning of our marriage, we lived a very isolated life, and the fact that the town was deserted in August contributed to our solitude The only person who called on us was Ivan Ilyich Mechnikov, the public prosecutor of Tula He was married to the illegitimate daughter of Prince Cherkassky Nastasya Andreyevna, beautiful and amiable, was several years older than I, and we got to be good friends They had an only son, Ilyusha, who, it seemed, was the sole bond between the parents since the attitude of the husband toward his wife was so scornful and cold that I couldn't conceal my perplexity and disapproval.

They often spent the evening at our house and more than once I spoke to him of his disagreeable, sharp manner with his wife, for which I would be reproached by my husband after their departure

"Tanya," my husband would say, "I asked you to let Mechnikov alone. Really, how can you speak as cuttingly as you do. 'No one can get along with you with your disposition'."

"But really, this is true," I cried.

"What of it? One does not say things like that. What business is it of yours? Besides, I heard that there was quite a tragedy in that family," my husband continued, "in which *she* was to blame."

"Poor Nastasya Andreyevna. All the same, he's a clever and interesting man," I said after a moment's thought. "Lyovochka, too, thinks highly of him. After they had a long talk—you remember when Mechnikov went to Yasnaya with us—Lyovochka called him 'very, very intelligent'."

Ivan Ilyich Mechnikov was a man about thirty-six or thirty-eight years of age. I don't know much about his past. I think he was a graduate of the Pravovedenye School. He died before his wife, and he was the prototype of Leo Nikolayevich's main hero in the story, *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*. His wife later related to me his dying thoughts and what he said about the futility of the life he had led. And I passed this on to Leo Nikolayevich.

During Mechnikov's stay at Yasnaya, I saw that Leo Nikolayevich was quite fascinated by him, sensing, with his artistic flair, an unusual personality.

The story, *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*, was written later.

Occasionally we would go to Yasnaya where I always longed to be. Besides the habitual, incomparable life of Yasnaya, I was attracted to the country with its simple and natural beauty. I could not reconcile myself to spending a summer in Tula, to the dusty town, and the crowded apartment, this atmosphere seemed stifling and bourgeois to me. I remember once my husband left to attend court sessions somewhere and I, not feeling well, stayed in town. I felt lonely and depressed. In the evening, after dark, I took a book and sat on the couch in front of the lighted lamp. Complete silence and stillness surrounded me. Only the big clock persistently ticked away in the dining room and I recalled dear old Agafya Mikhailovna and her story about a clock.

"There was an upset, dearie, the count's favorite hound had disappeared and they had gone out looking for it. I was sitting there, waiting for the messenger. It was so quiet around, only the clock went all the time—What you? . . . What you? . . . Who you? . . . Who you? . . . till I was beside myself with nerves."

"That's just how it is now," I thought with an involuntary smile, "and it will drive me crazy by its persistent, senseless questions"

Vera Aleksandrovna appeared in the doorway

"Do you wish tea served?" she asked

"No, it's still early," I said "Vera Aleksandrovna, stay and talk with me a while"

She pulled up a stool and sat at my feet She considered it too familiar and disrespectful for her to sit on a chair, and I mentally agreed with her.

"When will the master be back?" she asked

She knew it very well, but said this in order to start the conversation

"In two or three days He wasn't sure himself"

Little by little our conversation got under way

"Vera Aleksandrovna, how long have you been with the master in Koshary?" I asked (Koshary was my husband's estate)

"We've been attached to the house for a long time, but we've been with Aleksandr Mikhailovich four or five years, I guess Andreyan's father used to be a former serf of the Kuzminsky family Andreyan himself remembers Aleksandr Petrovich Kuzminsky, that is, your uncle, very well He was a military man, in Tsar Aleksandr Pavlovich's times"

"Yes, he was an aide-de-camp and a very learned man, an academician," I said, but thought "She really won't understand what I'm saying"

"And a lot of his papers were left in the big chest, and the portraits of the brothers hang in the drawing room to this day And your grandfather's wife's picture, too What a beauty she was!"

"We should bring them here," I said

"Why bring them here? Someday we'll go there ourselves," she said

"But tell me, did Aleksandr Mikhailovich have any neighbors?" I asked

"Why, certainly he did There were the Pribytkovs—they were Russians—and then the estate of Count Berzhinsky wasn't far away That was really an estate!" Vera Aleksandrovna went on enthusiastically "The house, garden, horses, carriages with English harness—I've never seen the like anywhere! You wouldn't find such a rich estate in these parts"

"Did they have children?" I asked

"No, the two of them lived alone. But the count didn't stay long at the estate, he was always away and they both went to foreign lands for the winter," Vera Aleksandrovna chattered on.

"But was she a good-looking woman?" I asked.

"A fine-looking lady," Vera Aleksandrovna said, wishing to express herself as tactfully as possible, "and, when she was dressed up, then it was really worth seeing!"

"How do you come to know it?" I asked. "You didn't live at their house."

"Oh, their housekeeper was an aunt of my Andreyan, so we used to spend the great feast with her."

"And did the Berzhinskys visit at Koshary?" I asked, unconsciously wishing to hear what I was afraid to hear.

"The count came and had lunch at the house."

"And his wife?"

"The countess herself rode over on horseback several times."

"What then? Did she get off her horse?" I continued, almost in a whisper.

"It is wrong to pump a house servant," I told myself, "yet what do I care, I really know it all."

"She'd get off her horse and they'd walk through the garden, and look over the house," Vera Aleksandrovna said with a sly smile, knowing, of course, all about their liaison.

I was silent. My heart was beating violently. I wanted to cry, not because of what *she* told me, but because of what *I* told *her*.

"What's this? Aren't you feeling well?" Vera Aleksandrovna asked me, probably noticing the troubled look on my face. "Maybe you'd better go to bed. Would you like me to bring you some tea?"

"No, don't bother. Have the samovar set up in the dining room and make some tea."

My husband returned two days later, fresh, bright, and content.

"You cannot imagine what a feeling of singular happiness I had now when I was nearing home. Indeed this is the first time I've been separated from you for three days. I've got so used to you already that I missed you all the time. What did you do without me?" he asked.

"I read, worked, played Chopin—very badly, as usual—and then Vera amused me with her stories."

"About what?"

"About your life at Koshary and about your neighbors."

I saw my husband knit his eyebrows at these words and give me an intent look

"Just what did she say?" he inquired "*Je m'imagine, ce qu'elle a brodé la-dessus,*"* he added

We were quiet

"You know, I thought about you a lot on the way and I criticized myself," he said breaking the awkward silence

"Well, and where did this analysis lead you?" I asked, ready to defend myself, for I was used to his criticism We rarely thought alike, and practically never agreed on tastes and opinions about other people

"Analyzing myself and especially my outlook on our future family life," he said, "I was impressed by the fact that I am too much afraid and shall continue to be afraid lest some outsider interfere in my new life with you You're silent? And I must add that my ideas and views on our life and the feeling for you which has grown within me—I'm afraid that with my character they will not come to fruition "

"I'm silent because I don't understand you What do you mean '*interfere in my life*?' I said "Who can touch other people's lives? And how? I don't quite see it."

"Who?" he asked and was silent

I saw that he was hesitant as to whether or not to express his thought fully

"And the Tolstoys?" he brought out faintly and with an effort.

"The Tolstoys?" I repeated with horror "You say the Tolstoys, but you are implying only Leo Nikolayevich I know that You can't be afraid of Sonya's influence, for there is little difference in our ages You're afraid of Lyovochka's influence, whereas you should be glad of it I should bless my fate for sending me the good fortune to live near such a man I spent all my youth at Yasnaya Polyana, and all that is good and true in me I owe to him and to no one else How can I live without them? Without Yasnaya Polyana? Without their love? Without his advice? No! No! I'll never give this up for anyone This is my holy of holies and I will never allow anyone to touch my soul," I ran on, flushed and excited

I felt the tears welling up in my eyes, I was suffocated with indignation, and knew how hard it would be for me to overcome in

* I can imagine that she embroidered the tale.

him that feeling of ill-will and spiritual jealousy for Tolstoy I had noticed it before but tried to stifle these ridiculous suspicions

All this conversation took place at evening tea In order not to cry in his presence, I got up and went into the bedroom In a few minutes he followed me

"Why are you so upset?" he said sadly "I didn't want to hurt you, but try to understand me, too Really, I cannot help this feeling of mine, and how could I conceal it from you? That would be worse still I do realize that I can't separate you from the Tolstoy's and I don't want to I myself like to visit them and I see clearly what kind of a man Leo Nikolayevich is, but I can't get rid of the feeling that my family life will be forming under outside influence"

I was moved by his quiet, sad voice, and said "But I shall again repeat what I said to you while we were still engaged One must live simply, not build up some imaginary life, as you do For then you are sure to come against troubles of your own creation What do you mean that your life will be formed under outside influence? It will be formed not under anyone's influence, but according to circumstances, the same as mine Don't be gloomy and don't doubt, let's live peacefully We have everything for our mutual happiness, why should we spoil it?"

2

My Guests

WHEN AUTUMN came I asked my husband if we could move to a new apartment as I had never liked ours He willingly agreed and soon my wish was fulfilled

We got word from Yasnaya that Sonya was seriously ill Everything else was forgotten and for several days I sat by Sonya's bed Her illness had been caused by a fright This is what she wrote in her diary:

Marya Nikolayevna and her daughters were staying with us I wanted to take a walk before dinner and invited Varya and Liza to go with me, but no one did, I was walking past the barn when suddenly a

small mongrel sprang at me I saw she wasn't one of ours, and that she was very savage She had a litter of whining puppies under the barn She sprang at me and bit my legs, tore my stockings, skirt and dress to pieces I tried to beat her off, but couldn't. At last I ran away and reached home, pale and frightened.

At dinner Sonya felt very ill (She was four months with child) They sent to Tula for Marya Ivanovna and for the obstetrician Preobrazhensky The consequences of the accident were tragic When she was feeling better I prepared to go home Leo Nikolayevich was terribly anxious during Sonya's illness *War and Peace* was not yet finished and this added to his worries

They let Varya and Liza go with me so that the house would be quieter Besides they had not yet visited me

Before I left, the Dyakovs arrived—they weren't aware of Sonya's illness Dmitry Alekseyevich stayed with Leo Nikolayevich, but they decided to let Sofesha and Masha go with me This was a great joy for us I vividly remember Marya Nikolayevna's familiar, enormous carriage driving up to the porch and Leo Nikolayevich and Dyakov coming out to see us off

"But won't Aleksandr Mikhailovich be frightened by all this crowd?" Leo Nikolayevich said, smiling

"No, on the contrary, he'll be very glad, but unfortunately he has to go to a court session in Chern," I said

"Tanya, how are things with you these days? I haven't seen you for so long and I didn't get to talk with you Ah, how Sonya frightened us! How my poor girl suffered before you arrived! Well, good-bye," he said

"Dmitry Alekseyevich, don't forget us and come and visit us sometime," I said to Dyakov who was always dear to me

The five of us settled ourselves in the carriage and Leo Nikolayevich slammed the door shut A very youthful, even childish mood came over me and our carriage was filled with spontaneous laughter and a spirit of merry irresponsibility

"Do you realize," I said to them laughingly, "that they let you go under my supervision? You are all children and I am your chaperon"

"No," said Sofesha, "Aleksandr Mikhailovich will be our chaperon and not you."

"No, I will Aleksandr Mikhailovich is going away to a session"

"Tanya, you haven't changed in the least," Sofesha said "You are still the same, not a bit like a staid, married lady"

"And don't ever change, Tanya," Varenka said "I love you just the way you are"

"I wonder which one of us will be the first to get married?" Varenka said "How I'd like to know!"

"Really, is it absolutely necessary to get married?" asked Liza "Perhaps none of us will, perhaps we'll all be old maids"

Then we all suddenly began to talk at once about getting married—whether it was necessary or not, whether it was difficult or easy, and what they would do if they didn't marry And we argued and shouted so vehemently that the old driver Arkhip peeped through the front window of the carriage to see what was the matter with the young ladies Masha, because of her age, was the only one indifferent to this question

My husband's surprise was well worth seeing When Nikander, hearing us ring, opened the door, my husband, expecting to see me, came out into the hall and was confronted with our young company It took him quite a long time to understand what was going on until we explained to him how ill Sonya was He left us in the evening, reluctantly.

Every trifle, every silly little thing made us laugh like school-girls We were sitting at the tea table when the cook Andreyan came in to get the orders for dinner The girls grew quiet and looked at me with curiosity as I played at being the mistress of the house—as Sofesha put it, true to our old manner of gay teasing which I so loved in her

"I don't know what provisions there are in the house," I said to the cook

"For lunch, Madam, we could have stuffed cabbage in sour cream," the cook said with his Ukrainian accent

"That's fine, and what else?"

"I have written down omelet, if you wish it"

"All right And for dinner?"

Sofesha was making faces at me from behind the samovar, imitating both me and the cook I could hardly maintain my dignity and keep from laughing.

"For dinner we could have beef Stroganov and borscht They sent soup greens and cabbage from Yasnaya," Andreyan announced "And a measure of apples which Vera has put away."

"Girls, what would you like for a sweet?" I asked

"Let's have chocolate pudding! No, pancakes with jam! Waffles!" they all shouted discordantly

"No, I don't like any of it," I said and turned to Andreyan
"Make waffles with heavy cream"

The cook bowed and went out with his notes and money I gave him

"Do you know that my sister Liza is engaged? I got a letter from her not long ago," I said

"Really? That's wonderful. When's the wedding to be? Will you go?" the questions poured out

"Yes, I'll certainly go, but it's still a secret and hasn't been announced yet. Pavlenko had to go to the Ukraine where his regiment is stationed, and Liza is getting her trousseau ready. The wedding day hasn't yet been set. Mama writes 'Gavril Yemelyanovich proposed to Liza. Apparently he is in love with her, but to us he is always praising her practical mind—he is in raptures over her judgments and practical advice'."

The next day, after a merry breakfast in the dining room, we arranged to go and look at our future apartment

"We will have the house and the attic floor all to ourselves," I explained. "Two families are living there now—the Dyakovs, but they aren't related to you, Masha. They're related to the Hartungs and they live together. Hartung is a colonel and his work is in cavalry studs. And she is the daughter of the poet Pushkin, I probably will get to know her. Apparently both families are leaving at the end of the winter."

When we came to Staraya-Dvoryanskaya Street, where our future home was to be, we asked permission to look at the rooms. The permission was given, no one of the family was at home, so we had no chance to see them. There were ten or eleven rooms in the house and a small garden. We all liked the house, and I was sorry we couldn't move there right away.

After this we went to make various purchases for Yasnaya Polyana which we had been commissioned to make. It was the end of September and we already saw a few elegant carriages and well-dressed ladies on Kievskaya, the main street of Tula.

"Just think, soon I will know all of them and perhaps even become friends," I said.

"Aren't you afraid?" Masha asked me

"Afraid? No, just a little shy But Lyovochka always says 'Learn to live by yourselves Why do you need society?'"

"And I dare say I agree with him," Liza said "A close, intimate circle is the most pleasant"

"I don't know" I answered after a moment's thought "Where can one find such a group? You're lucky, you will all live together this winter"

"Yes, it has been settled Dmitry Alekseyevich has taken a large apartment at the Sukhotins'. Marya Nikolayevna has agreed to live with us and the girls will study together," Sofesha said

"And I'll come to see you when I go to Liza's wedding"

"Oh, you must," they cried "We'll have a good time"

When we got home, Varya and I played duets, and then looked through several songs After dinner we behaved like little children, playing blindman's buff, Wolf and Sheep (this means scampering around the house), and hide-and-seek All this was started with the idea of entertaining Masha and Liza—the youngest of us, but it must be said that we, the older ones, ran and played with great zest

I remember a comical incident with Varenka which was so characteristic of her We were hiding, after long hesitation, Varenka climbed into the pantry cupboard, on the bottom shelf Sofesha had to look for us and she found everyone except Varya

"Tanya, are you here?" Varya called to me

"Stay where you are, don't talk," I said

Nikander went to the pantry to get teacups

"Nikander" I again heard Varenka's voice She was probably getting tired of sitting in the cupboard

Nikander didn't see anyone, but nevertheless answered, astonished "What do you wish?"

"What's your name?" Varenka whispered

This was too much for me and I burst out laughing, thus giving Varenka away When we teased her later, she couldn't quite understand why her question was so funny.

"Oh, yes," she drawled when it dawned on her "It is surprising that I asked this. He has such a queer name," and she laughed outright over her absentmindedness

On the third day a carriage came for the girls and Leo Nikolayevich arrived on horseback We were overjoyed We plied him with questions Does it mean Sonya is better?

"Of course, but she is ordered to stay in bed for a long time,"

he said "We'll take you home tomorrow, but I'll go back before evening. As I was riding across the field just now, I scared away a hare," he said

"Oh," I groaned, "how I miss all this "

"When is Sasha coming?" he asked

"He should be here tomorrow toward evening "

We had a merry dinner. Leo Nikolayevich was in high spirits

"Tanya, everything in your house is spick-and-span, brand-new, everything is spotless and shining. I should be afraid to live in such cleanliness "

"Why?" I asked

"Well now, what if something gets soiled or broken? And then the Anke's pie, which is so deeply rooted here, would be ruined. Varenka will understand what I mean "

We laughed

"But what does Anke's pie mean?" Sofesha asked

"It is extremely complicated," Leo Nikolayevich said

"No matter, I'll explain it to you," I said. "Professor Nikolay Bogdanovich Anke has a wife who is a very good housekeeper. She makes a wonderful savoury pie with crumbly dough "

"Which filled the mouth," said Leo Nikolayevich

"Mama took down the recipe and it was reverently prepared at our house. And Lyovochka nicknamed everything that has to do with household cares—worry about comfort, about a good table and the convenience of life—'Anke's pie.' Do you see, Sofesha?"

"Of course I understand. But don't we all love it?"

"No, far from all," Leo Nikolayevich said. "Besides, there are some people, such as Tanya, who attach great importance to these things, while to others it means less. To me, it has no significance whatever "

"Yes, that's right," Liza said

"Yes, I do attach great importance to it," I said, "and I dare openly to confess it "

After dinner we went into my husband's study, as usual, we drifted into a very interesting conversation. One of us said "If I forget to say my prayers at night, I always have bad dreams "

"I can understand this," Masha said. "It happened to me too "

"I am often moved by the intensity of prayer in simple, uneducated people," Leo Nikolayevich said. "I once knew a beautiful but

dissolute peasant woman whose husband tied her by her braids to a horse's tail and so dragged her home "

"Oh, my Lord!" Varenka groaned

"One evening, as I was passing by the village, I saw a light in the window of a hut I looked in and saw that very same woman She was on her knees praying and whispering something I stood there for several minutes and all this while she went on praying and whispering Her faith touched me And Brother Seryozha once told me how, when he was a young man in Kazan, he was in love with a very young girl Her name was Molostvova, and one evening as he was passing their house he happened to see her saying her prayers after a ball There was a chair near her with some sweets on it She bowed to the ground and put a candy in her mouth, swallowed it, then bowed to the ground again and took another candy, and this happened several times And he stood still and watched her "

Sofesha and Varya approved of Molostvova Then the talk turned to prayers of solicitation

"They have the least merit," Leo Nikolayevich said "In our house there are two old ladies One of them prays 'Thy will be done,' and the other 'Lord, grant me'—and so forth "

Of course, we didn't have to ask which of the old ladies prayed like that, we knew

"But I also pray 'Lord, grant me' and ask for His blessing, for happiness, peace of mind—"

"And a silk dress," Leo Nikolayevich said

We all laughed in unison

"Don't talk nonsense," I cried "It is written in the Holy Book 'Ask and it shall be given,' so I am asking. Why deceive people if this is wrong?"

"Well, you go ahead and ask, no one will stop you," Leo Nikolayevich said, with his good-natured laugh

"Oh, Tanya! What a funny person you are," Varenka said, kissing me "You always remain true to yourself."

I ordered tea and supper to be served, knowing that Leo Nikolayevich loved supper and that he had to go to Yasnaya that evening They all went into the dining room I was still busy in the study when Leo Nikolayevich came up to me

"Tell me, are you two getting along well? No quarrels?" he asked, half joking, half in earnest.

"We don't quarrel, but there was one very unpleasant conversation"

"Indeed? That's too bad. What was it about?"

"I can't say," I answered quietly

He did not insist, but said after some thought "Try to avoid them. Every quarrel makes a rift in your relations. I know it from my own experience. And every rift leads to disunion, so I always tell Sonya."

"But sometimes it's impossible to hold one's tongue, at least, I cannot!" He didn't say anything in reply, and it seemed to me that he guessed what the matter was.

After supper, which everyone praised highly—probably in order to please me—Leo Nikolayevich got ready to go. We all went out to say good-bye to him.

"Tanya, send off the girls tomorrow morning," said Leo Nikolayevich. "And then come yourself with your husband. Sonya has to stay in bed and she is bored. She will be so glad to see you."

3

Liza's Wedding

By the beginning of October, we moved to Khrushchev's house in Staraya-Dvoryanskaya Street. Everything was arranged and in its proper place. I made several necessary calls. But I must say that under the influence of Leo Nikolayevich's opinion that one should not live in "society," I avoided social obligations at first, especially since my husband didn't care for them either, and we continued our domestic, patriarchal life.

I received a letter from Varya Tolstaya, from Moscow where they had moved. In the meanwhile, she wrote that her brother Nikolenka had finished his foreign boarding school and had come to live with them and that her mother had not yet decided what to do with him next. She added that they, the sisters, were so glad to see him that they could not let him out of their sight. They wanted to study with him, for his Russian was so poor. Varya wrote:

The trip went well as far as Serpukhov, but we were nearly drowned in the swamp between Serpukhov and the railroad station. Grand-

mother spoke the truth when she said this was an infernal road. Just imagine—we rode through water that was almost up to the windows of the high, closed tarantass. Mama rode separately in a *prolyotka* * and so they had to choose another road. The horses sank in clay up to their knees and the wheels would scarcely go round. To add to our comfort, we came across a deserted carriage that was half submerged in the mud so that we also could look forward to sinking in the swamp. However much we hurried, our progress was so slow that we were late for the eight o'clock train and had to wait until the following morning, because Mama was too worn out to travel at night. This was the worst day I can remember since winter. Mama felt sick, the weather was filthy, and the prospect of staying in the station all day lay before us. All this was so dreary, and I was so weary and restless that I began to cry, but I soon fell asleep from sheer boredom and slept through till evening. Liza and Nikolya did the same.

The next day we went on to Moscow at last. The train ride was very pleasant and reminded us of the trains abroad. Everything went well. We felt a severe jolt only once, and learned later that the train had gone over a live horse which, frightened by the train whistle, had hurled itself onto the rails. The poor beast! That is a brief description of our journey for you.

Now I will tell you how we met the Berses. The first one to call on us in the Kokorev Hotel was Petya. We greeted each other like old friends, he is as nice as ever and we were very glad to see him. His call lasted a few minutes only, in true city fashion, and he announced that Lyubov Aleksandrovna would come in the evening. Nikolya went with him to have dinner, later in the evening he dashed in like a real doorman, with the announcement that Monsieur and Madame Bers had arrived. I know Lyubov Aleksandrovna, but I was afraid of your Papa: my heart stopped beating and my hands grew cold from fear—but this was before I saw Andrey Yevstafyevich. I never dreamed I would like him so much. He is such a sweet, kind old man, and not at all alarming. He is simply a darling, he began by kissing Liza and me on the tops of our heads, so that my fears passed away as if they had never been.

The next day we all went to the Kremlin. On the stairs we met Vera Aleksandrovna Shidlovskaya, who was calling with her two daughters, Olga and Nadezhda Vyacheslavovna. We introduced ourselves to Nadya on the spot. She is very sweet, but I thought it rather funny

* A low, four-wheeled, open carriage, in which the passengers ride as on a saddle.—Ed.

that Aleksandr Mikhailovich should have such a little sister Liza hurried in as soon as we arrived. She kissed us warmly, and lined us up so she could look us over. I must admit that I was prejudiced against Liza and for some reason had imagined her as a cold, serious and beautiful girl, now to my great surprise, I found her merry and affectionate, as well as beautiful. It's true that we saw very little of her, but I liked her so much that it would be terrible to be disillusioned in her. Now, my dear Tanya, I will tell you about the boys. They were still at school when we arrived, but they appeared soon. We were downstairs in Petya's room when Styopa came running in. He kissed Liza first, then me. He scarcely can remember us, yet he welcomed us as if we had been old friends or relations. And he flung himself into Mother's arms, and in his delight he went so far as to call her Masha. We met Volodya and even Slavochka more ceremoniously, as is proper with a new acquaintance. I liked Styopa best of all the boys—with the exception of Petya. In my opinion he is more natural than Volodya, who is somehow too quiet for his age. Perhaps I'm mistaken, Volodya is a likable boy, but he looks sickly. He seems rather pathetic to me, yet there is something too silent and languid about him. Styopa is all the more engaging because he reminds me a little of you. You will surely say "Nonsense," but, really, the intonation of his voice, his laughter and even something in the upper part of his face resembles you quite a lot. I particularly love to hear him talk—this is you all over . . .

Liza wrote

Oh Tanya, how lovely your mother is. I can't admire her enough. I was most impressed when she came to see us wearing a white hood—this was so becoming with her black eyes and eyebrows. I then and there thought that if I were a man I would certainly fall in love with her. She is very affectionate with us and does her best to see that we get the clothes we need as soon as possible. I am very grateful to her for this because we simply cannot go out anywhere—we have nothing to wear . . .

Sergey Mikhailovich (Sukhotin) is a very amiable man. He comes almost every day to see us and pays Mama compliments on her piano playing. He says "Qu'elle a le bon Dieu dans les doigts" * I behaved very badly—I couldn't keep from laughing when he said this, and he looked at me very sternly and didn't say a word . . .

* God Himself is in her fingers

Liza's wedding was set for January 7, 1868.

I don't remember how we spent the Christmas holidays. I only remember that I had a rather funny feeling. I missed the old "Kuzminsky," and that crazy youthful joy I felt when he used to come for Christmas.

"Well, what now?" I asked myself. "All is over. How awful!"

"Go away some place and come back," I said to him laughingly.

By the beginning of January Sonya had already completely recovered. She went to Moscow with me for Liza's wedding. Liza had asked me to be her matron of honor, which made it rather awkward for me so far as Sonya was concerned.

On January 5 two husbands saw two wives off at the Tula station. We went first class.

Remembering an opinion which Leo Nikolayevich had recently expressed regarding the traveling attire proper for a lady, I had, half in jest, followed his suggestions point by point and had taken a Thackeray novel with me. He had said: "When traveling, a respectable woman must be dressed in a *costume tailleur* in black or some other dark color—with a matching hat, wear gloves and carry a French or English novel."

Brother Petya met us in Moscow with a carriage. How happy we were to come to the Kremlin again. But the sight of Father gave us a shock. I found a great change in him. He was much weaker and lay in bed. Liza looked festive and contented and my parents tried their best not to darken this bright time of her life.

Polivanov came the next day without warning and I saw how embarrassed Sonya was. At first she wanted to go back, but Mother and I persuaded her to stay.

Only the family attended the wedding. Polivanov and my brothers were groomsmen. I was very glad to see Brother Sasha. He said he was now serving in the Preobrazhensky Regiment in Petersburg, that he enjoyed it very much and that Uncle Aleksandr Yevstafyevich's house was the place where he felt most at home.

It was a simple wedding. Tea and so forth were arranged in the apartment of a friend of Father's—Commandant Kornilov, whose daughter was a friend of Liza.

Pavlenko, with his great height, looked very elegant in his handsome hussar's uniform.

The young couple left after the ceremony. Father shed a few tears when he said good-bye to Liza and I couldn't help crying.

myself when I saw this I knew that I would see Liza again in the summer, but I was terribly sad about Father

Sonya left for Yasnaya I stayed in Moscow for a while, waiting for my husband to fetch me

I was happy with my family. I spent the day at home and in the evening my brothers and I went to Konyushky (the section where the Dyakovs and Tolstoy lived).

The Dyakovs arranged their lives in a very pleasant and comfortable way The girls all studied together, and went out together, this friendship was to last their whole lifetime Nikolay Tolstoy was a lad of fifteen or sixteen years old, naive, absent-minded, and spoke Russian with a foreign accent He obviously didn't know what to do with himself in Russia My brothers came to like him very much Brother Petya was also about to enter the Preobrazhensky Regiment and urged Nikolay Tolstoy to prepare for military examinations

Father was ordered to have complete quiet, so at eight o'clock in the evening our whole house was stilled I often saw and felt with what sadness Mother looked into the future I never saw a smile on her face, but often tears

Bashilov came to see us and asked me for several sittings, he wanted to paint my portrait in oils But just at that time my husband arrived and hurried me home An unaccountable depression took hold of me and I thought "How strange it is that life brings me so many continual partings with my dear Dolly—forever, with the Tolstoy, the Dyakovs, and now with Liza (I really do love her), and now I'm to be parted for a long time from my only friends, the girls I will have to stay at home" I was afraid to think about Father and Mother I couldn't know then that this was the last night I was to spend in the Kremlin house where I was born. Suddenly I felt all my gloomy thoughts fly away and my heart was filled with joy. I felt within me the stirrings of a dear, new and precious life.

4

Our Life in Tula

WHEN WE returned home, I learned that the Tolstoy children had scarlet fever. Not having had this disease we were to be separated for six weeks, for fear of contagion. From time to time I received notes about the progress of the illness and I did errands for them in Tula. Leo Nikolayevich always wrote the notes since he was in the nursery less than the others.

Our home life had turned out quite differently from what we had imagined it and from what my husband had told me while we were still engaged. We were carried along by the currents of fate, irrespective of the reasonings, principles and convictions of Leo Nikolayevich. Our life glided by pleasantly and peacefully. We neither sat like hermits in our own corner, nor did we get caught in a social whirlwind. We had the best of both worlds.

The members of provincial society change every three or four years. Since this was the first year that the railroad connected us with Moscow, the landowners still lived in Tula, in their own private houses, and entertained according to custom. The civil servants were clearly divided into two categories: the gadabouts and the stay-at-homes. We, of course, fell into the first category. It couldn't have been otherwise: my husband was by breeding and education a man of the world, while I, used to a galaxy of visitors at home and to the characteristic animation of the Tolstoys' house, didn't shun society in the least, but, on the contrary, I accompanied my husband, who went out in Tula for my sake, everywhere.

Fortunately there was an excellent social group in Tula the three years we were there. Only the governor's family, the Shidlovskys (not related to us), were unfriendly and remained aloof.

One Tula landowner who entertained a great deal was Andrey Nikolayevich Kislinsky and his charming wife, Natalya Aleksandrovna. He was in state service in Tula—but what department?—I never could remember these things—I even had difficulty in remembering where my own husband served. They had two children who later played their part in Yasnaya Polyana life, when Seryozha

and Tanya were in their teens I got to know the family of the Vice-governor Bykov. There were three young ladies there—all about my own age. Theirs was a very pleasant house. Almost every evening when there was no dance or concert was spent at the Bykovs. They had a son, a graduate of the Pravovedenye School and a friend of my husband, who later was governor of the town of Baku. In Bykov's house I met all Tula society. I made two good friends in Tula: Nadezhda Aleksandrovna Bykova and Nina Aleksandrovna Arsenyeva, whose husband was a civil servant. At that time the last part of *War and Peace* was appearing and I was beset with questions: "Who is described?" "How does it end?" "How does he write?" "How does he live?" "What does he think?" "What is your sister like?" and so forth. Nina Aleksandrovna wrote me

How lucky you are to be so close to Leo Nikolayevich, to see him and hear his opinions and to be present at the creation of *War and Peace*. I am always impatient for the next part to come out. The fate of Nikolay Rostov, Sonya, Pierre, Natasha and the others interests me tremendously, and I feel as near them as if they were real people.

The social circle in Tula was fairly large. General Tulubiyev, the Golovachevs (not related to us), the Polonskys, Lvovs, Mosolovs—all these families entertained freely, and all were remarkably friendly toward us.

Oddly enough, Tula's gentlemen's club happened to be the starting point of our social life. Sundry members of the club called on my husband, inviting him to the club for a game of cards, not gambling, of course, but simply the then fashionable preference. I had to spend an evening alone from time to time. I knew no one in Tula society then, so I said to myself: "I'll not consent to be a clubman's wife. We must go out together. This eternal staying at home is horrid."

I made several official calls and after that was invited out. Soon I was acquainted with the social group and began to receive my own guests in my home.

We had our own carriage. My husband had bought the Tolstoy's' raven-black "Powerful," our old Kremlin horse, and a sleigh with a bear rug, as he was afraid for me in my condition to ride with cabmen.

I remember one evening at the Tulubiyevs. The scarlet-fever quarantine was over. Sonya still didn't come to see us, but Leo Nikolay

evich was a frequent visitor. Once he came and spent the night. That evening we were invited to the Tulubyevs.

"Please come with us," I said. "Surely you know the general, and Louisa Karlovna is simply charming, an educated, lovely woman and a wonderful musician."

"You praise her so highly, I'll have to go," he said.

We found a fairly large gathering at the Tulubyevs. Leo Nikolayevich knew many of them. Fyodor Fyodorovich Mosolov, the well-known stud-owner, and the rich landowner Prince Lvov, who had visited at Yasnaya, and others.

We were sitting at the elegantly decorated tea table. The social beehive was already buzzing. I was feeling sorry that the Arsenyevs were not there when the hallway door opened and in came an unknown lady wearing a black lace dress. Her light gait easily carried her rather full, but upright and elegant figure.

Leo Nikolayevich was still sitting at the table when I was introduced to her. I saw how intently he looked at her.

"Who is that?" he inquired coming up to me.

"Madame Hartung, the daughter of the poet Pushkin."

"Ye-es," he drawled. "Now I see just look at those Arabian little curls at the back of her neck. Thoroughbred!"

Leo Nikolayevich was introduced to Marya Aleksandrovna, and sat down near her at the tea table. I don't know what they talked about, but I do know that he drew Anna Karenina after her, not after her personality, nor her life, but after her external appearance. He acknowledged this himself.

We were in a merry mood when we got home. We took everyone and everything to pieces and I said to him playfully, "You know, Sonya would certainly be jealous of Madame Hartung."

"And would you be jealous of Sasha?"

"Of course."

"Well, why not Sonya then," he answered laughing.

The next morning he went on his way, I've forgotten where.

At the end of February the Tolstoy family went to Moscow for six weeks with the children. They took a house there in Kislovka Street. Since I wasn't in Moscow at the time, I'm not able to say anything about their stay there. Only one of Sonya's letters is preserved, and I will quote several passages from it.

March 7, 1868

Dear Tanya, I don't know myself what's happened to me that I haven't written you before this. Life here seems so futile, so sad, Tanya. I am still in a daze, still restless. It seems to me that I see little of my own family here, and I don't run the house properly and the household expenses are too high. We rarely go to Konyushky. I've had dinner there only once and went over three times in the evening. I've made calls on some people and they have returned them, but the only new acquaintances are the Urusovs. They are a religious family with one daughter, a pretty girl of fifteen. The mother is a small, nervous woman about forty, pale and thin, rather sarcastic, and, it appears, intelligent. The Prince himself bears an amazing resemblance to Nikolay Sergeyevich (Voyeykov). He has the same laugh, but Urusov is past forty. Lyovochka likes him immensely, and indeed, he is intelligent and very well read, but at the same time naive and good-natured. On Sunday I shall bring the little princess and the girls together for the first time. I don't know how it will turn out—probably dull, I'm afraid.

I don't know what to tell you about the family. Papa is immobile as before, he's neither better nor worse. Mama and Petya get just as tired, poor things, and I can do nothing to help them. . . I often dream of your child being a boy, but in my waking moments I think about a girl.

Our apartment is quite nice, and in general, things are going well.

It would be so good to see you both. Papa greets me every day with the words "And I've been expecting Tanya all day."

You seem to be enjoying yourself in Tula. I am so glad that you've got to know everyone.

I went to a concert of the Philharmonic Society. It was as fashionable, smart and elegant as usual. That superb contralto, Lavrovskaya, sang a song from *Ruslan and Ludmila*—it was wonderful. Her voice is young, true and full, and this song is a miracle of beauty. Do you know it? "Wonderful Dream of Living Love." Do learn it, Tanya, you would sing it marvelously, I'm sure.

Good-bye, darling, I kiss you and Sasha, Lyovochka and the children are well.

Spring came, but I could not avail myself of its pleasures. Since April I had not been to Yasnaya Polyana and didn't go out anywhere else.

The Tolstoy's had returned from Moscow, and Sonya told me

that Yasnaya Polyana, with its violets and fresh verdure, seemed like paradise to her and the children after Moscow

On the 13th day of May a daughter was born to me I wished to have her named Dasha, in memory of Darya Aleksandrovna Dyakova I had wanted a girl and was very happy over my daughter On the fourth or fifth day I fell ill and they were afraid of a fever Sonya was with me from the very first day, but she had to divide her time between me and Yasnaya Uncle Aleksandr Yevstafyevich, who was traveling from the country to see Father, stopped to see us on the way Fortunately he was able to check my dangerous condition at once, and, although I stayed in bed a fairly long time, my health was eventually restored I kept trying to pump my uncle about Father's condition and I felt that they were concealing something from me When I got better, Leo Nikolayevich came I was touched by his great concern over my illness and his joy over my healthy, fine-looking baby daughter I asked him, too, about father's health, but he only gave me vague answers I was superstitious and was sometimes disturbed, even tormented by the fact that my child was born on the 13th "It's a bad date, she won't live," I thought

At the beginning of June, we moved to Yasnaya, now our quarters were not with the Tolstoys, but in another wing We had a nursery, bedroom, dining room and study It was in that very bedroom where Varyenka and I sat at the window one moonlit night while an owl plaintively cried outside, and discussed Sergey Nikolayevich And now I heard that same hoot of the owl, but it blended with the baby's crying and I instantly ran to the nursery to feed her Nurse Anna Antonovna, who was recommended by N A Kislin-skaya, was forty-five to fifty years old, experienced and of excellent character Vera and Andreyan had gone to their native village, and I had with me the maid Polya, a young girl from Tula who was very vivacious and obliging When I called "Polya!" she would come running up to me, stop and announce, "Here is Polya," which would make me laugh. The cook was from Tula.

GLOSSARY OF THE ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS OF RUSSIAN CHRISTIAN NAMES

<i>Russian</i>	<i>English</i>
Agáfya	Agatha
Agláya	Aglæ
Alekséy (Alyósha)	Alexis
Anastásya	Anastasia
Andreyán	Andreyanus
Anísya	Anysie
Bogdán	Theodotus
Dárya (Dorotéya, Dásha, Dáshenka, Dolly)	Dorothy
Dmítry	Demetrius
Fyódor (Feódor)	Theodore
Gavríl	Gabriel
Gerásim	Gerasimus
Grigóry	Gregory
Ilanión	Hilarion
Ilyá	Elias
Irinárh	Irinarchus
Iván	John
Konstantín	Constantine
Ksenofónt	Xenophon
Leoníd	Leonidas
Lyubóv	Amy (Love)
Ludmíla	Ludmíla
Lvov (Lyóvchka)	Leo
Márya (Masha)	Marya, Maria, Mary, Marie
Míkhaíl	Michael
Mitrofán	Mitrophanus
Nadézhda	Hope

<i>Russian</i>	<i>English</i>
Natálya	Natalie
Níkíta	Nicetas
Nikoláy (Nikolka)	Nicholas
Pável	Paul
Pelagéya	Pelegia
Pyotr	Peter
Prov	Provius
Sárra	Sarah
Sásha	(Diminutive of Alexander)
Semyón	Semeon
Sergéy (Seryózha)	Sergius
Sófya (Sophesh, Sopheska)	Sophia, Sophy
Stepán	Stephen
Tatyána (Tánya, Tamára)	Tamara
Valeryán	Valerian
Varvára	Barbara
Vasíly	Basil
Vera	Faith
Vladímir	Vladimir (Waldemar)
Vyácheslav	Wenceslaus
Yefím	Euthymius
Yelizavéta (Liza)	Elizabeth
Yekaterína	Catherine
Yeléna	Helena
Yemelyán (Emelyan)	Emilian
Yevdókiya (Dunyasha)	Eudoxia
Yevgráfy	Eugraphius
Yevstáfy	Eustace
Yúlia	Julia
Yúry (Georgy, Yegor)	George
Zínaída (Zina)	Zeneide, Zinaida

Russian names, in addition to a Christian name, have a patronymic formed from the Christian name of the person's father, plus the suffix "ovich" for the masculine and "ovna" for the feminine. The patronymic is commonly used in conjunction with the Christian name. Thus, Ivan Ivanovich (John, the son of John) Ivanov is normally called Ivan Ivanovich in direct address rather than Mr. Ivanov.

Diminutive forms of Christian names are frequently used in Russian (Sofya—Sonya, Sonyeshka, Sophesha, Sopheshka), some of which are not readily recognizable as deriving from the original name (i.e. Alexander—Sasha).

RUSSIAN TRANSLITERATION TABLE

(Based on the new Russian orthography)

This scheme is designed for the convenience of readers who do not know Russian. It is intended primarily for the rendering of personal and place names—mostly nouns in the nominative case.

The aim is to produce words as “normal” in appearance as possible, without the use of diacritical marks, superscripts or apostrophes, but at the same time to approximate the sounds of the Russian words, so that if spoken by an educated American they would easily be identified by a Russian.

Names which are a part of English cultural tradition, such as Moscow, Archangel, Tolstoy, Tchaikovsky, are given in their customary English spelling. In these memoirs proper names are rendered in their Russian form to preserve atmosphere and local color.

Extended phrases or entire sentences involving verb forms and case endings, which occur in footnotes for the convenience of students who know Russian, are given in a somewhat more complex transliteration which is reversible.

<i>Russian</i>		<i>English</i>
А	а	<i>a</i>
Б	б	<i>b</i>
В	в	<i>v</i>
Г	г	<i>g</i> { except in genitive singular where it is <i>v</i> , as in Tolstovo.
Д	д	<i>d</i>
Е	е	{ (1) <i>ye</i> { when initial, and after Ъ, Ь, and all vowels, except Ы, И Yekaterina, Izdanie, Nikolayev (2) <i>e</i> elsewhere, as in Lenin, Vera, Pero.
Ё	ё	<i>yo</i> but after Ж and Ш = <i>o</i>
Ж	ж	<i>zh</i>
З	з	<i>z</i>

<i>Russian</i>	<i>English</i>
И и	<i>ɪ</i> but after Ъ = <i>yɪ</i> , as in Ilyich
Й й	<i>y</i> { in terminal diphthongs, but <i>ɪ</i> medially, as in May, Kochubey, Kiy, Tolstoy, but Khoz <u>y</u> aistvo
К к	<i>k</i>
Л л	<i>l</i>
М м	<i>m</i>
Н н	<i>n</i>
О о	<i>o</i>
П п	<i>p</i>
Р р	<i>r</i>
С с	<i>s</i>
Т т	<i>t</i>
У у	<i>u</i>
Ф ф	<i>f</i>
Х х	<i>kh</i> as in Kharkov
Ц ц	<i>ts</i> Tsargrad
Ч ч	<i>ch</i> Chapayev, Vaigach
Ш ш	<i>sh</i> Shakhta
Щ щ	<i>shch</i> Shchedrin
Ъ ъ	Omit
Ы ы	<i>y</i> Mys, Tsaritsyn.
Ь ь	Omit
Э э	<i>e</i> Ermitazh
Ю ю	<i>yu</i>
Я я	<i>ya</i>

Adjectival Endings

Singular	ЫЙ, ИЙ	ый, ий	{ both simply <i>y</i> , as in Dostoyevsky, Grozny.
Plural	ЫЕ, ИЕ	ые, ие	both simply <i>ie</i>

The English letter *y* serves both as vowel and as consonant (as it does in English) (1) as a vowel *within* words, as in Mys, Tsaritsyn, and also (2) as an adjectival terminal vowel, as in Khoroshy, Razumovsky, May, Kochubey, Tolstoy, and (3) with consonantal force to soften vowels, as in Istoriya, Bratya, Yug

ANNOTATED INDEX OF NAMES

The Annotations are by N. P. Chulkov, according to the Russian editor's acknowledgment in the 1926 Moscow edition

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- Katkóv, Mikháil Nikíforovich (1818-
1887), noted Moscow journalist,
publisher and editor of *Rússky*
Véstnik (Russian Messenger)
from 1856, and *Moskóvskíye*
Védomosty (Moscow Record)
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- Kuzmínsky, Aleksándr Mikháilovich
(Sasha) (1843-1917), son of
M P Kuzmínsky and V A Is-
lávina, husband of the author *
- Aleksándr Petróvich (1808-1853),
uncle (father's brother) of
A M Kuzmínsky After being
graduated from the Nikoláyev-
sky Academy, served on the
Guards' general staff, 403
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fice of Government Properties
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- Lyubímov, Nikoláy Alekséyevich (1830-1897), Professor of Physics at the University of Moscow, on the staff of the *Russian Messenger* (See Karkóv), 285, 286, 304
- Márcus, Mikhaíl Antónovich (1790-1865), court physician In the War of 1812 he was staff-physician of the 27th Division, later head of Russian military hospitals in France, 158, 212
- Márkov, Yevgény Lvóvich (1835-1903), writer, teacher, from 1860 inspector of the boys' school in Tula, where he became acquainted with L N Tolstóy, 83, 94, 106, 208.
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- Nikandr, before ordination, Nikólay Ivánovich Pokróvsky (1816-1893), Bishop of Tula, 1860-1893, 274, 303, 410
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- Obolénsky, Prince Alekséy Vasílyevich (1819-1884), governor of Moscow, 1861-1866 Married Zóya Sergéyevna Sumaróкова (1829-?) Their daughter Yekaterína was, in her second marriage, wife of the famous physician, Dr S P Bótkin, 88-90, 354
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- Orékhov, Alekséy Stepanovich (d. 1882) As a boy he was engaged by the guardian of the young Tolstóys, P I Yúshkova, as a

- Orékhov, Alekséy (*Cont*)
servant for Nikoláy Nikoláye-
vich Tolstóy, later served Leo
Nikoláyeovich, whom he accom-
panied to the Caucasus and to
Sebastopol. After the emanci-
pation of the serfs, Orékhov lived
in Yásnaya Polyána, first as L N
Tolstóy's servant, later as a
steward of the estate *
- Orlów, Iván Ivánovich, a teacher in
Yásnaya Polyána School, later
the manager of the Nikólskoye-
Vyázemskoye estate for 25 years,
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- Orlów, Mikhaíl Fyódorovich (1788-
1842), general, Decembrist,
friend of Pushkin, with whom
he became very intimate in
Kishinév where Orlów was in
command of the 16th Division,
14.
- Ósten-Sáken, Count Dmítrey Yero-
féyevich (1790-1881), com-
mander of the Sebastopol garri-
son during the siege, took an
active part in the defense. He
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- Ostróvsky, Aleksándr Nikoláyeovich,
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lecturer in the French language
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1878), General of Gendarmery
in Moscow, married Anastásya
Sergéyevna Lanskáya (d. 1891),
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1890), son of S. V. Perfilyev,
Governor of Moscow, 1878-
1887, friend of L. N. Tolstóy.
Married Countess Praskóvya
Fyódorovna (Polinka) Tolstáya
(d. 1887), daughter of Fyódor
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(1820-1881), noted writer, 385
- Polivánov, Mitrofán Andréyevich
(1842-1913), brother of the
minister of war. Served in the
3rd Reserve Rifle Battalion, then
in the Life Guards. Graduated
from the Engineering Academy,
occupied there the position of
tutor, later, head of a sector of
the Nikoláyevsky railroad, later,
manager of the Cours Stables.
Married Anna Mikhaílovna
Parmont *
- Polivánova, Sófya Andréyevna, sister
of M. A. Polivánov. After gradu-
ation from the Moscow Yeliza-
vétinsky Institute, entered a con-
vent, taking the name of Sera-
fima, later became Mother
Superior of the Fyódorovsky
Convent of the Holy Virgin near
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1886), Professor of Surgery at
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- Rayévsky, Iván Ivánovich (1835-1891), landowner, Ryasan Province, a good friend of Tolstóy Tolstóy wrote an *in memoriam* article about Rayévsky who died while working in the famine relief, the article was published in the *Red Archives* (1924), v VI, 206, 208
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- Shatílov, Iósif Nikoláyeovich (1824-1889), well known agriculturist Tolstóy visited him at his estate "Mokhovóye," 179, 331
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- Strákhov, Nikoláy Nikoláyevich (1828-1896), writer, 208, 340
- Sukhotin, Aleksándr Mikháilovich (1827-1905), took part in the Crimean War, Arbitrator of Peace (first call), marshal of nobility, Novosílsky district, 1871-1879, 370, 372
- Sukhotin, Fyódor Mikháilovich (1816-1889), in military service as a young man, then a civil servant 1877-1889, chairman of Moscow Trusteeship of the Poor Married Lyubóv Nikoláyevna Polikóvskaya, 370
- Sukhotin, Sergéy Mikháilovich (1818-1886), served in the Preobrazhénsky Regiment, from 1851 in Moscow palace administration Married Márya Alekseyevna Dyákova, sister of D. A. Dyákov, 354, 362, 370, 410, 415
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- Tatyána Lvóvna (Tanya) (1864-?), eldest daughter of L. N. Tolstóy Married in 1899 Mikháil Sergéyevich Sukhotin (1850-1914), III *
- Varvára Valeryánovna (Várya, Várenka) (1850-?), daughter of Valeryán Petróvich and Márya Nikoláyevna, niece of L. N. Tolstóy Married Nikoláy Mikháilovich Nagórnov (1845-1896) *
- Yelizavéta Aleksándrovna (d. 1851), b. Yergólskaya, wife of Count Pyótr Ivánovich Tolstóy (1785-1834) Mother of Count Valeryán Petróvich Tolstóy who married Márya Nikoláyevna, the sister of L. N. Tolstóy, 74, 76, III *
- Yelizavéta Valeryánovna (Liza) (1852-?), daughter of Valeryán Petróvich and Márya Nikoláyevna, niece of L. N. Tolstóy. Married in 1871 Prince Leoníd Dmítnevič Obolénsky (1844-1888), II, III *
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- Dmítiry Nikoláyevich (1827-1856), brother of L. N. Tolstóy, 62, 69, 101, 318, 333, 334

- Gngóry Sergéyevich (Grisha) (1853-?), eldest son of Sergéy Nikoláyevich and Márya Mikhaílovna Shíshkina Married in 1892 Baroness Eléna Vladímírovna Tísenhausen Nephew of L N Tolstóy, 321
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- Sergéy Nikoláyevich (Seryózha) (1826-1904), brother of L N. Tolstóy Married Márya Mikhaílovna Shíshkina *
- Valeryán Petróvich (1813-1865), husband of Márya Nikoláyevna Tolstáya, 213, 333, 334
- Tomashévsky, Anatóly Konstantínovich, a teacher in Yásnaya Polyána school, his articles appeared in the magazine *Yásnaya Polyána*, later, manager of the Yásnaya Polyána estate for a short time, 169, 179
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- Volkónskaya, Princess Zinaída Aleksándrovna (1792-1862), the "Northern Corinna," sung by Pushkin and other poets The

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